

August · 1928

THE RED BOOK

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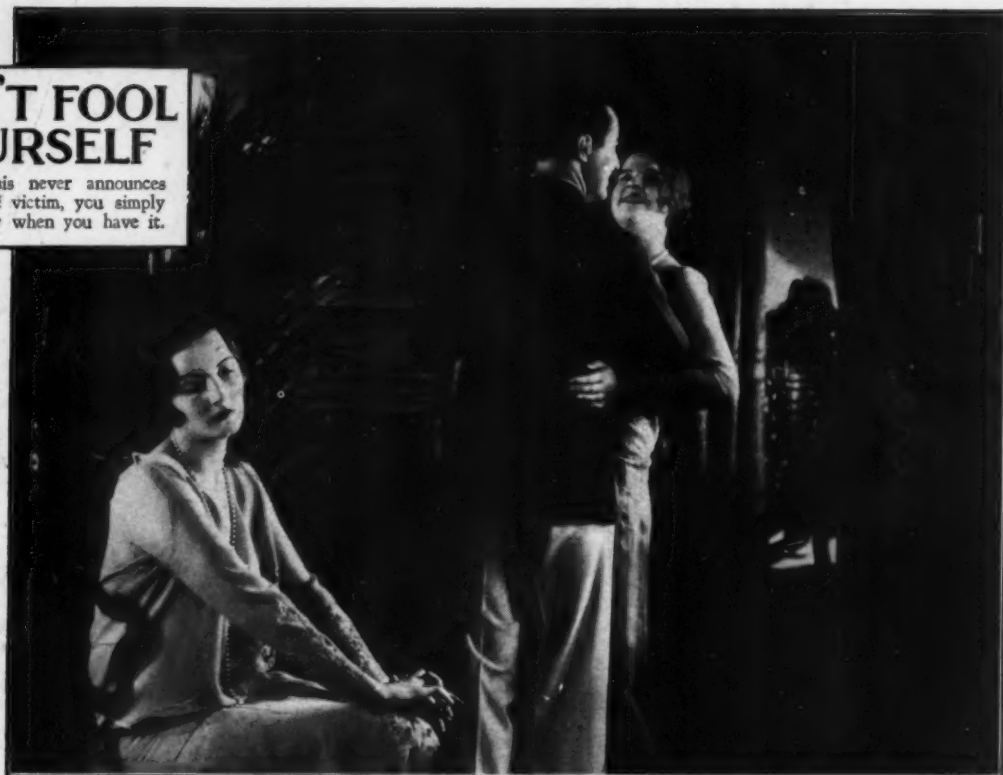


Beginning
"The Romantic
Soldier"

*Vina Delmar
Rupert Hughes
Sam Hellman
Elsie Janis
and Gene Markey
Virginia Dale
Bruce Barton
Mrs. Wilson Woodrow
William Slavens McNutt*

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Halitosis makes

It is inexcusable . . . can be instantly remedied

you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be or how fond of you your friends are, you cannot expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. They may be nice to you—but it is an effort.

Don't fool yourself that you never have halitosis as do so many of self-assured people who constantly offend this way.

Read the facts in the lower right hand corner and you will see that your chance of escape is slight. Nor should you count on being able to detect this ailment in yourself. Halitosis doesn't announce itself. You are seldom aware you have it.

Recognizing these truths, nice people end any chance of offending by systematically rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times

when necessary, especially before meeting others.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly. Being anti-septic, it strikes at its commonest cause—fermentation in the oral cavity. Then, being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

If you have any doubt of Listerine's powerful deodorant properties, make this test: Rub a slice of onion on your hand. Then apply Listerine clear. Immediately, every trace of onion odor is gone. Even the strong odor of fish yields to it.

The new baby
**LISTERINE SHAVING
CREAM**

—you've got a treat
ahead of you.
TRY IT



READ THE FACTS
 $\frac{1}{3}$ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

THE PROFESSION speaks its mind on troubles of the gums...

*Soft food is
the cause of soft gums . . .
DENTISTS SAY.. Ipana and
massage the logical remedies*

IF you go to your dentist for a few moments' advice upon gum troubles, he will gladly sum up for you the latest findings of the profession.

He could show you lectures, papers and clinical reports by the hundred—the fruit of years of research by distinguished men. But probably he will give you the gist of it all in some such terms as these:

"Gum troubles start right in your dining-room at home. For the food you eat is to blame!

"Before we began to refine our foods to make them delicious, people didn't have much trouble with their gums. The coarse fibre and the natural roughage made plenty of work for the oral apparatus. Mastication kept the blood supply within the gums in lively circulation. Gums were nourished—they remained in normal tone and vigor—firm, sound and healthy.

How soft food impairs gum health

"But what happens today? If you eat something that needs a little real chewing, you only criticize the cook. You demand tender meats, peeled fruits, soft vegetables, flaky pastries and fluffy puddings. Your gums are robbed of work. Their circulation falters. The tissues grow congested—soft, inflamed and tender.

"Soon you may notice a tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush. That is a signal of danger near at hand—a warning that your gums need immediate care. The logical way to correct or prevent the trouble is to stimulate the gums twice a day through massage. You can do it easily in just a few moments at the time you brush your teeth. Simply brush your gums, too, gently but thoroughly, every square inch of them, inside and out. Stir up



Many dentists recommend gum massage with Ipana as a wise health habit

their sluggish circulation, and they'll soon improve—in color, in firmness and in health." *(Summary taken from hundreds of excerpts from authoritative dental papers, lectures and texts.)*

And there are thousands of good dentists—among them very possibly your own—who will add:

"The massage alone is good, but massage with Ipana Tooth Paste is better. Use it for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them gently with a little Ipana spread upon your finger tips after you finish brushing your teeth."

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating and healing hemostatic. For years specialists have used ziratol

in treating gums. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in building your gums to sound and sturdy health—the first step in preserving the natural lustre and beauty of your teeth.

Ipana is worth a 30 days' trial

There is a coupon in the corner. It offers you a ten-day trial tube. Use it if you wish. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power.

But ten days can hardly show you Ipana's good effect on your gums. One month is a far fairer trial both to you and to Ipana. Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know *all* Ipana can do to improve the health and beauty of your mouth.

IPANA



TOOTH PASTE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G88, 73 West St., New York
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

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"50"



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your *tires*.

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These tires are built for present-day cars and present-day drivers. They have the stamina—the built-in ruggedness—the stubborn resistance to puncture and blow-out that make them more than a match for the most powerful car. They have miles in them that you may never use, but miles



that pay for themselves with a priceless measure of added safety.

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Don't put off getting the full benefits of what your car will do. Drive with confidence on Dayton Stabilized Balloons. Have them put on today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio



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STABILIZED
BALLOONS

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Makers of Dayton Thorobred Extra-Ply Cords for large diameter wheels, the pioneer low air pressure tires of America. Also makers of famous Dayton Maximaire Fan Belts, chosen by 85% of America's automobile and truck manufacturers as original equipment.

A Personal Service for PARENTS

ARE you, perhaps, faced at this very moment with the serious problem of selecting a school for your son or daughter or some young relative, one which will carry out your aims for them with due regard to their individual traits and temperaments?

In making this selection, you have only family tradition and your own personal knowledge and that of friends, which is obviously limited. Perhaps you long for the assistance of some one who has made a study of private schools to give you impartial advice and comparative evaluations.

The Director of The Red Book Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college women. During the past eight years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once but many times, over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds in every part of the country for boys and for girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, and the South.

The catalogues and confidential reports on these schools are on file in our office. An interview can be arranged at any time by writing two days in advance. If you live at a distance, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school you wish. Please note all the points given below. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service, either immediate or in the future.

The right environment during school days has often proved the deciding factor in a young life. It is obviously impossible for parents individually to learn much

about any adequate number of schools so that they may select the institution best suited to deal with a particular child and make the most of its individuality. We have this information, the close personal knowledge of schools, their equipment, educational ideals and the personal qualifications of those who conduct them. We are glad to put it at the disposal of our readers.

Please remember this is not a paid service, either to parents or schools, but merely one of a great magazine's many ways of serving the American family.

*The Director, Department of Education,
The Red Book Magazine,
420 Lexington Avenue,
New York City*

Please send me information and catalogues about boarding schools—(Please check) for

Boy, aged.....years. Girl, aged.....years.

Grade in school.....

Now attending.....school.
(Name of school)

Health.....Religious Affiliations.....

Location of school desired (name states).....

Fee (Approximate fee for board and tuition for school year)
(School fees range from \$600 to \$1500 per year according to location and advantages)

\$.....

Remarks:.....
(Type of school desired and special features)

Please send catalogues and information to

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address.....

The Story of two Men

who fought in the WORLD WAR

FROM a certain little town in the Middle West came two men to fight in France.

Both were commissioned officers. Both made fine records with the A.E.F.

But after the war came a change in their fortunes. In ten short years one of them became wealthy, while the other was still moving unsuccessfully from one job to another.

He "had hard luck," the friends of the latter explained. He never "seemed to catch hold after the war." And recently, when his companion proposed that they go together to the Paris Convention of the American Legion, he was forced to decline because he could not afford it.

What is the reason for tragedies like this? These men had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for prosperity were equally good. Why, after the war, did one man surge steadily ahead, while the other stood still?

Two types of men

The answer is simple. In all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

The other man takes a new hold upon himself in his twenties or thirties or early forties; he adds training to experience and travels far.

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been engaged in the splendid task of helping men to find themselves.

Its training means larger vision; more rapid progress; increased earning power. And the proof is this—more than 358,000 men have tested this training in their own experience.

Only a training vitally sound and practical could have the endorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. That Advisory Council consists of: General T. Coleman duPont, the well-known



One of these men has done big things in business since the war. The other is still moving from job to job. Why? You will find the answer on this page.

business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent Consulting Engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the internationally known statistician and economist.

Only you can decide where you will stop

Every man in business is paying for this Course whether he takes it or not. The man who "had hard luck" paid, and at a tragic price. He might have moved on up to large success—but he was thru just when he should have been gathering speed.

Only *you* can decide where you will stop. The training which has done so much for 358,000 other men is open to

you also. It is worth your investigation at least; make the investigation now.

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

For men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be in business five years from now?" the Alexander Hamilton Institute publishes a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It tells what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains letters from men whose business situation was precisely like yours. It will richly repay a careful reading, and it is free; the coupon will bring it.

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Executive Training for Business Men



IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

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IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

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624 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature

Please write plainly

Business Address

Business Position

The RED BOOK Magazine

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AUGUST, 1928

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.



Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

SOPHIE KERR

The distinguished author of "One Thing Is Certain" and "The Golden Block" will next month offer you a captivating novel—the story of Lucia, the most wholly delightful heroine of recent fiction. Lucia's romance, her marriage with a young man of great wealth, her discovery of the power and peril that wealth may bring—these are salient features of a novel sure to evoke enthusiasm and widespread discussion from its readers.

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"Miniature Worlds"

By J. EDGAR PARK, D. D., LL. D.

President, Wheaton College

A PRIVATE enterprise generally manifests greater initiative and originality than a state undertaking. Competition may be cruel, but it is the only effective instrument yet invented by the human race for producing the utmost in efficiency. Private Schools have to compete with one another and with schools supported by the public treasury. An indifferent Private School has to close its doors. It cannot simply drag on its existence upon the public payroll. It must be continually improving its methods if it is to keep up with the demand of the times. Private Schools are pathfinders on the road of education. They are free to try the best methods. They are the leaven in the educational world, slowly causing the whole mass of schools to raise their standards.

A state system of education controlled by a central bureau and permitting no private competition would soon run in an easy and commonplace rut. The only scientific quality which is constant in human society is inertia. The independent school exists to destroy that drag on progress. The hope of American education lies in the interaction between public and private schools.

The task of educating the young people of America is tremendous. We need both schools which take everybody and do what they can with them, and also special centers where smaller numbers have an opportunity to learn in an atmosphere not yet possible to produce by wholesale methods. Such schools are often filled with the rare spirit of some great personality who is free to follow his own methods unhampered by the complaints of

skeptical taxpayers. We have private educational foundations where the great traditions of a noble past linger, and certain characteristic ideals of manners and morals are passed on from one generation of pupils to another.

Some day all the schools of America may have raised themselves into the region now occupied by our best Private Schools. Till that time comes, those young people are fortunate who can enjoy the privileges of the selected group.

The greatest and best of these schools are invariably the simplest and most democratic. The risk that favored young people will come to think themselves superior to the common herd has been foreseen. The lesson they learn in these schools is that only by superior service to their fellow men can they prove themselves worthy of the advantages of their youth. Men and women are being produced from our best Private Schools whose graciousness, humility, and efficiency sustain a high ideal of American manhood and womanhood before all the people of our land.

"Schools should be miniature copies of the world we should love to have," said the great Schoolmaster Sanderson of Oundle. Such a universal creation cannot be produced immediately everywhere. The Private School gives to the man or woman with a vision a free hand to show how nearly it can be achieved in miniature. There are Private Schools in the United States where the thing has almost been done.

J. Edgar Park.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



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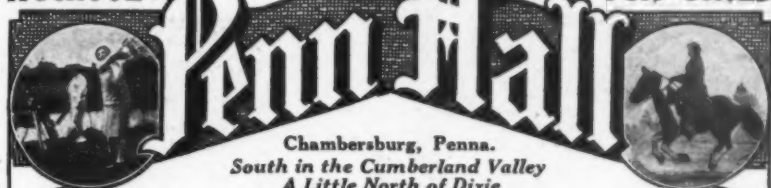
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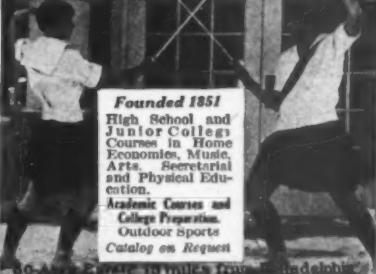
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An Index to the

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The index printed below will help you find the school you are seeking. If you need assistance, the staff of our Department of Education will gladly help you without charge or obligation. We have visited schools in every part of the country and can furnish you with first-hand information. A call or a letter will be equally welcome. In writing us please give age, previous education, and religious affiliation of the boy or girl, type of school and location desired and approximate expenditure for board and tuition. Address your letter personally to

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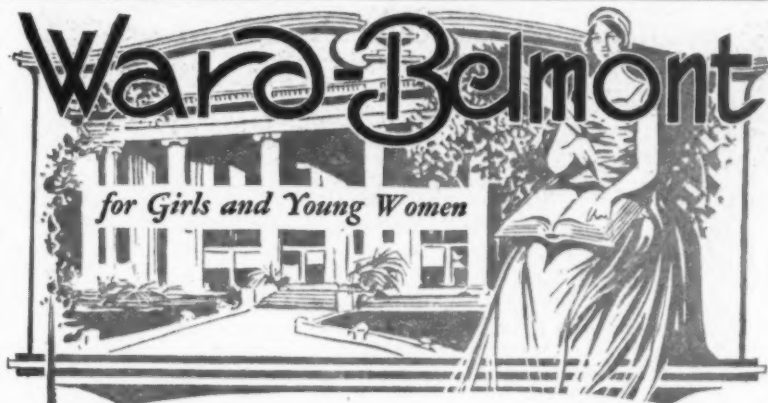
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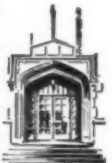
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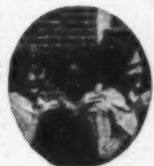
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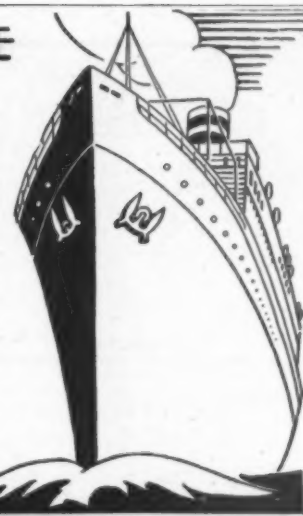
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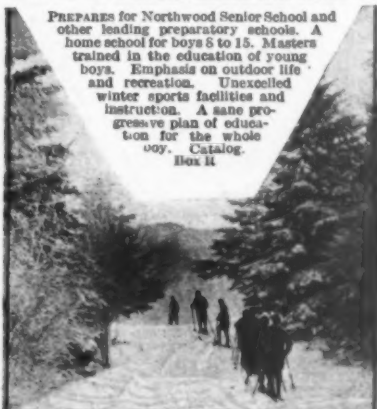
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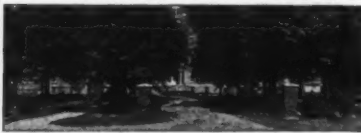
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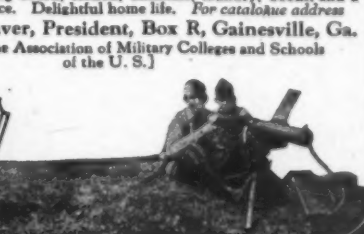
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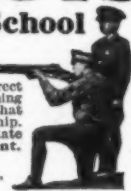


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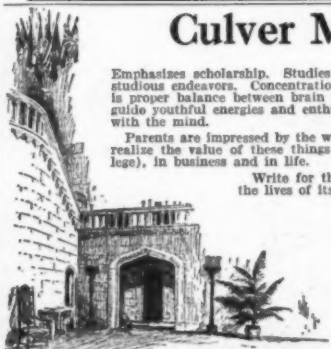


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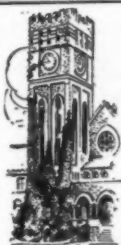
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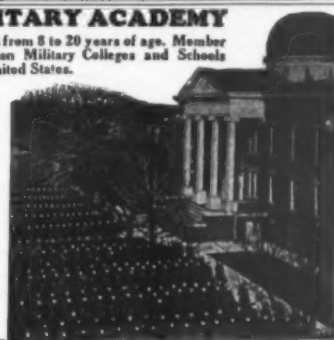


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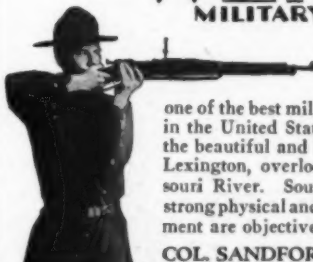
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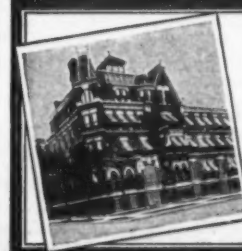
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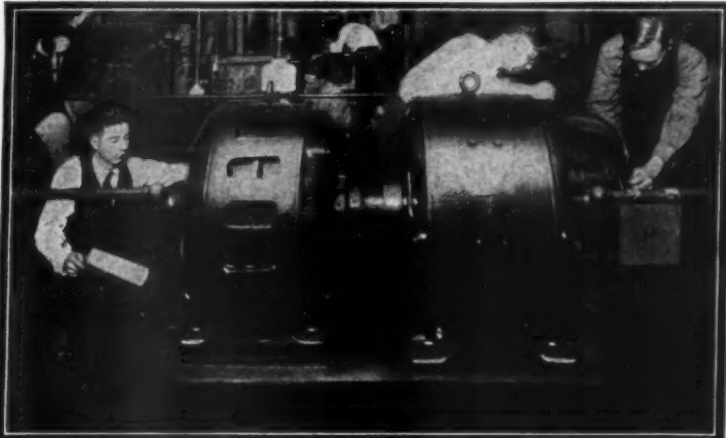
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Burdened Youth

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

YOUTH spurns the outstretched hand of age, and surges relentlessly toward its appointed goal; and the elders shake their heads and grieve. "We have given them everything, and they turn their backs upon us, toss our gifts sharper than a serpent's tooth—"

Youth is not as ungrateful to age as it is unconscious of its claims. Nothing in life so engrosses youth as its own affairs. Each child comes into the world bearing sealed orders, and driven by a gnawing hunger to know where they are to lead him. He has been sent out on an adventure within himself—the ways and means for which he must create out of himself. One can give nothing to such a one as this.

Yet fathers and mothers shower gifts upon their children until in very shame of their beggarly condition they run away to seek their fortune in happy adventuring. Schools and teachers force learning upon their pupils until they rebel, turn their backs upon the books and go out into the highways and byways to wring from them the knowledge and wisdom that feed their inborn hunger.

"Here, my son, is the business I have built up

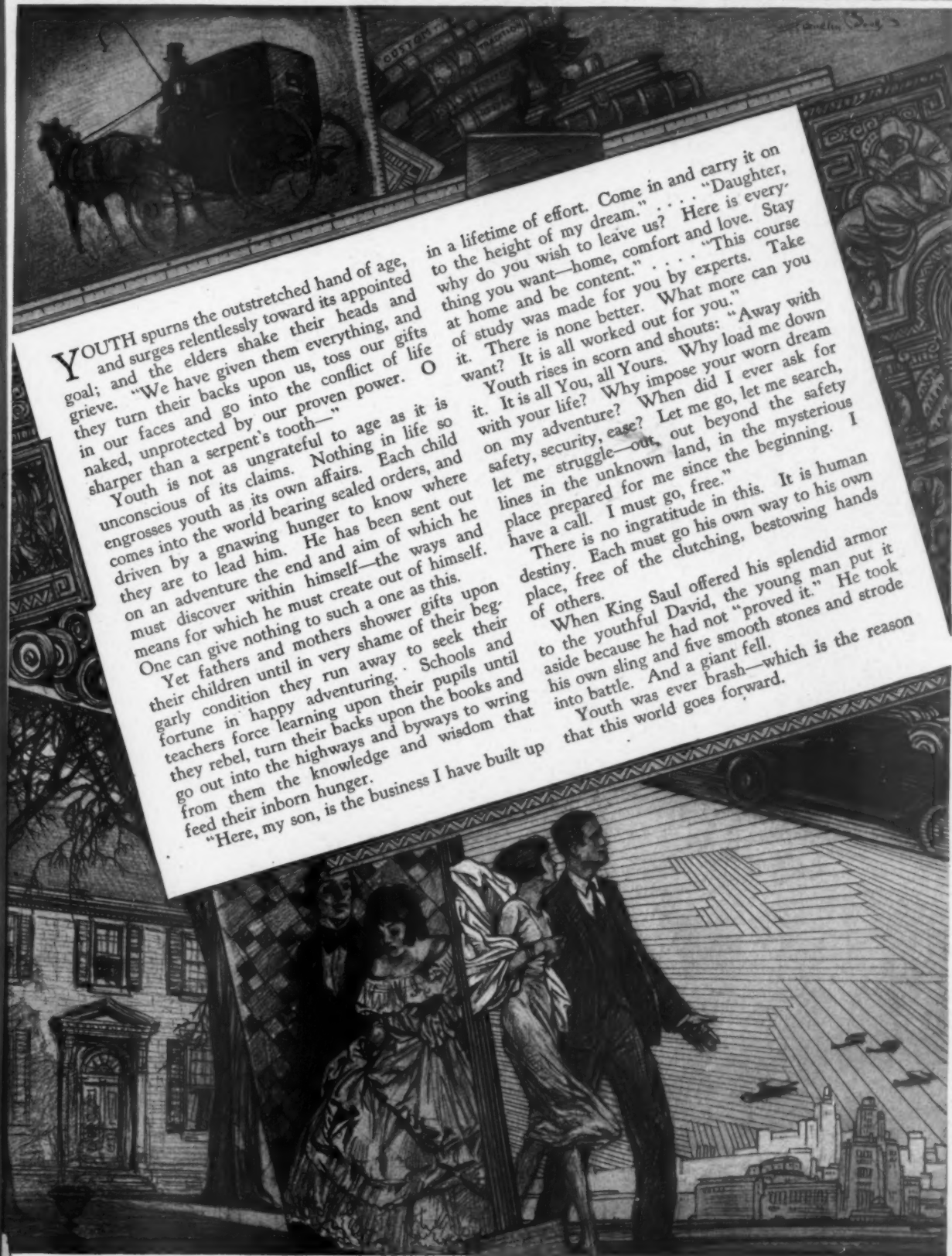
in a lifetime of effort. Come in and carry it on to the height of my dream." . . . "Daughter, why do you wish to leave us? Here is everything you want—home, comfort and love. Stay at home and be content." . . . "This course of study was made for you by experts. Take it. There is none better. What more can you want? It is all worked out for you."

Youth rises in scorn and shouts: "Away with it. It is all Yours. Why load me down on my adventure? When did I ever ask for safety, security, ease? Let me go, let me search, let me struggle—out, out beyond the safety lines in the unknown land, in the mysterious place prepared for me since the beginning. I have a call. I must go, free."

There is no ingratitude in this. It is human destiny. Each must go his own way to his own place, free of the clutching, bestowing hands of others.

When King Saul offered his splendid armor to the youthful David, the young man put it aside because he had not "proved it." He took his own sling and five smooth stones and strode into battle. And a giant fell.

Youth was ever brash—which is the reason that this world goes forward.



Robe du Style

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

*Betty bought a robe du style,
Such as Great-grandmother wore
It was on a hoop, and it
Touched the floor!*

*Betty told us of the dress,
Bragged about it, if you please!
We were sorry, for we like
Betty's knees!*

*But when Betty wore the dress,
We no more had need to fret,
For the robe du style was made
Of—net!*





Photo by Chidmoff, N. Y. C.

MADELEINE NORTHWAY:
When New York society people wish to view consummate ballroom dancing, they go to the Biltmore Hotel. Here for the past year Miss Northway and her partner, George Chiles, have been by way of showing what may be done super-terp-sichoreanally. "The Spirit of Youth" by Zeitlin was a sensation at the Paris salon four years ago and was indeed rewarded the grand prix. The original in the flesh is Miss Northway.



Photo by Photograms, N. Y. C.

ALEXANDRE ZEITLIN stood it for a year in the Caucasus, where he was born, and then escaped from the turbulences of his own and adjacent lands. He was brought to Paris, where he got his rearing and in due time decided to carve himself a sculptor's career, did so and eventually found himself famed as the sculptor to royalty. One of the notable portraits of Edward VII is the marble bust by Mr. Zeitlin, done at Buckingham Palace in but two sittings; of his bust of the Prince of Wales there is one replica in the White House and another in the Smithsonian Institution; Prince Kropotkin and the Roumanian queen also gave him sittings. His atelier is now in New York, where he did the life-size statue of our own Lindy, which one likes to regard as his chef-d'oeuvre.



JAMES H. CRANK: Interlaken, charming faubourg of Asbury Park, New Jersey, holds much to entice the mind artistic; and Mr. Crank, having availed himself of what Chicago art schools could supply, saw Interlaken, and anchored. His work is almost entirely devoted to the field of illustration. Though his associations and interests in New York are many, he intends to remain a commuter.



Photo by Rhodes Studio, Asbury Park, N. J.

MARGARET LIPSEY: There has been romance and a vast itinerary in the life of Miss Lipsey. Though born in Lancaster, Ohio, much of her childhood was spent in California. Assigned to a boarding school, she eloped on a convenient moonlit night and was married. Naturally gifted, she was much sought after for amateur theatricals, and one day her portrait appeared in the papers as an entry in a beauty contest. So stage and movies wired offers, as did Earl Carroll, with a part ready for her in his "Vanities;" but to no avail whatever, for husband objected. She does not follow posing professionally, but enjoys it because it stimulates her interest in art. She loves horseback riding and the salty bathing off the Jersey shore—wherefore she lives in Interlaken.



CLAIRE MANDELLE: Strangely, though born in New York, this young lady has spent most of her life in Toronto, Canada. Four years ago, however, she returned to her native village. Here she became acquainted with an artist who persuaded her to pose; soon she became a popular model—and then attracted the attention of Hollywood. A contract with the films is signed, but has to be canceled, because her mother cannot travel and will not let Miss Mandelle go alone. She wants to become a great dancer; and is well on the way, having had parts in Ned Wayburn's productions and in vaudeville.

ARTHUR BECHER was born in Germany, and, aged seven, was transplanted to Milwaukee, the Philadelphia of Chicago. There he lived, garnering in schools, clubs and studios what he could of practice in art—his weather eye and ear always on the "big noise" one hundred miles to the south. Came his twenty-first birthday, and quite naturally, the gratification of the wanderlust. We find him in Chicago—able artist at the beck and call of an engraving-house clientele. Making good is Mr. Becher's second nature, and consternation ensued among his higher-ups when he told of his intention to go East. He enrolled in the famous school of the late and beloved Howard Pyle, in Philadelphia, and stayed three years. Then the inevitable call to New York, recognition as a big time illustrator; a large publishing house giving him a commission that took him to Europe for a year of study. Caring little for city life, he lives and works on his farm amid the scenic beauties of the Fishkill mountains.



Photo by
Achille Voips
New York



VIRGINIA LLOYD

Brown eyes and that ash-blond coif of Miss Lloyd's are by themselves enough to put her down as an unusual type. But there is much, much more to distinguish her. You should, for instance, have seen her as the lead in that ripping comedy "The Nervous Wreck" or in that other Broadway success "Interference," to say nothing of several musical comedies. From which one may gather that the stage is a profession with her and keeps her quite busy. But she does find time to pose for Mr. Myers. Her remaining surplus of leisure is invested in outdoor sports and aviating.

Photo by
Edward H. Bohmquist
New York



HARRY MORSE MYERS: Some years ago a young man from New Orleans joined the ranks of New York illustrators, after training under the late William Chase. His pictures for advertisements were among the first that retained what is inadequately termed individuality. In a very few days everybody knew him as Harry, and so it is to this day. His studio in the semi-uptown region quickly became the gathering-place of cognoscenti of all the arts. Occasionally Mr. Myers manages to lay aside his commercial commissions long enough to do a set of magazine illustrations or an admirable cover. Serving in the aviation corps during the war left him with a strong interest in flying, but his prime hobby is antiques, and antiquarians regard him as an authority.



Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston
New York

HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS: Nokomis, Illinois, got a chance for its place in the sun when, in 1891, Mr. Stivers was born there; but it was slow in blossoming forth as an art center, and one day young Stivers became a Chicago tourist on the 5:15. There, at the Art Institute, he had himself fitted for a job in an engraving-house, got it, and held it until convinced that the place was one from which it were well to emanate. So he breezed to New York, where he maintains a studio in town and has his home on Long Island.



LINDA DUFFUS: Fancy issuing from the cloistered halls of a Montreal convent, with a penchant for art, and dark green eyes, into the temperamental atmosphere of New York's 40's! That was Miss Duffus' wonderful experience, and at once she saw that the city's women needed artistic dress-designing. To help supply this need she became an art student, and so met Mr. Stivers, who was scouting for a girl with dark green eyes to pose—thus ending his search. She posed for other artists too, but is so busy with her own work now that only Stivers has her services. Oh, yes, she's been in the films, but came out of them. And she is only twenty-one.

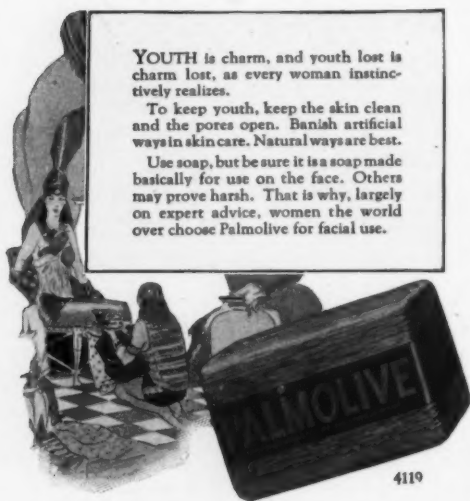


He remembered— That Schoolgirl Complexion

YOUTH is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.



Retail Price **10c** Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty.

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Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of a good complexion, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming inflamed, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

This simple beauty rule

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight.

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EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR McKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago.

ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDR

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

"Respect the Burden, Madam"

By BRUCE BARTON

A FASTIDIOUS friend complains that the cities are overcrowded.

He dislikes to ride home in the subway with such a struggling mass of badly dressed and none too fragrant men and women. There should be a weeding out of the population, he says.

"Of course, if the weeding out were instigated, you would be one of the first to be weeded," I answered.

The idea shocked his sense of security and importance. With some irritation he remarked that doubtless I imagined that I was being funny, but he could not see the joke.

"You are a luxury," I explained. "You aren't even the frosting on the cake of humanity; you are merely a trifling and unedible ornament on top of the frosting. You are working in an office, to be sure; but your business contributes only to the last extra degree of mankind's subsistence and comfort.

"Underneath you are all those millions of people to whom you object. Horny-handed and unattractive as they are, they wear the badge of glory. They are essential. Without them you could not exist, while without you they could continue to get along very pleasantly—and possibly with less expense."

The thought was not pleasant to my friend, but it is salutary. I appropriated it from Napoleon, who stood one day with a fashionable lady when a peasant

woman brushed by them, a great bundle on her back. The lady of fashion was incensed.

"Order her punished," she cried.

Napoleon's rebuke was a classic:

"Respect the burden, madam."

Anyone who has lived forty years and prospered must realize how much of circumstance and good fortune have entered into the making of his comparatively easy life. The realization ought to breed a feeling of real humility in the presence of those who do the world's hard work.

What dignity and courage is in them! "How expressive their forms!" as Emerson said. "I see by night the shadow of a poor woman against a window curtain that instantly tells a story of so much meekness, affection and labor as almost to draw tears."

The danger in America is pride—the complacent selfishness of those who think they are big people because the growth and richness of the country, and the nod of Fate, have lifted them into high places. Most of them are creatures of our prosperity rather than creators. They happened to be on the beach when the tide came in, and it wet them.

The glory of America is those who, being in high places, yet remember the toil and sacrifice of the millions who have helped to lift them there.

These "respect the burden."

AGAINST the background of summer sports and sociability Whitman's Chocolates stand out—a part of every summer picture.

Consider the Bonnybrook Package. Milk Chocolates, assorted to suit the critical taste of the out-of-doors girl. And the sportsman will do his part nobly when the box is passed around.

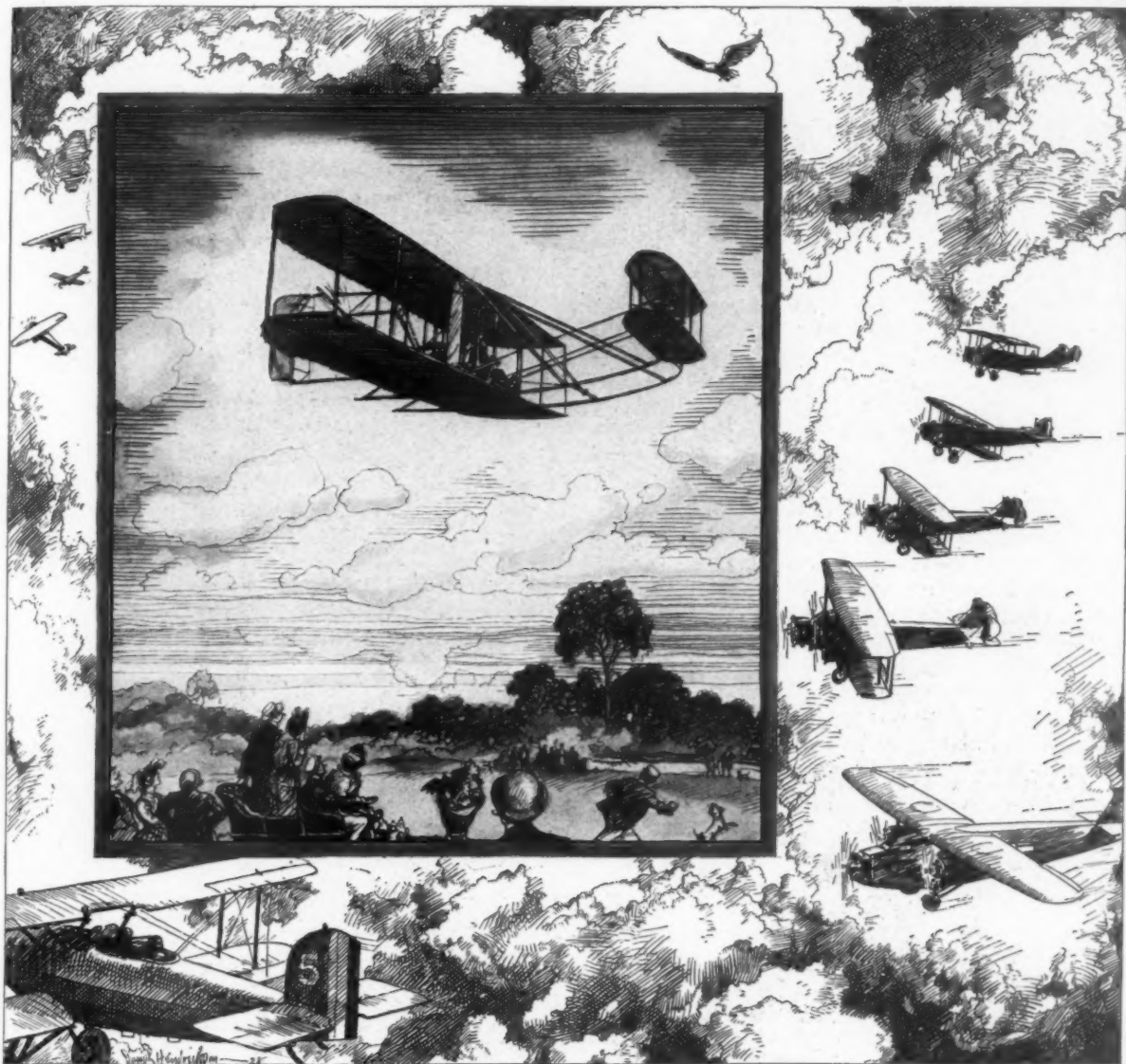
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HALF a million years ago—so science scatters time—man tramped the earth and looked up to behold swift, winged creatures in the sky.

The dream of wings for man is envisaged in earliest legend—Dædalus and Icarus, who flew too near the sun. Leonardo da Vinci drafted medieval designs of wings. In Germany, in modern years, a schoolboy fastened wings to his body and tried to rise into the air by running downhill, with wings spread. He was Lilienthal, who lived to float in the winds and even soar to a height great enough to kill him when, at last, he fell. But he left to others true attempts at flight.

So Pilcher, an Englishman, spread similar pinions, and, like Lilienthal, fell and was killed. In America, Octave Chanute and Herring, of Chicago, developed a bi-plane glider; and in '97, Herring built in a small motor but succeeded only in flying down-grade.

However, in '96, when Lilienthal fell, the notice of his death had been read in Dayton, Ohio, by two brothers who were operating a bicycle repair-shop there.

"It aroused," explained Wilbur Wright later, "a passive interest which had existed from my childhood and led me to take down from the shelves of our home library a book on 'Animal Mechanism' which I already had read several times. From this I was led to read more modern works, and as my brother became equally interested with myself, we soon passed from the

TWO GENTLEMEN FROM OHIO

Illustration by David Hendrickson

reading to the thinking, and finally to the working stage."

It was in September, 1901, that Chanute appeared before the Western Society of Engineers. "I had the honor of telling you, some four or five years ago, something about the progress that had been made up to that time. Since then further advances have been made by two gentlemen from Dayton, Ohio,—Mr. Wilbur Wright and Mr. Orville Wright,—who tried some very interesting experiments.

"These gentlemen have been bold enough to attempt something which neither Lilienthal nor Pilcher nor myself dared to do. They have used surfaces much greater in extent than those which hitherto had been deemed safe, and they have accomplished very remarkable results."

Wilbur Wright then reported his brother's and his results with their gliders in the sea winds of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. For two years more their work continued in the same bold and determined way.

"Neither the expected nor the unexpected was sufficient to upset their mental balance." By 1903, they had so far solved the problem of flight that they turned their airplane into a flying machine by adding a motor, which was constructed in their bicycle factory from their own designs; and—before the end of that year, a man rose from the earth on wings which obeyed him. The Wrights flew.

In Person

By
Elsie Janis
and **Gene Markey**

The authors of that delightful tale "Listen, Baby!"—which promptly upon its appearance in this magazine was made into a film—present another story of the people who play Big Time.

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

AL WEST, the jazz king, stood in front of the Babylon Theater, gazing aloft at the huge blazing electric sign. The lights had never glittered quite brightly enough when they reflected his own name. Now they seemed to be laughing at him. He could not share their incandescent enthusiasm as they announced:

NEXT WEEK—ZITA KARI
in the super-film
DANCING LOVERS
and
IN PERSON

"Who the hell is this Zita Kari?"

He might have been talking to himself; but if you had observed closely you would have noticed beside him a petite, smartly dressed girl with very blue eyes. That was the little lady known to Babylon patrons as Margery Merwin, *danseuse extraordinaire*.

"Why, you know who Zita Kari is," her pleasant, husky voice caressed him. "The big Hungarian star—remember, we saw her in that picture 'Destiny's Darling.' You thought she was swell."

"Well, she may be swell in her place," grumbled Al West, "but her place aint up there—spread all over the front of the theater like the measles."

"But you can't do anything about it, Al—"

"I can't, eh? You'll see what I can do!"

Young Mr. West's indignation was not without cause. For seventeen weeks he and his jazz band had packed the Babylon, finest of Sullivan & Crane's chain of picture palaces, and no movie star's name had ever appeared on the giant electric sign except in small letters beneath his own. In fact, the title of the current film was unimportant, so long as Al West, complete in six feet of potent personality, dominated the "presentation" feature. The long line waiting in front of the Babylon, even on rainy days, wasn't there to see a movie—it was there to see Al West and his Jazz Joy Boys. Nobody knew this so well as Al West himself.

"I'll show 'em they can't get away with it!"

"Now, listen, big boy—" Margie gently slipped her arm through his. "Take it easy. What's the use of getting your beautiful disposition all ruffled?"

They were in love, Margie and Al West. It wasn't an "affair"—it was a love-affair; and backstage gossip around the Babylon whispered that their engagement would soon be announced. Margie was as much a part of Al West as his immaculate white spats. More, really, because she had been present in his pre-success days when Al West's opinion of a guy who wore spats was a monologue not for sensitive ears. He had been a small-time hooper when she met him. Now he was a jazz monarch. This was largely Mar-

gie's doing. Actually, Al West was Margie's personal creation. But no one had ever told him.

"Come on, honey," Margie coaxed. "Let's eat. You're not going to let any Hungarian dame spoil your appetite, are you?"

"Ah, I can't eat now. I got to see Max Mindel. I'll tell that bozo where to get off at! He can take his lousy theater an' give it to the Hungarians—or the Greeks! I aint getting what's coming to me in money, anyway, an' I'm through!"

He started to walk toward the stage-door, carrying Margie along, for she was very small. Margie tightened her grip on his arm.

"Now, listen, Al. It's only four months ago that you'd have given your eyeteeth, including gold fillings, to be allowed to appear in this lousy—your refinement, dearie!—theater. And as for kicking about billing, you'd have been grateful to see your name even on a subpoena. So just pipe down a bit. You don't have to act for Margie. She knows you can."

"Act, nothing! Why, I'm having offers from New York."

"Offers from New York—the ham's alibi!" Margie laughed, but the sound caught in her slim white throat. Margie was no fool. She knew that she would have to fight to keep Al West. But more than the rivalry with women, Margie feared the siren call of Broadway.

"I'm through, I tell you," he stormed on. "Putting this Kari's name up in lights bigger than mine is the straw that broke the elephant's back!"

"Camel's, dear," corrected Margie. "You've got your animal crackers mixed."





An electric silence. Then as if by magic Zita Kari's rage evaporated. "Oh, thank you," she celloed.

"Hey, West!" From the aisle out front Max Mindel clapped his hands. "West! Just a minute, please."

Al lowered his baton. The music ceased, and "Just a Memory" became one.

"What's the idea?" He sauntered down to the footlights and gazed across the vast orchestra pit into the darkened auditorium.

"Madame Kari is here, and she wants the stage for an hour. So just dismiss, will you?"

Max Mindel, suave and sleek, was the general manager for Sullivan & Crane, and in all their theaters his wishes were commands. Al was not fond of him, and Mindel bore no love for Al. It was something more than professional antagonism: there was a girl back of it. And the girl was Margie.

"Say, listen," Al told him sharply. "I got to get my stuff ready—"

"All right—later, please." Mindel's voice cut like a chisel. Margie left the back wall, and came downstage a few paces. She didn't like the sound.

"Later? You said it! A lot later!" Anger made Al West dangerously handsome. Margie started toward him apprehensively—then she halted.

"Oh, please do not be angree. It ees my fault. I am verree sorree." The voice was soft. It floated through the air like a wanton breeze.

Al West caught his breath. Somebody must be playing a 'cello.

"Well, camel's, then," Al agreed sulkily.

"And what have you got in common with a camel?" cajoled Margie, trying to put him in a merrier mood. "Why, you can't even go eight hours without a drink!"

In spite of himself the jazz king laughed. Margie quickly seized the advantage. At the stage-door she halted him.

"Be yourself, honey," she said soothingly. "Promise me you won't say anything to Max Mindel tonight. Let this Hungarian goulash have the billing. You've got the public—that's all that matters. Promise me, sweetie."

He promised, and she kissed him through his sheepish smile. . . .

Monday morning as usual Al West was at the Babylon at ten to rehearse his band and look over the new acts. Margie, in practice clothes, a suit of blue gingham "rompers," was limbering up at the back of the enormous drafty stage.

Al West swayed to the rhythm of "Just a Memory," the band watching his every movement.

He peered out into the darkness of the house as Zita Kari moved (you couldn't say you saw a panther walking) down the aisle. Very few people have seen anything like Zita Kari—only those who have seen Zita Kari. Slim, tall, a glorious, graceful body, hair pure bronze, innocent of barbers' shears; eyes suggesting the Mediterranean, shot with tiny arrows of jade; a tempting vermilion mouth.

These devastating details were practically submerged in sables. The coat, thought Margie, must have cost a week's salary. And Zita Kari's salary was several thousand a week, now that she was making a tour of personal appearances in the theaters where her film was being shown. But the fabulous sables did not conceal Zita Kari, for when men looked at her they never realized that she was fully clothed. Her soul was so undressed.

"Madame Kari, this is Al West, our jazz king."

Mindel was beside her, making the introduction.

Zita Kari smiled. "Ah! Another king! Amerreeca has all de royaltees now—no?" Her teeth made her pearls look yellow. Envy perhaps. Yet they were pearls a Balkan prince had pawned his palace to buy.

Al had come forward across the temporary platform that lay over the orchestra pit. He had not even realized that he was coatless, and his shirt collar open. Zita Kari's eyes wandered over him like itinerant turquoises, and when they paused finally, just below his Adam's apple, Al knew that his throat was throbbing. Zita Kari knew it too.

"I shall coming up," she said, and started up the steps.

Al loved the way she talked. "I shall coming up!" Zita Kari spoke several languages comfortably. That is, she could make herself understood well enough to get everything from everybody, but never well enough to give everything to anybody.

As she stepped onto the stage Al held out his hand to help her. She needed no help, but she took his hand. Margie Merwin, standing at the side of the stage, closed her eyes as if to shut out a blinding light. Then she walked slowly over to the property-room, sanctuary for forbidden cigarettes. The property-room door was closed. Margie knocked and opened it.

"Well, Bill, when did you turn interior decorator?"

The property man ceased hammering, and looked down from his perch on a ladder.

"They'll be sendin' me out to match baby ribbons next—for this Hungarian panic," he growled. "You'd think she was Lindbergh. *Madame* has to have this, and *Madame* is used to that! Cheese! She's got a dressin'-room done up like a candy box. But that aint enough. She's got to have *this* room to rest in! Rest, hell! These foreign babies don't come over here until they're too tired to work for a livin'." He punctuated his remarks with a series of vicious hammer-blows.

"Have you seen her?" Margie was watching the stage as she spoke.

"No, I aint, but I seen the guy that runs ahead with the incense. Herr Romstadt—or Bedstead, or somethin' like that. Whatever his name is, it aint funny enough for him. He was around here this mornin' before the scrubladies got here—yellin' and back-firin', kickin' about everything. And wearin' a silk hat. Cheese! That aint just nerve—it's heroic."

Margie was leaning against the door, watching Al West. Zita Kari had taken off her sables. She was trying light effects. The spotlight played around her, now golden, now blue, bringing out every line of her superb figure.

Al West stood staring at her in the spotlight's flickering flame. And Margie was reminded of a moth.



Zita Kari had just come off; her maid was throwing a by. . . . Before her stood a ragged, unshaven apparition.

cloak
Her



cloak over her bare shoulders; Al West hovered near
Her eyes widened in horror. A ghost from the past!

"Come here, Bill," she called.

The property man came. "Some chassis, she's got," he admitted grudgingly.

"How old would you say she was?" Margie's tone was a trifle anxious.

"Say, I gave up guessin' women's ages when I gave up playin' the ponies."

Margie continued to gaze at her. Something appeared to be wrong out on the stage.

"Ach, nein—das ist nicht richtig!" Zita Kari's 'cello notes were rapidly rising. The spotlight did not please her. She stamped her slender foot. "Ver ees Herr Romstadt? Ver ees my monager?"

"We'll find him, madame," said Mindel. "Don't get excited."

"Zis ees all wr-r-rong!" stormed the foreign star. "De lights, he is of importance."

As her rage mounted, Madame's entourage came swarming up on the stage: her first secretary, her second secretary, her musical director, two theater maids and a personal maid—all attempting to soothe her, in different languages.

"No! No! No!" cried Madame. "I weel not mak' de appear!"

"Now, just a moment," pleaded Mindel.

"Romstadt!" shrieked Madame.

And her entourage took up the cry: "Herr Romstadt! Herr Romstadt!" They fluttered about helplessly, looking for him behind chairs and tables.

"He don't seem to be nowhere around, madame," apologized the musical director, who, alone of all the suite, spoke English—such as it was.

Suddenly out of the chaos came Al West's calm voice. "Don't you worry, Madame Kari." And in his voice there was a tone new to the Babylon Theater staff. "Everything's going to be O. K. We're all for you."

An electric silence. Then as if by magic Zita Kari's rage evaporated. She looked at him, and her famous smile glowed. "Oh, sank you," she 'celloed. "Sank you vairee moch."

The tornado had passed. First and second secretaries, musical director and maids sighed with relief.

Margie, from the sidelines, laughed aloud. Apparently no one heard her but Max Mindel. He flashed her a smile of sympathy. Zita Kari drew Al to one side of the stage and began talking to him in a low voice. She had the personal touch, even when she was discussing lights and scenery.

Margie turned away and started toward her dressing-room. Max Mindel, still seeking Herr Romstadt, caught up with her.

"Al's got a new job," he said.

"Yeah," Margie laughed. "Pacifier to the Queen."

"Come to lunch with me, Margie. I want to talk about your future."

"You think it looks wabbly?" She smiled up at him.

"Don't be foolish, child. I just thought Al might have a lot of work to do."

"It looks more like play to me," Margie said.

"Madame," Mindel told her, with an ironic grin, "has just announced that she wants Al to conduct for her numbers. She wont have anyone else."

"You don't mean he's going to do it—all that extra work?" Margie was thinking of Al's remarks on the subject of Zita Kari two nights before.

"He clicked his heels in a very Continental manner," laughed Mindel, "and told her he'd be tickled to death."

"I might as well go and change." There was a pathetic droop to Margie's lips. "No use trying to rehearse. My dance wont even be noticed when Madame starts throwing that torso of hers around."

"Hurry up and dress," said Max Mindel. "I'll be waiting for you."

"He'll always be waiting for me," Margie murmured to herself in the dressing-room. "Max is a sweet guy." Then she forgot Max, in thinking of Al. Over the pretty face reflected in her mirror came a look of worry. (Continued on page 145)

The Bull is the Bunk

By
Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



More and more tourists, we hear, have tossed overboard their guide-books and are fanatically following Mr. Hellman's helpful hints.

I sees Emerson's pan grow sullen. "For a plugged dime," he snorts, "I'd take a poke at that tamale!"

FOR a month it had been raining household pets in Paris; so when Breeze Emerson invites me to amble down to Sunny Spain with him, I'm interested—interested but cautious. Ever since that slicker had come abroad to sell American breakfast food to the French, I'd been dragged from one jam into another. Traveling with Breeze is no system for a nervous system.

"Is this to be a pleasure trip," I asks, "or just another narrow escape?"

"Don't you ever forget anything?" growls Emerson.

"Practically everything," I assures him. "I've even forgotten what month May Day falls in, but a sensitive lad of good parentage can't be chased out of the best châteaux in Gaul and pursued by the pick of the peasantry without retaining a faint recollection of the events. . . . Just what calls you to Spain at this time?"

"Pommeffrite," explains Breeze, "is getting ready to open up a bevy of branches among the mañanas, and he's sending me to pick the spots."

"You're a swell Garcia for that kind of a chore," I remarks. "What do you know about Spain?"

"Not a thing," he admits cheerfully, "except that it's bounded on the north and has quite a mean average temperature; but give me a week there, and I'll be all jake and jerry to its geography, its national aspirations and—"

"If you run true to form," I cuts in, "in less than a week there'll only be one national aspiration—to give you the bum's rush out of the country. In Spain," I points out, "they don't throw the bull; they fight it."

"Sue me if I'm wrong," offers Emerson, "but I'll bet the fandangoes greet me like a rich uncle with an advanced case of arterial sclerosis."

"They'll greet you with at least that," I comes back. "May I remind you that you made the same crack about France, with the exception that it was an aunt with angina on that occasion?"

"Well," smiles Breeze, complacently, thumbing the sleeve-holes of his vest, "did I do so bad in France, or did I?"

I'll tell the red-heads he didn't do so bad. While his drive to put over Toasted Nifties, the Cereal Supreme, had been the flop supreme, he had cashed in heavy on a side-line. The side-line was himself in person, and the customer none other than the niece and heiress of Marcel Alceste Pommeffrite, one of the biggest food magnates in Europe. Emerson was now related by marriage to a collection of francs moving in the same set with the war debt.

"How about the Frau?" I inquires. "She going along too?"

"She is," says Breeze.

That's a relief. With the missus about, the chances are good for Emerson to act more like a gentleman and less like a ballyhoo barnstorming for trouble. You may wonder why I should have hesitated to go alone with Breeze on a simple business errand, but you've got to know him to understand. With Emerson, nothing stays simple for long except himself. That bimbo could start out for a Quaker christening, and before walking a block cause the fire department, the police reserves and the militia to be called out—and the christening wouldn't have to be in Chicago, either. Turmoil and strife just can't help loving that man. It's my perfectly gorgeous idea that he must have been born during a riot with a *casus belli* in one hand and a complete *de luxe* set of provocations in the other.

Having agreed to go with him, his missus and misgivings, Breeze slips me the program. We're to hop off from Marseilles a couple of days hence in a scow carrying tourists to Seville for Holy Week. From there we're to work our way back through Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, Madrid and Barcelona. In each of these burgs Emerson plans to stake out a branch of Pommeffrite's delicatessen salons.

"I suppose you know," I remarks, "that the Spaniards are not so strong for French products."

"So I've heard tell," says Emerson, "but leave it to Elisha P. Balm, the salve-king from Gilead. I strangled sales-resistance in my cradle. With my technique the lion is made to lie down with the lamb—"

"That's been done often," I interrupts, "but there is no record of the lamb getting up."

"I have overcome sectional feeling before," goes on Breeze. "Did I ever tell you how I sold a carload of Florida oranges to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for their 'Boost California' banquet?"

"I'm too busy to listen now," says I, "but I'd love to hear the story when we get to Germany."

"Germany?" frowns Emerson. "We're not going to Germany."

"I know it," I returns. . . .

We're no sooner clear of the breakwater at Marseilles than we runs into a storm—the wildest storm Mamma Mediterranean had kicked up in forty years come next Candlemas. That's a peculiar thing about southern Europe which I must take up with Mrs. Baedeker's boy some day. No matter where you are or when you're there, or how often, you always catch the worst weather they've had in forty years.

There are about a hundred cash customers on the tour boat—half-pay British army officers, weed and grass widows taking the insurance and alimony out for an airing, birds who'd traveled around the world several times for your benefit apparently, and the usual giggly vamps who got their start begging buttons off the soldier boys marching to the Spanish-American war. We get mixed up with only two of the mob.

Parked at the next table to us in the dining-room are a couple of *caballeros*, one of 'em a short, stocky *hombre* with a scar across his forehead, the other a slim baby who'd be handsome in any man's chorus. Apart from the five of us, the place is practically deserted. Few of the passengers are eating that first evening. Quite the contrary.

We're no sooner squatted than the slim Valentino turns his glimmers on Mrs. Emerson—and there he keeps 'em. Breeze's bride, I might state, is no hardship on the eyes. That gal wasn't caught with a fork the day it rained good looks. She had a bucket in each hand.

Emerson, happening to turn, gets a flash of the Big Stare, and I sees his pan grow sullen. It gets sullen with the soup, and still sullen with the stew.

"Want to change seats, Chérie?" he asks his wife.

"*Pourquoi?*" she shrugs, and arranges her shawl more effectively. It's possible that being gazed at admiringly is annoying to the pretty-pretty, but deaths from acute melancholia or depressive hysteria as a result are practically unknown in the registration areas.

"For a plugged dime," snorts Breeze, "I'd take a poke at that tamale."

"Don't be a sap at sea," I advises. "These Latin Louies always look at a dame as if they'd never seen one before and never expected to flush another. If you start bashing every Spaniard that slips your madame the bold and brazen, you'll be the most densely employed bambino in Europe."

"Maybe," scowls Emerson, "but I'd like to pick that frijole up and lay him down just to make it an even once." And he turns to glare at our handsome neighbor. That lad's so wound up in a flirty smile he's knitting for Chérie that he doesn't even notice the storm coming up off his port bow. With a growl Breeze half rises out of his seat.

"Pipe down," I snaps. "What are you going to do—drag your wife into a row?"

"I'll leave her out of it," mutters Emerson. "I'll make that pup think I'm still sore over the sinking of the *Maine*."

"Better yet," I suggests, "the way Pizarro treated the Peruvians."

Chérie, who doesn't savvy much English,

doesn't tumble to what the shooting's all about. Or maybe she isn't interested. Being a Latin herself, the stare stuff probably doesn't mean any more in her young life than the results of the last primary in Sheboygan, Mich.

The dinner finally ends, and we see no more of the young Spaniards that evening. However, the next day at lunch the Big Stare is again staged, and it takes all I got to keep Breeze from injecting a fight sequence into the show. I'm getting a little bit peevish myself, and rather than see Chérie mixed up in a brawl, I decides to butt in and beat the fuss to it. From the chief steward I gets the monicker of the slim Spaniard and late that afternoon I manages to corner him alone.

"Monsieur Gongala," I begins, in my suavest French, "would you object to dining with your friend in another part of the saloon hereafter?"

The *caballero* looks me over with a chilly frown and hoists a scornful eyebrow. "Why," he asks, coldly, "do you make of me such a request?"

"It has occurred to me," I returns, "that you have perhaps completed your studies of the face of the lady at our table and that now, possibly, you would like to observe the back of her neck."

Gongala gets me *pronto*. A mean look flares up in his eyes, and his jaw squares, but he controls himself.

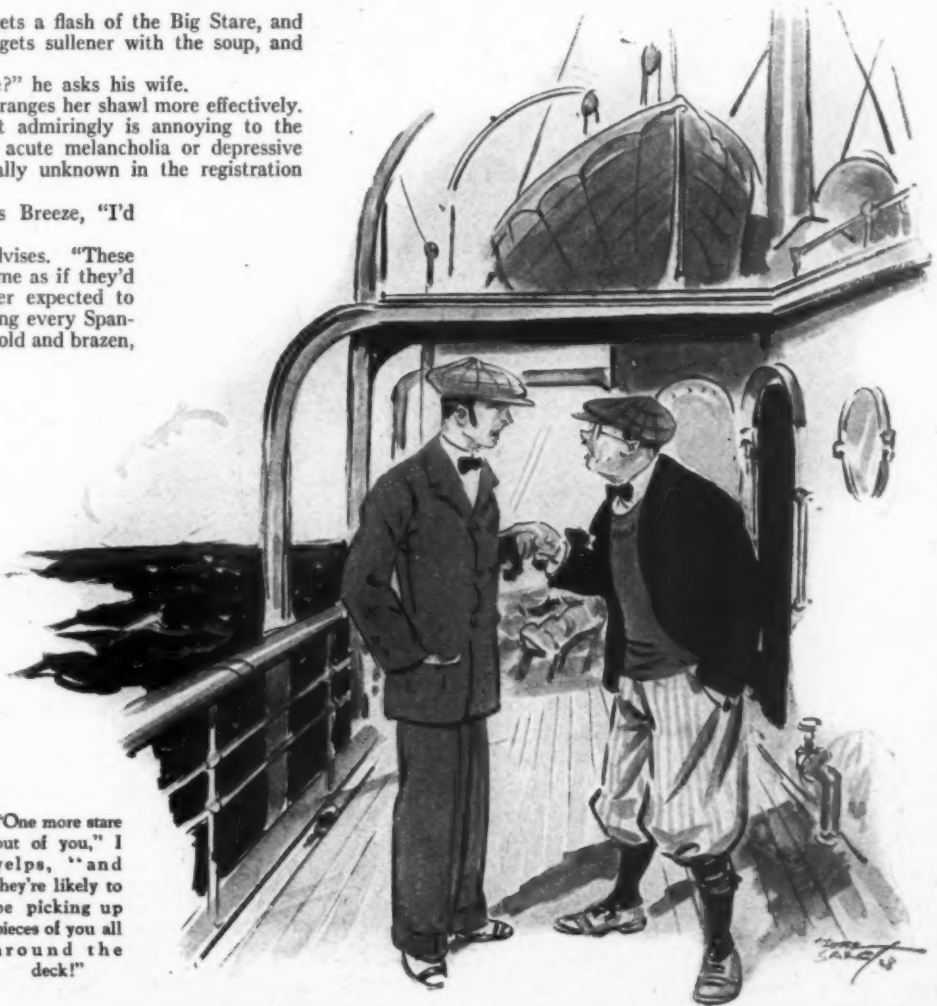
"Do I understand," he inquires, "that you come to me from the lady?"

"Neither from the lady nor her husband," I answers. "I am here purely in the interest of your health."

"So?" murmurs Gongala.

"Just so," I yelps, getting sore at his calmness. "One more stare out of you, and they're likely to be picking up pieces of you all around the deck. Keep your eyes in your pockets if you can't make 'em behave."

"One more stare out of you," I yelps, "and they're likely to be picking up pieces of you all around the deck!"



"My eyes are my own," says the Spaniard stiffly, "and they look where they please. They will continue to look where they please." With which he turns, and starts away.

"All right," I barks after him. "Don't say you weren't warned, if you get your block knocked off and thrown in your face."

I drifts down to my cabin for a siesta—the only product in which Spain leads all other countries—but I'm hardly stretched out when in crashes Breeze, clothes all awry and breathing heavy.

"Whatever," I asks unnecessarily, "have you been doing?"

"Hanging curtains," grunts Breeze. "I draped a pair over that wop's glimmers that'll keep him from lamping any more women on this sampan."

"Let's have the whole communiqué," I urges.

"Well," comes back Breeze, "I'm alone in the smoke-room when in drifts this *enchilada*. It's the chance I've been waiting for, so I busts right up to him and—"

"Gosh," I cuts in, "you didn't pull Chérie into the doings, did you?"

"Not me," grins Emerson. "I told that bobo I'd had it in for Spaniards ever since I'd heard of the way they'd treated Columbus—putting him in prison and all that after him discovering America—and I was itching to take a smack at one. I guess, though, he knew what I was sore about really."

"I wouldn't be surprised," says I, "but keep grinding the organ."

"The onion," goes on Breeze, "makes some crack that I don't get, but it could have been insulting, so I lets him have it—*biff, bang, blooie, blam*. I doubt if his own mother could recognize him now, except by the strawberry mark on his knee."

"What," I inquires, "was the don doing all this time? Just taking it?"

It's against the law. Of course," I goes on, "they don't pull 'em off in the public square or up in the queen's boudoir, but between gentlemen there is always a quiet ravine at dawn in back of Oscar Zilch's henhouse, a pair of discreet seconds and a sawbones who's willing to swear that the victim was cleaning a sword he didn't know was loaded, or that he had too much iron in his system."

"I guess you're right at that," mutters Breeze. "Gongala did say something about whether I had a friend who—"

"Sure," I cuts in. "I expect a call most any time from one of his side-kicks to make arrangements for a meeting. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him," yelps Emerson, "that I'll fight that fathead with anything—money, marbles or chalk."

"I'm afraid," says I, solemnly, "that those are not weapons recognized by the code duello. Know anything at all about sword-play?"

"No," returns Breeze, "but I've seen lots of it in the movies, and it wouldn't take me long to pick up enough to run that rooster ragged."

"Perhaps," I suggests, "you'd prefer pistols or daggers. The dagger skit is very pretty. You strip to the waist and with a table between you you start slashing at each other until one of you is ripe for a ribbon counter."

"Cut the kidding,"

growls Emerson. "Duel, your aunt's adenoids! I'm going to Spain to pick



"Just taking it," nods Emerson; "but here's a big laugh. When I calls it a day, this lad picks himself up from the floor, bows and slips me his card. No matter what you say about these Spaniards, they're a polite bunch of punks."

"Polite, hell," I snaps. "Didn't you give his act a tumble? It's pistols for two and coffee for one, feller."

"You mean," gasps Breeze, "this Gongala baby is challenging me to a duel?"

"No," says I, sarcastic, "he's inviting you to his country place for the dandelion-shooting. Figure it for yourself. You make a Spanish omelet out of a patrician's pan—"

"But," interrupts Emerson, "they don't have duels in Spain nowadays. It's against the law."

"But," I mimics, "they don't sell liquor in America nowadays.

spots for delicatessen shops, not to make *Kalteraufschnitt* out of one of its bright young men. If Gongala's boy friend propositions you, tell him I'm too busy to—"

"Too busy," says I, reproachfully, "to defend your honor?"

"My honor," comes back Breeze, "doesn't require any defending. It's in good shape. Before leaving the States I had it examined by three life-insurance doctors, a sanitary engineer and a couple of honorary vice-presidents, and they all said they'd never seen such a perfect honor. Just like a baby's."

I can hardly wait for Emerson to get out of the cabin to set myself up to a big laugh. No doubt Gongala is taking this duel hokey seriously, but what a swell chance he has of dragging Breeze into a *combat à deux*! However, I can see lots of fun in regarding the situation gravely and I plan to do so.



Without hesitation Breeze leaps over the railing. "Stop him!" I yells, but I might as well have been a deaf-mute talking to myself in a boiler factory.

He discover America. You put him in jail. I just hear about it, and I'm mad. I give you a smack—"

"Well," I cuts in, "Spain did give Columbus a raw deal. Do I understand that you are here to defend the dastardly conduct of those—"

"Caramba!" shouts Pedro. "What is my friend to do with Colombo? He die four hundred year ago."

"Very sad," says I, "but you know how it is. Of course, Mr. Gongala may not be personally responsible for the treatment of Columbus, but on the other hand—"

"You make jokes," discovers Ortega angrily. "My friend, he is badly hurt. His honor is wound'. I am here to demand the satisfaction."

"You have come to the proper place," I assures him. "I take it you are challenging General Emerson to a duel?"

"It is so," returns Pedro.

"We being the challenged party," I resumes, "have the choice of weapons. Yes?"

"It is so," nods Ortega. "What you wish?"

"Machine-guns," I replies. "At ten paces."

"Some more you joke," snarls the Spaniard.

"You got me wrong, buddy," says I. "General Emerson is from Chicago, and the machine-gun is his natural form of repartee. In his duel with General De-

bility over the way to pronounce Los Angeles—"

"Pistols or swords," cuts in Pedro stiffly. "Which you want?"

"Roll your own," I offers magnanimously. "My friend is equally good with all weapons; besides, he's so anxious to avenge Columbus that—"

"Swords?" asks Ortega, and there's an eager glitter in his lamps.

"That's K. O. by me," says I. "When and where shall we stage the fiesta, and what's my cut of the gate?"

"Señor Gongala," returns Pedro, "do not now look so good from the eyes. Next week in Seville, yes? I find the quiet place in the park, no?"

"All right," I shrugs, "but make it early in the morning. My friend never kills after eight o'clock."

"No?" smiles Ortega. "But maybe he die after eight o'clock. Yes?"

"I don't know," says I, "just what his practice is in that respect."

Pedro gets me to give him our address in Seville and then departs. I immediately goes a-hunting for Breeze. I finds him in the bar studying the effect of ice on whisky and soda. Apparently he'd been at it for some time.

"Well," says I cheerily, "I've got some great news for you."

"Shoot," invites Emerson.

"It's all arranged," I tells him. "You're to fight a duel with Gongala next week in the Seville public park."

"Public park, eh?" grunts Breeze. "I suppose children in arms will be admitted free."

"It's to be intensely private," I explains. "Pete Ortega and I have fixed up all the details. I'm not kidding," I adds, putting on a serious pan. "You've got to fight."

"Have a drink," suggests Emerson, "and another think."

"Listen," says I, sharply, "this is no barroom jest. Right after you left my cabin, Gongala's scar-faced friend dropped in. He demanded satisfaction, and we agreed on swords."

"You agreed on swords!" snaps Breeze. "Since you agreed, you'd better do the scrapping. I'm not going to."

"You'd better," I comes back ominously. (Continued on page 116)

I returns to my siesta and steps right into a dream of Chérie on a white horse, with the child and the papers in one hand, and a pardon from the king in the other, dashing through the dawn-dappled hills of Andalusia in a desperate effort to prevent the battle of the century. Suddenly I awake. What I'd taken to be hoof-beats are knocks on the door.

"Come in," I yelps, and in walks the scar-faced lad who'd been sitting at Gongala's table. He bows at me from the waist.

"I am Pedro Ortega," says he in English. "I am the friend of Señor Gongala. You perhaps know why I am here?"

"No doubt," I returns, "to apologize for his outrageous conduct. In behalf of Major-General Emerson, I refuse to accept it."

"Apologize?" exclaims Ortega. "It is the Señor Gongala which is insulted."

"Correct me if I'm right," says I, "but did not your friend speak slightly of the American Navy?"

"No, no, no," splutters Pedro. "You are mistook. It is so: Señor Gongala is in the smoking-room. Mr. Emerson—"

"Major-General Emerson, retired," I cuts in.

"Major-General Emerson, retired," repeats Ortega. "He come up to my friend and he say: 'You no treat Colombo good."

Without a Clue

OUT of adventures and contacts varied even for this remarkable day, Rufus King writes of men and a woman you might easily chat with—and never suspect.

Illustrated

by

Anton Otto Fischer

"WOULD IT INCONVENIENCE YOU VERY MUCH," read the telegram, which was signed "Joe," "TO SPEND THE NEXT MONTH OR TWO RUNNING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PARIS STOP IF AGREEABLE LET US DINE THIS EVENING BOTH AT THE RITZ AND AT SEVEN OCLOCK STOP YOUR ACCOMMODATIONS ARRANGED WITH USUAL LUXURIOUSNESS FOR THE THURINGIA WHICH SAILS AT MID-NIGHT STOP OSCAR IS HIMSELF AGAIN AND I AM MAD."

Mr. Horace Furliman smiled gently and wrote an answer on the attached return blank to the chief of what is commonly labeled the Secret Service of the United States.

"WHY," he asked Joe, through the courtesy of Western Union, "ARE YOU SO GOOD TO ME AND WHAT IS OSCAR?"

"Oscar," said Joe, when seven-thirty found them seated at one of the tables on the shallow balcony of the Ritz, "has broke loose."

"He sounds like an epidemic," commented Furliman. "Is he?"

"Very—a diamond epidemic."

"He wasn't of my time."

Mr. Horace Furliman was retired. For five years or so he had been leading the energetic life of a simple and bored citizen of the world. At rare instances, at the behest of Joe, he had been drafted by the Government back into his old job for some special service. They were his oases.

"Oscar must be very young," he said.

"Vaguely thirty, and definitely charming."

"What a pity it will be to catch him!"

"He is the usual temporary genius. As yet, we haven't been able to find on him so much as a mail-order chip."

"And he's prolific?"

"The word is incompetent. Oscar crosses regularly once a month, and his reappearances are marked with the price of a chorus."

"Your information is from the same old source?"

"Oh, quite! We couldn't get along without Harriet. It's the customary situation—we know everything and can prove nothing. Oscar sails with you tonight, by the way, on the *Thuringia*. Here is his photograph."

Mr. Furliman inspected the darkly pleasant young face, the wide-spaced eyes of which stared amiably back at him from the picture.

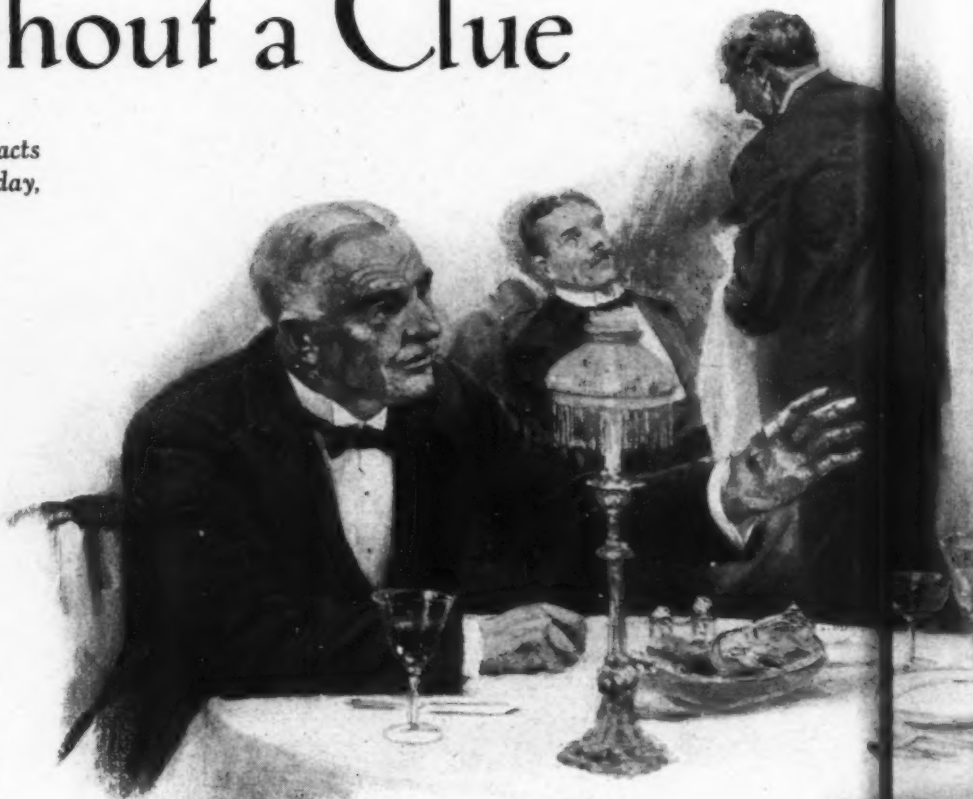
"It is going to be more of a pity," he said slowly, after a moment, "than I thought."

"Would you care for the history?"

"The salient points."

"A veteran of our war, a bachelor, of good but concealed family—there is a definite curtain behind the date of his enlistment in the army; is what the papers were accustomed to refer to so

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"My dear Miss Hoskins," he said, "please don't get up. You see, it's a question of either dining here with me, or of accompanying the two heavily mustached gentlemen who would greet you as you left this room."

affectionately as a master mind; has built up his business, as one might say, rock by rock, and has pyramided his profits until his present turn-over is annoyingly tremendous. As I hinted in my wire, he is now making us mad."

"I suppose you put him through the usual process each time he landed?"

Joe smiled his assurance. "It's cost us a small fortune already, replacing his luggage," he said. "It has become almost automatic for us to have a new outfit on hand at the pier for him from Martin and Fitzgerald's."

Mr. Furliman returned his attention from watching a determinedly happy young couple from Cleveland who had the dance-floor entirely to themselves. "How long," he said, "does Oscar wait before placing the diamonds where they will do the most good?"

"It is always a day or two before sailing for Europe again."

"About two weeks, then, after he has landed."

"Just."

Mr. Furliman shook his head reprovingly. "And you told me he was clever."

"Is there anything stupid in that?"

"I think," said Mr. Furliman as they stood up, "that there is a lot of stupidity indeed."

"And you're going to be mysterious about it."

"You do want me to earn my money, don't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder but that you've solved the case already."

"I shouldn't wonder but that I have."

"And you'll keep us paying for trips until you get tired of Paris."

Mr. Furliman looked mildly shocked. "How can you, Joe!" he said. "We've got to get the evidence—even if I do love Paris, and the sea."

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By
**Rufus
King**



Mr. Furliman quite genuinely and sincerely did love the sea. It was a tireless canvas upon which he just as tirelessly painted little pictures of adventurous romance. He remarked as much, with almost embarrassing candor, to young Mr. Oscar Beresford as he casually joined him at the rail on the *Thuringia's* second day out.

"I have none of the normal inhibitions," he said pleasantly, at the conclusion of his marine tirade, "against expressing my most intimate thoughts to perfect strangers."

Young Mr. Beresford inspected the tip of his cigar, which required no inspection at all, and said: "I have."

"Naturally," said Mr. Furliman, "you would. Any man in your occupation would cling to reticence in the reverse ratio of a woman imparting a secret."

Oscar regarded Mr. Furliman with careful eyes. He observed

him for the first time during their casual contacts as an entity.

"My occupation?" he repeated.

"I prefer to think of it as a semi-amusement, even while being forced to point out that our Government is glaringly deficient in a sense of humor. I am, you see, one of its agents."

"Really."

"Oh, most. They've asked me to catch you."

Oscar was startled into a laugh. "I believe you're the only man who could," he said. "You're deep."

"Aren't I?"

"You won't mind my saying, will you, that perhaps I'm deeper still—like the miller's daughter?"

"I should be terribly disappointed if you weren't. As Joe pointed out to me just before sailing, I have a passion for Paris and—as I have just told you at some length myself—for the sea."

"Joe?"

"A man whom some day you must meet."

"I say—couldn't we discuss this interesting and mildly harmless little delusion of yours after dinner—during? It is time to dress."

"I was on the point of suggesting it myself."

"You use the Ritz restaurant?"

"To the constant irritation of the Treasury, I do."

"And of Joe?"

"And of Joe."

"I wonder," said Mr. Furliman to Oscar, as they started to dine, "if the time will ever come when men will stop picking their toys apart to see what it is that makes them work. I am one of the rare exceptions who don't. I love to be pleasantly mystified by human behavior. It's the sauce for an otherwise commonplace meal."

"You are delicately hinting, I suppose, that you sha'n't expect me to confess?"

"More than that. I shouldn't listen to you were you to do so, which of course you won't."

"I don't see why you wouldn't. You'd miss a lot. I've more than the average amount of imagination, and could give you a perfectly stunning confession. And I wouldn't start in at the age of three, either, with the old wheeze about mother pawning my silver rattles for money to play bridge with."

"I'm sure you wouldn't. You'd insist upon beginning in a convent, in spite of your sex."

"However did you guess?"

Mr. Furliman laughed happily. "I do hope," he said, "that I sha'n't have to catch you for quite a long, long time. Our crossings are going to be so pleasant."

"One presumes you intend to adhere to my schedule?"

"One does—quite correctly."

"Both on shipboard and abroad?"

"Oh, dear, no—not abroad. I shall be much too busy in Paris to attend to any business at all."

"I'm inclined to take you seriously."

"I wish you would. It will save you all sorts of bother and worry while you're buying your diamonds. You won't have to be constantly peering over your shoulder on the way to Antwerp and back again, and indulging in all the popular gymnastics that men are supposed to go in for when they're being shadowed."

"But suppose I should sail from Antwerp?"

"You wouldn't be so unkind. Belgium bores me inexpressibly. It's because of the incredible language that many of their most interesting characters speak, especially near the coast. They ought to make French a compulsory unit."

"If I could be quite certain—"

"But of course you can be quite certain. Why under the sun should I trot to Antwerp with you? It isn't a crime, no matter how many diamonds you choose to buy. It isn't a crime if you stuff your pockets with diamonds and carry them with you aboard ship. It is only my love for the obvious, Mr. Beresford, that makes me point out the fact that it would commence to be a crime were you, through some oversight, to fail to declare whatever diamonds you might have in your possession, and that it would graduate and would receive a diploma as a crime, were you to take those diamonds ashore and through the Customs undeclared."

"And were to be caught at it."

"Just so. And were to be caught."

"By you."

"By anyone."

"And what do you propose we play when you get tired of this little game? Would you like me to pretend to be an extremely important personage who is suffering from amnesia with a large reward on his head, or wherever it is they put it? I'm awfully good at amnesia."

"You'd be good at anything. But I sha'n't get tired for quite a while—certainly not until I introduce you to Joe."

Oscar stood up. Mr. Furliman joined him, and they smoked in silence on the deck, and listened to the undecipherable communications of the restless sea.

Oscar threw his cigar across the rail. "I turn in early," he said, "on ship-board."

"And I, on the contrary, spend most of the night on deck. Dine with me again, whenever you feel so inclined."

"Thank you. Good night."

"Good night."

Alone with his thoughts and with his friendly sea, Mr. Furliman made himself comfortable in his chair. "I suppose," he confided to a deck steward, who was taking his order for a whisky and soda, "that the disillusionment will come in Paris, when I shall have to get busy and *cherchez* his femme."

"Right, sir," said the steward, who was very young, and not a little startled.

"And then," finished Mr. Furliman with a regretful sigh, "we will have to go home and put him in jail."

It wasn't essential, however, for Mr. Furliman to do much *cherchez*-ing when he and Oscar arrived in accompanying taxicabs—through no connivance on the part of the long arm of coincidence—at the Vouillemont, on the rue Boissy d'Anglais in Paris. For it was Oscar who took a leaf from Mr. Furliman's own booklet and presented the lady to Mr. Furliman himself.

"You really wont mind, will you," said Mr. Furliman, at the completion of the presentation in the foyer, "if I call you Madame X?"

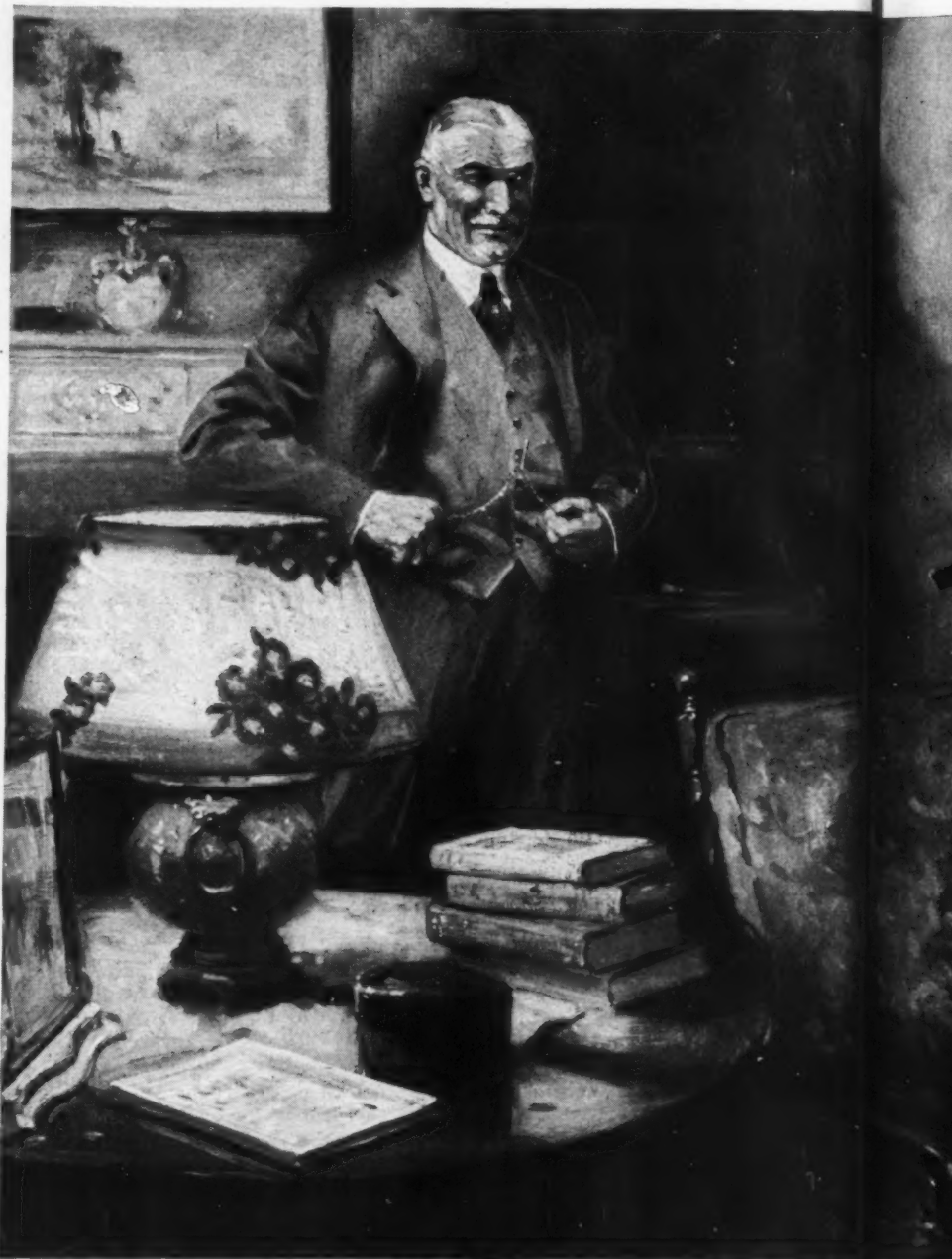
"I have already warned Madame of your little idiosyncrasies."

"But they are charming!" said Madame, whose get-up of smart blacks, ivory skin, and mauve-shadowed eyes was a little too traditional for Mr. Furliman's taste. "Monsieur shall be—how you say it?—a boy friend yet."

Madame's accent, Mr. Furliman further decided, had not been nurtured so much in the Alps as it had been in the Rockies and in points more middling of the West. He wondered idly how she fitted into Oscar's scheme. It seemed much too clever a piece of machinery to have such an imperfect cog. Perhaps she didn't really fit in at all.

Mr. Furliman purposely occupied himself no further with

Madame, but he did occupy himself largely in playing with Paris. It was not until the fourth pleasant day that he was stirred into a semblance of action. He examined the card which the diminutive lift-boy presented at the door of his splendid room, and instructed the youngster that Monsieur Estabaux was immediately to be shown up.



Oscar backed toward the door. "Hold it," said Mr.

"One would gather," Mr. Furliman said to his stocky visitor when they were seated at a discreet distance from the closed door, and the customary amenities had been observed, "that Oscar has planned for this trip the largest haul of all. His whole capital must be involved. It's very flattering—most."

"Large in value, yes, monsieur; but in bulk—" Monsieur Estabaux shrugged an athletic pair of shoulders and confined the size of Oscar's contemplated haul to a pinch of air between his right forefinger and thumb.

"Large and flawless," suggested Mr. Furliman, "—and few." "Not over ten in all. But such ten—it should be a something!"

Furlim

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"Would a million francs be considered injudicious as a valuation?"

"On the contrary, Monsieur would thereby hit the nail upon its head."

"Splendid," murmured Mr. Furliman, "and more splendid still. Our Oscar arrives?"

"If you would be so agreeable as to have it arranged?"

"A car shall await Monsieur here at nine."

"Splendid—but not here. At Ciro's. I am dining there—not from preference, but because it is the requisite place for polite adventurers to dine—with a lady who is unaware of the fact as yet."

"Monsieur can consider it done," bowed Estabaux.

Mr. Furliman did.

It was with the perfect assurance that a car containing his luggage would be waiting for him at the curb at precisely the minute of nine, that he followed Madame through the discreet ebullience of Ciro's to the table for which he had arranged.

"I wonder whether Mr. Beresford has told you that my worst fault, Madame, is in being ingenuously frank?" he said as they sat down.

"Monsieur Beresford," said Madame, giving the best of her bagful of glances to the pleasant features of her companion, "has told me only sufficient to intrigue me very much. Perhaps, when we meet tomorrow, he shall tell me more."

Mr. Furliman looked hurt. "You are trying to give me the impression," he said, "that you haven't seen him since he left for Antwerp. Really, I wouldn't do that. You see, I happened to be watching your meeting at four this afternoon on the Bois."

She appeared shocked.

"Monsieur insinuates—"

Mr. Furliman leaned forward with an air of fatherly earnestness. "My dear Miss Anne Hoskins," he said, "let us thoroughly enjoy our little dinner by waiving pretense. I haven't the remotest desire to hurt your feelings, but as a Frenchwoman, your disguise

still hints shockingly of Akron, Ohio. Please don't get up—you see, it's a question of either dining here in companionable fashion with me, and of then returning to the Vouillemont and your own future devices, or else of accompanying the two rather heavily mustached gentlemen who would greet you as you left this room—were you to leave it alone. Ah—that's better."

Miss Hoskins did her best to snatch at indifference through the medium of a jab or two with her fork at the glorified bit of fish on her plate. "I think you're rather horrid—about my accent and everything," she said.

"Oh, but you'll learn! I dare say that in five or six years from now you'll be quite perfect."

(Continued on page 110)



Furliman softly, "just where you are. You're being covered, you see, from behind."

"On the afternoon express," concurred Monsieur Estabaux.

"He sails?"

"Tonight on the *Carina*."

Mr. Furliman sighed unhappily and looked at his watch. "I am very much afraid that when I return to Paris next month it will be as my own guest," he said.

"We have taken the liberty of already securing Monsieur's accommodations. The cabins adjoin."

"Obvious and admirable as well. If one were to make the run by motor, how long after the boat-train leaves could one start and still make connections?"

"At the latest, by nine."



MRS. ELIZABETH B. CUSTER

I HAVE read with close attention the three articles which Mr. Frazier Hunt has written about General Custer. He has caught and pictured the spirit of action which guided the General's life.

The vivid description in the third article of the start of the Seventh Cavalry from Fort Lincoln brings back many memories of the past. It was General Custer's duty to see that the workmen and engineers of the Northern Pacific Railway were protected. The projected railway line to the west went straight as a pistol-shot toward the Sioux country, and the Indians were intelligent enough to know that if the railroad was ever finished it was the end of their country. That was their cause for war as they understood it.

I doubt if the American people ever realized what the Sioux Nation really was until that day on the Little Big Horn. They were different from the Indians we had known. They were great soldiers. On the few occasions when I was permitted as a special privilege to be present in a far corner of the room when the head chiefs in all the pomp and pride of their finest war regalia came to talk with the General, I was deeply impressed by their eloquence, though I could not understand a word of their language.

I feel that Mr. Hunt has given a true interpretation of General Custer's understanding of the Indians and his relations to them.

In his account of the events leading up to the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Mr. Hunt has been conspicuously fair to General Custer. Some previous writers, unaware of the new material now available to Mr. Hunt, charged General Custer with disobedience of General Terry's orders. I am thankful that THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE has come forward after fifty years to right this wrong.

Elizabeth B. Custer

The Romantic Soldier

By
Frazier Hunt

With full feeling for a leader of men and a fighter, gained at the front in the great war, Mr. Hunt spreads before you the dramatic career of the most picturesque and triumphant—and most tragic—soldier who ever wore the uniform of the United States.

Drawings by Captain John W. Thomason



Custer galloped forward and received the flag of surrender.

FROM the high, rolling bluffs to the east of the Little Big Horn came the sound of heavy firing.

The troopers here on the hill three miles to the south could hear it distinctly. No one could doubt but that their comrades, greatly outnumbered by the Indian hordes, were fighting desperately.

They themselves had just come through a terrifying experience; led by their panic-stricken, fear-crazed commander Major Reno, they had given up their attack on the Indian village in the valley across the river, left their strong position in the woods, and in a mad rout had gained this high barren point of ground.

Benteen—he of the lion heart—coming up from the rear where he had been scouting, joined them now with three fresh troops. In his pocket was a crumpled bit of paper that had reached him twenty minutes before, from the senior officer of the regiment now fighting so stubbornly with five troops three miles to the north. It had been hurriedly scribbled on a bit of paper torn from a field notebook:

*Benteen, come on—big village—be quick—bring packs—
P. S. bring packs.*

It was a command. It was a call for help. It was one soldier saying to another that the big fight was over here and to hurry up with his soldiers and the ammunition-mules.

But for ten years Benteen had been the irreconcilable enemy and critic of the man who had sent this order. Reno, too, was an enemy of the man fighting on the bluffs to the north.

Benteen dismounted his troopers. Reno, shaken with fear, raised his pistol and fired at an Indian a thousand yards away.

The Indians had drawn off now; they had followed Reno's men in the wild rout from the valley, but now they had turned their swift war-ponies to the battlefield to the north. Not a single brave was in sight.

Steadily the sound of firing drifted down from the north.

Junior officers and old non-coms cursed under their breath—they knew where their duty lay.

"Good God! Why don't we go to Custer?" they swore.

But the two ranking officers made no move.

Thirty precious minutes slipped by—then sixty.

Still came the sound of the guns—the sound that soldiers of all times and armies have answered, even into the very teeth of certain death.

The ammunition-mules jogged up—the priceless ammunition that had been called for. Still they hesitated, chatting and fuming and fussing, while to the north less than one-third of their beloved regiment, with its commanding officer, was facing some great unknown test.

Now the firing grew fainter. Then came the dull heavy roar of two distinct volleys. It was a desperate call for help.

Custer was calling for them—Custer their commander, Custer the darling of the gods, Custer the romantic boy general of the Civil War, Custer the matchless Indian-fighter—Custer the cavalier.

The end was coming swiftly now—the end of a brilliant and colorful life. Custer luck was running out, like the last bits of sand in an hour-glass.

All but a handful of those who rode away with him two short hours before had already been killed—and now on the knoll of the highest bluff the little group clung closely around the man they loved and



GENERAL CUSTER, MRS. CUSTER AND THE GENERAL'S BROTHER, THOMAS CUSTER

from a photograph taken at close of the Civil War

trusted. Long ago they had shot their horses, and using them as a breastwork, were coolly and calmly selling their lives as dearly as they could. They were old soldiers, all.

A hundred times this sweltering afternoon their tall golden-haired leader had shaded his eyes and looked toward the south. Benteen would be coming from that direction—Benteen with three troops and fresh ammunition. Custer had sent for him, and he would come.

God! Why didn't he come?

Benteen! Reno! Benteen!

The shadows of death were closing in now. The little circle of brave



It marked the end; the bitter war was over.



"CUSTER'S LAST STAND." General Custer is the figure wielding a

sword.

men tightened. Their beloved leader standing in their center took one last swift look to the south. Then he spoke quietly to them. Only a brave and stubborn dozen were left.

The Indians were preparing for their final charge. They were sweeping in from all sides—hundreds of screaming, firing, charging, painted warriors. . . . Blinding dust—pungent smell of burning powder—piercing whoops—flashing hoofs of war ponies. . . . Too late, now. . . . Never mind, Reno—never mind, Benteen. Too late. . . .

So it was the romantic Custer met his tragic doom on that Sunday afternoon in June, fifty-two years ago, on the Little Big Horn River in Montana. Of the two hundred twelve men and officers with him that day no living man ever returned—and two days later when they buried the stripped naked bodies of these brave fighters, they buried forever the full story of his unsurpassed and tragic stand.

A brigadier general at twenty-three, a major general at twenty-five, a great Indian-fighter at twenty-seven, he went to his death at thirty-seven, the immortal hero of American youth—and the eternal mystery and gallantry of his death will keep his name green and shining when all but a scant dozen of the great and glorious figures of American military history will be forgotten forever. . . .

He was a fighter, and he came of fighting stock. His great-grandfather had been a Hessian mercenary in the Revolutionary War. He was a curly-haired blond giant who was fighting because he had to—and because he liked to. When the war was over and he with his fellow-Hessians were paroled, he decided to

settle down and grow up with the country. The family name of Kuster was changed about the time this good-natured Saxon fighter moved from Pennsylvania to Maryland. His grandson, the blacksmith and farmer, felt the call of the frontier and migrated to Ohio, and here it was in Harrison County on the Pennsylvania border that a sturdy, tow-headed baby was born on December 5, 1839. They called him George Armstrong.

War was in the air again. The fall of the Alamo down in San Antonio had burned its way into the hearts of the whole country. A bitter, intense hatred was flaring up against Mexico.

Even this farmer-boy in Ohio grew up in a warm reflection of the brilliant and thrilling atmosphere of war. He dreamed of being a drummer-boy and marching with heroic old General Scott or with Taylor in the romantic Mexican campaigns. Farming was not for him—the saber and the musket were to be his tools.

When he was ten years old a brand-new world suddenly opened up for him. He was shipped off to live for a while with his half-sister, Lydia Reed, "way up in Michigan."

There he met new and wiser folks, and before he had finished his second stay in Monroe, his dream of being a drummer-boy had sprung full-bloomed into a determined ambition to go to West Point and become an officer and a professional soldier.

At sixteen—a tall, well-set-up, smiling lad of quick, almost nervous speech—he returned to his father's farm and secured a job teaching in a country school at Hopedale, Ohio, not far from home. With undaunted energy he set about securing an appointment to West Point.

Late in the spring of the following year the official-looking docu-

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© By Adolphus Busch

sword. From the famous old lithograph. By courtesy of Mr. Adolphus Busch.

ment announcing his appointment to a cadetship arrived from Washington.

Upon a June day a few weeks later, George Custer, in company with a half-dozen other boys, got off the Hudson River Albany boat at West Point with carpet-bags in hand, walked up the steep incline that led to the Military Academy high above the beautiful curving river—a road that led him from a dull, colorless humdrum country life, up to a brilliant and thrilling career—a career that time has turned into nothing short of a tradition.

For the most part his cadet days were joyous ones for Custer—and joy was the fountain and mainspring of his life. The serious business of study or of winning cadet honors of any kind, academic or military, never entered his head. The gentle and humorous hazing of plebes, spinning yarns of the odd characters about his home, slipping out of bounds to the forbidden but hospitable fireside of Benny Havens, where food and drink could be illegally obtained—smiling and laughing his way along, with kindly, good-humored affection for most of his brother cadets, made up the sum-total of his West Point years.

From the start he gained a place among the "Immortals," the ten lowest in scholarship (now called by the far less inspiring title of "goats.") The first year he barely gained this unenviable honor, standing fifty-eighth in a class of sixty-eight. His second or "yearling" year he was two above the bottom, ranking Number Fifty-eight in a class of sixty. But in his third year he came fully into his own at the bottom of his class—Number Fifty-seven in a class of fifty-seven, and upon graduation, Number Thirty-five in a class of thirty-five.

Ranking neck and neck with his scholarship went his deportment. He was "skinned" time and again for every trifling and unimportant offense against the dignity and order of this severe academy. He simply could not obey all the hundred and one petty rules laid down for cadet behavior. Discipline was not for him, then or afterward—and fine and gallant soldier that he became, it was always difficult for him to accept hard-and-fast orders from a superior. Not that he did not obey men that he worshiped, like McClellan and Sheridan; but there was something of the glorious free agent—the lone wolf—about him that made him champ and suffer under the strictness and inelastic boundaries of ordinary military life.

In a dusty old sheepskin-bound volume, hidden away in the files in the basement of the Administration Building at West Point today, can be found Custer's "skin sheet," bearing the list of offenses Cadet Custer was reported for. Written in a fine, Spenserian hand, the ink almost faded after these seventy years, the long array spreads over six pages.

In all there are 453 separate "skins," with a total of 812 demerits—with seventy-five, or a third, allowed off during his plebe year. During the course a cadet is allowed 835 demerits before he is dismissed—so Custer had only twenty-three left when he was graduated.

About West Point hung a very definite glamour of chivalry. Its sons had made brilliant and romantic records in the Mexican War. The army officers on duty there and the entire corps of professors and instructors (who still wore the beautiful old uniform of the Continental Army) were chosen from the finest men in the army.

For the four years immediately before Custer entered, Colonel Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War in President Polk's cabinet, had had the general supervision of the Academy and had appointed his friend, the noble and gentle Robert E. Lee, as superintendent. Among many improvements wrought, Davis had changed the four-year course to a five-year one in order that more classical and cultural subjects could be taught.

A small and intimate school of rather less than two hundred fifty cadets as against the one thousand two hundred there at present—the influence of the officers and staff reached down into the lives of the young men to a most pronounced degree.

Almost every man in Custer's time in West Point was soon to bring glory for himself and his school—and many were to win high honor: Custer, Mackenzie, Merritt, Wilson, Upton, Hardin, Horace Porter for the North, and Rosser, Ramseur, Wheeler, P. M. B. Young, Semmes, Deering, and "the gallant Pelham" as Lee called him, for the South—all brave and noble lads fighting for the right as each saw it.

Such were the boys who touched Custer in his all-important years from seventeen to twenty-one. Off in the outside world there was some bitter talk going on, but little of it at first reached this quiet soldier monastery on the high banks of the Hudson.

Then in 1859 a silly, courageous old dreamer named John Brown led a wild and fantastic attempt to crumple the Government and free the slaves—that ended by his marching to the gallows, while "his soul goes marching on" through eternity.

The Southern cadets were bitter in their denunciations of these mad abolitionists—the handful of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips followers were all but cowed in their defense of John Brown. Custer and the majority of cadets didn't care much one way or the other, but were rather pro-Southern in their sympathies. They wanted to let the whole business cool off and be dropped. But it wasn't to be.

On November 6th, 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and the divided Democrats went down to defeat, the last hope for



With sabers gleaming in the sunlight and cheers breaking from their lips, the Michiganders moved forward to meet the oncoming attack; at a gallop, they hurled themselves at the gray line.

peace faded away. To the embittered South, Lincoln's election meant the end of their hope for a peaceful breaking up of the Union and the forming of their own independent government.

For the first time West Point was completely aroused. Sectional lines began to be drawn—but friendly, almost heartsick lines. Except for the small crowd of very definite anti-slave cadets from the East and North, there was a tendency to sympathize with the warm-hearted, high-spirited, fire-eating Southerners. Theirs was the romantic, aristocratic side—while to stand boldly for the Northern ideals of union and freedom took not only courage but the patient idealism of dreamers.

On December 20th, 1860, South Carolina formally seceded. Three days previous to this, on information he received from his home, Cadet Henry S. Farley of that State handed in his resignation. He was the first cadet to leave.

The impending war had come squarely to West Point. Farley's resignation was a matter of deepest interest to every cadet. No one could tell how soon dear and precious friends would be fighting one another.

Time was to slip by quickly now. On January 9th, 1861, Mississippi seceded; the day following, Florida left, and the day after that, Alabama. Eight days later Georgia formally seceded, and on January 26th, Louisiana, to be followed on the 1st of February by Texas. As each State withdrew, its sons among the cadets handed in their resignations and hurried home to offer their swords to the defense of their mother States.

On December 26th, six days after South Carolina had seceded, Major Robert Anderson, a West Pointer and a Kentuckian, alarmed at the military gesture of the South Carolina State



Photo © by Patriot Pub. Co.

GENERAL CUSTER DURING THE CIVIL WAR—OCTOBER, 1863

from a wartime photograph.



troops, led his little group of regulars from Fort Moultrie to the more secure Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor.

On March 4th, Lincoln was inaugurated, and the period of inaction was ended. Lincoln, determined that he would not strike the first blow, waited only for that first Southern shot to be hurled at the Stars and Stripes. April 14th, Major Anderson and his heroic little band of regulars, after saluting the flag, marched out of the battered Fort Sumter, and the following day Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. A few hectic days later Virginia slipped out from the union, and the awful, bloody four years of slaughter was at hand.

The regular class of 1861 was pushed forward, and on May 6th was graduated and immediately was ordered to Washington. Custer's class, whose five-year-time would not be completed until the following year, was polished off on all military studies as rapidly as possible, and on June 30th the following order was read to the excited cadets:

Headquarters Military Academy,
West Point,
June 30, 1861.

Order Number 100:

The following members of the First Class Corps of Cadets will be relieved from duty at the Military Academy at reveille tomorrow morning and by direction of the War Department will repair to Washington City without delay and report in person to the Adjutant General. . . .

Custer's name was not on the list.

The very day before this thrilling order to war was read, Custer

had committed what was considered a grave and serious breach of rules.

Two cadets settling a personal quarrel had started fighting, when Custer as officer of the guard strolled by. A number of cadets crowding about were on the verge of interfering, when Custer pushed his way through the crowd.

"Stand back, boys, let's have a fair fight here," Custer shouted. At that very moment the regular Officer of the Day came on the scene, and Custer was immediately ordered to the guard-tent.

A day or two later came his court martial. The verdict was secretly forwarded to Washington. Custer, half crazed with uncertainty, was finally tossed to happy heights when on July 17th, Special Order No. 114 was read at West Point: "In accordance with instructions contained in telegram, dated Washington, July 17, 1861, Cadet George A. Custer is relieved from duty at the Military Academy and will repair to Washington City without delay, and report to the Adjutant General in person. By order Colonel Brown."

At last the war was his. Irksome, boyish West Point days were over forever. Fame and glory and high honor were to be his for the taking.

"Some day I will have a general's star on my shoulder—before this war is over I will have it," he swore.

In New York he hurriedly purchased additional military equipment and caught the first train for Washington.

War!

Peace and quiet were for the others—for him plunging horses, drawn sabers and the thrilling charge straight into the enemy.

The boom of cannon—
the rattle of musketry
—the wild notes of martial music—the cries of dying men.

War! War!

Three days after he had left the quiet security of West Point, Custer, now a tall, well-built young man of twenty-one, found himself in the fury and furnace of the great disaster of Bull Run. Of those first brilliant days, he wrote years later just before he died:

"It was not until after two o'clock in the morning that I obtained an audience with the Adjutant-General of the army" (in Washington), "and reported to him formally for orders, as my instructions directed me to do. Following the lead of the officer to

(Continued on
page 140)



CADET CUSTER, UPON GRADUATION FROM WEST POINT

from a photograph taken in 1861.

Illustrated by
Chas. D. Mitchell

"I HAVE been," reports Viña Delmar, who is now twenty-three, "a typist, a theater usher, the manager of a motion-picture theater in Harlem and lately an author." Author, she is, of "Bad Girl," the Book of the Month—and also of this unusual story.

OF course Fordham is a part of New York. It might have arranged things differently in its youth had it known then how self-sufficient it was going to become. But in its youth it couldn't have possibly foreseen that the day was coming when Fordham would have everything that one could get anywhere else.

Now, I am not making a claim that you can step out any day in the week along Fordham's prominent avenue and pick yourself up a genuine solid mahogany chest of drawers formerly used by John Alden or Betsy Ross. That's not my claim. Nor can you reach up into Fordham's extra pure air and drag down a seven-carat blue-white diamond. But if it's an ordinary chest of drawers you're after, or a diamond of reasonable size—why go downtown? However, if you must go downtown, we are sorry but not embarrassed, for we have two or three subway stations to offer you, and a 'bus line. Also we are overrun with taxicabs if that happens to be your meat. But must you really go downtown?

Fordham Road is lined with stores from stem to stern. Some are strictly one-price stores. Lucette's was strictly one-price, and I could mention many others of like distinction; but we are here solely to talk about Lucette.

We will call her Lucette because that is the name she had in gold letters on the plate-glass window of her store. What her name really was doesn't matter. What Lucette was matters greatly. A customer dropping in to buy something dark and serviceable for business, or perhaps one of those billowing chiffon things for dancing, always saw Lucette. She was on the job twelve hours a day. The customer saw that Lucette was the owner of this nice dress-shop with its corner location, and that she was extraordinarily attractive.

The customer of course couldn't see that Lucette was an amazingly keen business woman. One had an idea that a shop-lady's graciousness and her earnest desire to please spring from her instant admiration for oneself. Lucette had two girls in the shop as assistants, but she could tell at a glance which customer had more than nine ninety-eight to spend, and she waited on those herself. These things a customer could not tell about Lucette; nor could they tell that she was hard as nails.

Lucette had started her business career as an errand-girl down at Bonteaux Sœurs. A very intriguing errand-girl she had been with her dusky golden skin and deep blue eyes. She had had the poise and arrogant slimness of a mannequin. Her head had been carried with the correct amount of pride; and her dark, waving hair had supplied just the proper dash to ease your feelings if perhaps you had felt squelched by the regal tilt of a small, firm chin.

The Bonteaux Sœurs noticed their errand-girl one day when they were short of mannequins. She was swiftly summoned to the warm, perfumed satin-lined *sanctum sanctorum*.

"Do you think you could model gowns?" asked the small, black-eyed, younger sister.

"Sure," said she who was not yet called Lucette. Because of her excitement she chewed her gum with feverish intensity.

The Bonteaux Sœurs looked at each other, then at their errand-girl and scowled in mutual agreement.

"Would you like to be a model?" asked the older plump sister.

Hard as



"I'm sorry for Helen," he said. "I'm not the man she should have married." "No, she should have had the Prince of Wales," said Lucette sharply. "Nobody else!"

"What's in it for me?" The chewing gum made thoughtful, argumentative sounds. "I'd just as soon be an errand-girl if there aint much extra money in the change."

"Have you no interest in bettering yourself in life?" asked one of the women.

The errand-girl sneered amiably. "Call being a mannequin bettering myself? Heck, I got plans for myself that'd knock a mannequin's eye out."

The Bonteaux Sœurs conversed between themselves for a moment in their native tongue. Then the elder turned in the direction of the chewing gum.

"Our customers sometimes bring gentlemen with them," she said. "A husband, a sweetheart, a father, sometimes a son. Suppose you were a mannequin and one of these gentlemen should suggest meeting you outside our establishment for dinner or the theater. What would you say?"

"I'd tell him plenty," was the quick answer. "If I want rough stuff, I can get it in pleasanter places than this."

s Nails

By
Viña
Delmar



"You may run along," said the Bonteaux Sœurs in unison.

And somehow, though she had the loveliest face the Bonteaux Sœurs had ever seen, and a form that would have made a potato-sack look like a coronation robe, the girl I have reference to never became a mannequin.

In fact, a week after this interview with her employers, the errand-girl was discharged for no reason obvious to her. She shrugged her shoulders and departed from the shop. There were other jobs.

In fact, there were many other jobs run to earth in the next four years. She kept her eyes open and watched. She learned to keep her voice down and her courage up. She learned to be hard and live dangerously without ever having heard of Nietzsche. She learned that there was no substitute for happiness, but that you could kid yourself into thinking there was. She learned that it was good for business to be courteous and grave, and good for the soul to be impetuous and gay. She learned that beauty would get you anywhere in the world, but that

it alone would not hold you there. She learned that inferior men were attracted to her, that men with delicate sensibilities and serious eyes saw her once and then fled. That made her laugh. It was easy to laugh when you remembered that nothing in the world could hurt you, once you were hard enough.

There was a game of dice played one day in the back room of a speakeasy. An inferior sort of man with a little black mustache came forth blinking dazzled eyes up at the morning sun. He had won eighty-five hundred dollars. With that money he could pull out of town and begin a new life—

A girl who always attracted inferior men stopped selling notions that day and began to realize a dream. Her own shop at last! Eighty-five hundred would at least start her off. She thought that *Lucette* would be a good name to put on the window, with of course the words "Formerly of Bonteaux Sœurs" written beneath.

And so there was her shop on Fordham Road—the *Lucette Shop*. Frocks and wraps for all occasions. Sometimes, when her shop closed at

nine o'clock, there would be a man with a little black mustache waiting to take Lucette home to her apartment in the Ethan Allen Arms. He would stand patiently awaiting her, for he knew that there was no disappointment in store for him. Other

appointments or even business went by the board on the nights when he waited there for her. She would look between the gold letters which spelled her name on the window, and she would square her slim shoulders and go out to meet him.

There was nothing that interested Lucette more than business. She watched with keen blue eyes the successes and failures in Fordham. She watched stores open and laid little bets with herself about them. That hosiery shop, now, was bound to make money; they had a good line of stuff and a fine location. But what had ever possessed that furniture man to open a store on the same block with a well-known firm's Fordham branch?

And that bookshop with its circulating library! Could there really be a living in a bookshop anywhere? Certainly not in this bookshop. The Uptown Library, the place was called. It was directly across the street from the *Lucette Shop*. It was not difficult for Lucette to count the pitifully few Fordhamites who were glad to find a bookshop in their midst.

One day Lucette crossed the street and joined the library. The proprietor's name was Ralph Joyce. He and Lucette exchanged no more words than were necessary to make her a member of the Uptown Library.

"You pay a dollar to join," he explained. "This is given back to you when you drop your membership. You pay a quarter a week for the books you borrow."

"I see," said Lucette. She paid a dollar.

She borrowed a book. That night was Saturday. Lucette was in her shop till eleven-thirty selling dresses. With one eye she watched her customers' reactions upon being shown the stock. With the other eye Lucette watched a shop across the street where there was a young, grave-eyed man who had not known in time that Fordham is not famous for its reading public.

Monday morning Lucette brought her book back to Ralph Joyce. He stamped it and with a weary motion placed it back on the shelf. Lucette was appalled at the number of books he had in the shop. She had never guessed that there were so many books.

"You certainly have enough books," she commented.

The proprietor of the Uptown Library smiled grimly. "Too many," he said. "What do the people do with their time around here if they don't read?"

"They dance and love and get married and have babies in that order of going."

"So does most of the world," said the man, "but not to complete exclusion."

"Well, it's a tough break for you, fellow," said Lucette. "Why didn't you open a little leather-goods store or a haberdashery?"

Ralph Joyce fastened two scornful green-gray eyes upon Lucette. Then he looked away from her and reached for a book. "This just came," he said in a businesslike manner. "It's very new. A romance with the scene laid in the old West."

"Do I look like a romance-hound?" asked Lucette.

Ralph Joyce favored her with a look. "Yes," he said at last. "You look as though you'd like a romance."

"You have me wrong," said Lucette. "I'm the least romantic woman in the world. To me, love means the same thing that it means in tennis. Give me a murder mystery with plenty of blood."

In the days that followed, Lucette read a great many books. Every morning she brought back to the library the book she had taken the previous day. Sometimes she hadn't read the book, but she felt that she ought to bring it back to Mr. Joyce. Perhaps somebody would come into his shop who wanted that book, or perhaps she would lose it if she didn't return it at once. Besides, she told herself, it was her sacred duty as a business woman of Fordham to do all she could for other business people, and maybe it cheered Mr. Joyce up to see her reading so many books.

With this last thought in mind she doubled her order and took two books with her the next time she went to his shop.

He seemed a little amused at her selection. She saw him eying her a little doubtfully.

"What's handing you the laugh?" she said.

"I wasn't laughing," he replied.

"Then you'd better go see a doctor. Your face needs fixing." "I was just thinking," he said, "that perhaps there are authors that would suit your taste better than Cabell and Komroff."

"Oh, I see. Too high-brow for me? It's all right, brother—I don't read the books. I use them for door-stops."

"I didn't mean to be insulting. It's just that many women find Cabell a bit involved and difficult. Komroff is even more pro-

found. My wife doesn't get the maximum amount of pleasure from reading either of them."

Lucette's eyes wandered from the bookshelf up to Ralph Joyce's face. He had a wife. How interesting! A wife, eh? Well, wasn't that nice? And his wife probably liked to run her hands through



Her whisper came hissing to Lucette's ears. "It wouldn't

hurt to his black, straight hair and say things that would make him smile his rare smile. Lucette wondered what his wife was like. . . .

The next evening Lucette was standing at the door of her shop looking out at busy Fordham Road. She was wondering how, out of all the occupations and locations there are in the world, that a chap should suddenly arise and declare: "Well, I'm going to open a bookshop on Fordham Road." She felt very sorry for

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Ralph Joyce. It costs money to open even a bookshop, and his time counted for something too. Then there was his disappointment to think of. Lucette assured herself that she was indeed a business woman to the core when the failure of a shop in the neighborhood could make her feel so broken up.

It appeared, that was not what the girl had meant at all. Desperately Lucette yanked at a column of dresses meant for semi-formal wear. Ah, the customer's eyes brightened. Just the thing for running to the office at eight A. M., that little sleeveless thing with the rhinestone girdle. But, stay yet a moment, wasn't that

strawberry-colored georgette with the embroidery a shade more attractive? Lucette stood by silently. She smiled to keep from shrieking. It was now only a matter of choosing the frock which was the more glaringly unsuitable for business. Lucette knew that at all hazards her cash-register was going to receive twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents. It was while the choosing was going on that Ralph Joyce and his lady entered the Lucette shop. "Miss Hazel," called Lucette.

Miss Hazel came bouncing from the rear of the store, where she had been reading a magazine. Lucette gestured toward the girl with honey-colored hair.

"Mademoiselle needs an expert opinion," said Lucette, "in deciding between these two sweet frocks. Perhaps she will take both."

Mademoiselle said: "Fat chance! One'll cripple my pocket-book."

Lucette smiled and approached the Joyces. Ralph was surprised to see her. He had not known that this was her shop, nor even that she had a shop. In the alien atmosphere of female frocks and wraps, he was a considerably subdued animal. There was no trace of amusement on his face, and his greeting to Lucette was tinted slightly with respect.

Mrs. Joyce spoke before Lucette could reply to Ralph's greeting. "What is the price of the tan ensemble in the window?" she asked.

"It is thirty-nine ninety-eight," said Lucette. "Kashara, you know. It's going to be the thing this season. Wouldn't you like to try it on? It would fit you perfectly, I know."

Lucette had sized Mrs. Joyce up while she was speaking. Pampered baby type: Curly auburn hair; tiny, tip-tilted nose and small, childish pink mouth, the kind of mouth that can pout so prettily one minute and curl so contemptuously the next; small in stature, almost doll-like. She wore a poke bonnet that gave a very little-girlish look to her face, but Lucette had seen Helen Joyce's eyes. They were great, brown (Continued on page 137)



hurt to ask her. People often give discounts— You ask her, Ralph."

She must have been looking at the Uptown Library, for she saw its lights go out, and presently she saw Ralph Joyce emerge with a lady. He locked the door. They paused at the window of a millinery store for a brief moment, then walked on down the street.

A girl with honey-colored hair came into Lucette's shop. She wanted something for business. Lucette showed her everything suitable for business, and then began on the sports wear. No,

What Is A H



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

FANNIE HURST

GETTING married is more serious business for the female of the species than it is for the male, because our time-honored conventions are still such that the woman is held to stricter accountability. A clever husband who wearies of a stupid wife steps forth into that famous institution, the eternal triangle—and the world condones. A clever wife who tires of a stupid husband attempts to do likewise—and the world says, what a foolish woman, to forsake so good and faithful a husband!

Men have always had the better of the argument, even in this more enlightened generation, when there is so much talk about the new independence of women.

What about this emancipation of women? Dig into it a bit, and you find that its chief manifestation is that she has gone to work. She can now trust to her own resourcefulness to see her through life. Work, anyway, is the proper thing and the normal state, as proved by the fact that nobody has yet found a synthetic medium for attaining a worth-while goal. The surprising point is that it took woman such a long time to discover that she could enter the industrial and professional worlds. And if the war hadn't crystallized the realization for her, she might still be groping along in the dark, as firmly convinced as ever that her only salvation is man.

Yet the effect of her new freedom on the old relationship between husband and wife has not been to usurp certain of his hallowed prerogatives. Society still permits him to revert to type and rejoin the herd when impulse moves him. The increased tolerance of the world, and the greater liberality of thought, have broadened his latitude of action and left hers pretty much where it was—in the major respects, at least. Her principal gain has been a certain selective prerogative in marriage. It is inconsequential that she can wear short skirts and smoke cigarettes and drink a cocktail without being branded as a lost woman. The moral line of demarcation is as sharply drawn as ever.

What men have lost through the recent flurry is not their heritage of domination over the material things of life, but rather their former dictatorship in wife-selection and household régime. The old custom of gauging a girl's success on the basis of the kind of a husband she acquired is extinct. "Acquired" is the proper word, for that is exactly what it used to be. Girls were trained from infancy in the art of husband-acquisition, and the richer her mate, the better she had learned her art. There are still many parents who adhere to this rule, but their ranks are

"Getting married," says Fannie Hurst, "is more serious business for the female of the species than it is for the male, because a woman is held to stricter accountability."

"Better bridge means better husbands," asserts Mr. Work, the well-known bridge authority. "Masters of a serious problem in domestic tranquillity are those couples who can play together for an evening without a single ripple developing over the coffee next morning."



Photo by Harris & Young

MILTON C. WORK

steadily being decimated. The dawn of practical thinking is the decimator.

To revert to my original thought about chaos prevailing in this business of getting married, I do not see how it is going to be helped as long as the heart continues to rule the head. And I cannot now foresee the day, nor do I yearn for its arrival, when the head will be the complete master of the heart, for when that time arrives, romance will be dead. But I do not believe girls can exercise sounder judgment than most of them now do in their matrimonial choices, and in the conduct of their married life.

When I was married, I gave a great deal of thought to this, and we hit upon the plan of occupying separate homes and seeing each other only at designated periods through the week. In our case this system has worked out; in other cases it might not work out at all. There is no general remedy. Everyone must solve the problem for himself or herself.

Mill:cent, Duchess of Sutherland

IF somebody were to say to me, "Science has been trying for centuries to separate the atom—wont you give the matter a moment's thought and furnish the solution?" I should not regard the request as more difficult than this assignment to separate the husband and fit him into his precise sphere.

A husband is the man nobody knows. If science's perplexity over the atom is long-enduring and great, think of woman's perplexity concerning that segment of humanity we isolate under the general classification of husband. I am sure the first woman to seek an answer to the riddle must have been the first woman—Eve. That she met with atrocious luck in her quest, and finally gave up in despair, is clearly indicated by the fact that a heritage of mystery on the subject has come down through the ages. Adam in the home is still an indeterminable quantity. Countless daughters of Eve, like the dear lady herself, have since conceded his elusiveness.

Most of us will admit, I believe, that life would be quite dull

A Husband?

Four Authoritative Answers
Gathered by James R. Crowell



ROY HOWARD

Photoby Nickolas Muray

"A husband," observes the Duchess of Sutherland, "is the man nobody knows. If science's perplexity over the atom is long-enduring, think of woman's perplexity concerning the husband."

"The 1928 model of husband differs most conspicuously from his predecessors," avers Mr. Howard, chief of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, "in the fact that he is coming to recognize he is a partner in a firm instead of supreme boss."



F. & A. Photo

MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

It is the world's great misfortune that exceedingly few husbands hold membership in the ideal lover group. It is the irony of humanity that he who seems to qualify for this exalted rank so rarely makes the grade. Domestic Utopia will come when all men succeed in reaching this ultimate goal, for it is obvious that the woman who looks upon her husband as the ideal lover is herself the ideal wife.

Milton C. Work
(Bridge Whist Authority)

IT is a common supposition that one of the world's worst boors is a husband who plays bridge with his wife as a partner. I've even heard it said that bridge is the great wreckers of domestic bliss. The picture of the husband who has flown into a terrible rage because his wife has made a misplay is familiar to every reader of the comic page. Men who are exemplary husbands in all other respects are included in the indictment. Nearly everybody who plays the game can produce at least one shining example of the chap who is a patient, amiable and generous gentleman in the general run of home life, and yet a tyrant when sitting opposite his wife at the bridge table.

Unfortunately for my sex, I cannot deny the indictment entirely. It is all too true that some husbands otherwise normal are possessed of a *Jekyll-Hyde* character, the ugly side of which never shows itself except when their wives make wrong leads or bad bids. They'll be tolerant of the mistakes made by any other partner, but let the blunder come from this one quarter, and they'll be seized with one of those weird attacks of violence we have come to identify as the auction-bridge brainstorm.

The one favorable factor concerning this species of husband is that he is rapidly becoming extinct. Where society itself was unequal to the task of encompassing his downfall, the recent campaign of education regarding the fine points of this fascinating game has succeeded. Bridge has become so conventionalized that there is no longer any excuse for misunderstanding between partners. No one bid means two different things.

Better bridge means better husbands. Bridge whist has become a factor in our national life. It is no longer mere pastime, but an institution. Masters of a really (Continued on page 108)

and dreary if the domestic routine of the Garden of Eden had established codes and standards from which there would never be any deviation. Certainly a vast amount of diverting literature would have been lost to the world. And the greatest tang to existence—our ceaseless pursuit of the matrimonial rainbow—would not be.

So it is well. And it is fair, in the sense that this choicest of mysteries has been impartial as between the sexes. For if women are still dubious about husbands, it cannot be said that men are any the more enlightened about wives.

But decorum has come to replace the crudities of bygone eras, and whether it is superficial or otherwise makes no difference. Adam in search of a wife does not go out and claim her in the once popular manner of tapping her on the head with a bludgeon. Men neither seek nor want chattels in their home. Women are not the drug on the market they once were.

Humanity is large in numbers—the League of Nations has found the earth's population to be 1,906,000,000—and the point which escapes most of us is that it is equally large in types. No two are precisely the same. And yet through the centuries we have made deductions and drawn conclusions and finally done a great deal of card-indexing. Our units are units of millions, not units of one. Life is too complex in other ways for us to bother about nearly two billion units, so we disregard the minor degrees of difference and place them in groups of fifty or perhaps a hundred million. This narrows the field to a reasonable number of types.

Under this method, helpful, if not entirely scientific, what have we then in the way of husbands? In our modern setting, do we find the husband to be woman's most sublime attainment—the ideal lover—or is he something else? I believe if you analyze the marriage status of your friends, you will find the types reduced to three general classifications: A husband is either the personification of the great feminine ideal, or he is the best compromise nature has to offer in this direction, or he is the ugly awakening to a woman's dream of romance. Life holds no greater tragedy than the wife's discovery that he is the least of these three.



By
Mrs. Wilson
Woodrow

COME

The author of "Burned Evidence" displays a perception of people which enables her to present that most fascinating of mysteries—the mystery of motive in human affairs.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

The Story So Far:

IT was all too good to be true, perhaps. Kirk Sargent was to be taken as partner into the important law-firm of Evander Norris. More, Kirk was next day to marry lovely Marjorie Norris—they were even now going through a rehearsal of the wedding before Kirk had to leave for his bachelor dinner. Then it was that he was called to the phone—by Beatrice Owen, a good pal of his struggling days ten years ago, whom he hadn't heard from since. She begged his immediate aid; she was penniless, with a sick baby, about to be evicted. She persuaded him to come at once to an address in Harlem—and to come alone. And because of the laughing, teasing friends about them, he excused himself without making a full explanation to Marjorie.

Sargent climbed three flights of stairs at the address given, knocked, received no answer, concluded Beatrice was preoccupied with the sick child—and entered a dark hall. Groping, he finally managed to make a light and found himself in an empty flat—empty that is, save for a pool of blood on the floor. Retreating, he overheard two men in the hall discussing a murder that had happened in that apartment earlier in the day.

Perplexed, Sargent made his way to the street—to encounter Beatrice Owen now, and to be persuaded to follow to her apartment. There was indeed a sick baby there; but Beatrice's major appeal was a threat of violence from a jealous drunken husband outside—and a threat of scandal to Marjorie, who now made her appearance, tolled here by a message that Kirk had been brought here after an accident. . . . The stage set, the husband now appeared in the doorway, revolver in hand. (*The story continues in detail:*)

A MAN in the doorway, pointing a revolver with evident hostile intent, is a spectacle calculated to alarm even the hardiest. Yet, in a way, the appearance of Fanning—it was the delayed husband—brought to Kirk a distinct sense of relief. No flesh-

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ALONE

"While we were at the cigar store, in breezes a lady friend of Beatrice's and calls me over to her. This Mrs. Lacoste says would I get the keys of her apartment from Beatrice and turn them over to the janitor for her."

and-blood adversary can compete with taunting, psychological devils in the power to harrow.

This came as a challenge to action. The interjection of a man meant a clear-cut issue. Kirk had had enough of feminine indirection and ambush.

The hulking, uncertain figure of Fanning, shabby, irresolute, was really more grotesque than terrifying. Here was no maniac wild with drink, no killer who had bolstered his nerves to a fictitious and temporary courage. The man had been drinking; but he was one of those whom liquor makes sottish, and the soul of him was not in his melodramatic act. Flabby to the bone, he lacked the sand for such an enterprise. In spite of his weapon, he was incapable of casting the shadow of fear. It was not he, but the pistol, and the woman at his shoulder, which were dangerous.

Kirk had so convincing a sense of this, and also of Fanning's greenness in his rôle, that he ventured the moth-eaten trick of pretending to see some one, miraculously arrived, behind the man.

"That's it, Joe!" he shouted. "Grab him! Look out for his gun!"

Fanning's shaky nerves responded. He gave a violent twitch,

and involuntarily turned his head. On the second, Sargent dived for him.

Marjorie, acting on a blind, feminine instinct to save, to prevent a further horror, interposed, catching his arm as he passed her. It did not stop his forward rush, but it jerked him aside; and before he recovered his balance, Fanning, seeing him coming, and past thought in his nervous panic, had fired.

If there was any attempt to aim, it was wild. The bullet whizzed by Sargent; but he whirled to make sure of Marjorie's safety. She was standing, her eyes widely distended, her mouth open. Both hands were pressed to her breast; and on one of the white satin cuffs of her coat was a vivid smear of scarlet.

Before Fanning could shoot again, Kirk was on him, a battering ram, forcing down the arm which held the pistol. Fanning clung to it with a death-grip. It was all he had, nothing inside him to back it up. His only power, his only defense, was his finger on the trigger. Kirk shot up his right fist with a smash to the jaw. Fanning rocked, and his clutch loosened. The pistol spun away from both of them and landed under a table in the corner.

They clinched, two tangled bodies wrestling briefly; and then

Sargent tripped the other man and they went down on the rug, Kirk on top.

He wrested his arms free, and banged Fanning's head savagely against the floor. He beat with his fists at the man's upturned face. All he could see, all he could think of, was that red smear at Marjorie's breast. It drove him beyond reason or control, choked him with a blind passion.

Marjorie and Beatrice were both tugging at his shoulders, trying to pull him away; but he paid no heed. Only dimly he came to himself at last at the sound of Marjorie's voice in his ear.

"Stop! Stop!" she was crying.

He saw her through a mist. "No! He shot you!"

"He did not. Let him alone; you are killing him. Oh,"—for she had succeeded in dragging him to his feet by this time,—
"your face!"

Beyond her, Kirk saw his reflection in a mirror above the mantelpiece, and hardly recognized it. There was blood on his forehead. He touched his fingers to it gingerly, expecting to find a cut; there was none. He looked at his hand; it was stained and wet. He must have passed it over his forehead to wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

Quickly he glanced at that scarlet smear on her coat-cuff, and the explanation for it came to him. It was the same blood as that upon his forehead, from the scratch on his wrist, probably reopened as she caught at his arm to stop him when he had started at Fanning.

He looked down at it a little foolishly, and began fumbling at the knots of the soaked handkerchief tied about it.

"Sit down there," Marjorie commanded. "I will get water."

Fanning had lifted himself on one elbow. His collar dangled by a shred; his sleeve was split, and his face, puffy and bruised, had a curious, lopsided effect from the swelling at the side of his jaw. He was breathing heavily in gasps.

Beatrice, who at the conclusion of the battle had hurried to the front door to peer out into the hall, came back to the room.

"What do you mean, you two? All that noise!" She had an air of superior virtue, of righteous indignation. "It's a wonder the whole house isn't up here. You might have waked baby, too."

She darted over to glance behind the curtain into the bedroom, then returned to Fanning.

"Get up off the floor!" She prodded him with the tip of her shoe. "A sweet flop you made of it, didn't you? I ought to have known better than to depend on you. Shooting! You were to hold him up. Couldn't you even do that?"

Fanning made no answer, but dragging himself over to the couch, sat there with his head in his hands, groaning. Beatrice gave him no further attention. She had paused beside the table, her lips compressed, as if a new idea had come to her.

MARJORIE in the meantime had come back into the room; some fresh napkins were thrown over her arm, and she carried a small bowl of water. She knelt beside Kirk and carefully unwound the clotted handkerchief from his wrist, washed the cut, and deftly bound his arm. Afterward she wiped the blood from his forehead.

Still he could glean but little comfort from her ministrations. The whole procedure was too businesslike; she was completely the nurse, skillful and impersonal.

"By the way," Kirk said to her, "there is a point I want to check up on. When you received that telephone tonight, was it a man or a woman who informed you of my alleged accident and urged you to come here?" He tried to speak naturally, but his voice as he heard it sounded constrained and formal.

"It was he," Marjorie inclined her head toward Fanning. "I recognized his voice at once when he was begging you to stop beating him. He told me you said to come alone."

Fanning cowered under Kirk's eyes, and shrank as if expecting another attack.

"Now, Mr. Kirk Sargent," Beatrice cried suddenly, "you and I will have a little chat; then you can go."

"No more chats," Kirk said firmly.

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "You can't swagger out of here with your society bud after half murdering my husband, and never give us another thought. Start off on your honeymoon, and leave me on the sidewalk! I guess not. It's the woman that pays and pays, is it? Not this time. That's old stuff. You're the one who's going to pay; or if you don't, there'll be others that will. I wasn't born and brought up in New York for nothing. There are scandal-sheets in this town that will give big money for a thing like this."

An apprehensive quiver ran down Kirk's spine like a trickle of

cold water. So far, the Fannings had played their game as amateurs. It needed no expert to tell that this was their first essay into crime. They had been cutting their eyeteeth on him, clumsily, not quite certain of the value of their hands. But they held the cards; and now Beatrice had hit upon an effective lead.

Publicity, scandal, would ruin everything for him; she had reached a point where she did not care, where she might even welcome notoriety as a relief to her life's sordid drabness. It was not because she threatened, that the woman was formidable; it was because she knew, because she had the tremendous advantage of those who have nothing to lose.

ONE had only to look at the Fannings, he thought, to read their story. Jess, easy-going, contented, had probably asked no more than a home to come back to from his work, and his wife and child; his excitements, an evening or so a week at the pictures, a trip to Coney Island on Sundays.

But Beatrice, every cell in her yearning for the luxury and splendor she saw in the great avenues of the city, seethed and smoldered in her pent environment, manicuring her nails, dressing her hair, fretting and furious because she had no money to spend in the beauty-shops. He could see her, haunting the vast department-stores, her fingers caressing silks and furs, studying with baffled, avaricious eyes the models on the mannequins, and then—buying a few bargains in cheap cotton.

Possibly she had dreamed of exploiting herself; but her prettiness was not striking, not exclamatory enough to win her a place in the chorus or at a beauty contest. And she would not work, had no equipment for it; nothing to it anyhow, she would think. No, her ideals were those of the kept woman; and no man, except Jess Fanning, was willing to keep her. The competition of youth, loveliness and sex audacity was too keen.

Money, luxury, she was ready to sell her soul for it; but nobody was bidding except the Devil, and he never offered her enough—a few prosperous-appearing pick-ups on the street, maybe, disappointing, asking more than she intended to give for the meager inducements they held out.

No doubt she had tried to spur Fanning into some effort at achievement. How she must have taunted, raged, nagged at him! But he was too slack and heavy to sprint; muddled and hopeless, he had simply lain down in the dust. All along the line she had failed. The empty, aching echoes of it must be constantly ringing through her. Now, desperate and reckless, she was snatching at her last opportunity.

Here, for once, she could be effective, powerful; and she realized it. She was too sophisticated not to know the market value of her story, and its plausibility. A young, pretty woman, with a worthless, drunken husband and a little child, exposed to the importunities of a man of wealth, who on the very eve of his marriage to a great heiress had forced his way into the little home she had struggled so hard to keep! The discovery of him there by the heiress! Then the husband had appeared, shot at the man!

Oh, yes; Kirk recognized only too clearly the mischief she could do. In his mind's eye he saw an endless procession of subway trains rustling with pink and green and yellow papers, thousands of eyes eagerly glued to their smudgy illustrations and lurid text.

"Rot!" he tried to defy it. "Let me remind you that even a scandal-sheet hesitates to publish the unverified hooey that any irresponsible person may bring in."

"And let me remind you," Beatrice mimicked him, "that this won't be unverified hooey. All I need do is follow you into the hall, and have screaming hysterics; the whole house will be there in short order. Or better still, I can go down to the street after you, and raise a row outside. That'll bring the cops and give me all the witnesses I want."

Kirk turned to the man.

"How about it, Fanning?" he asked. "Are you going to back her up in this madness? You know very well what my lawyers will do to both of you, if I turn the matter over to them."

Fanning hiccoughed thickly. Still fuddled from liquor and the beating he had received, he did not lift his head. He seemed to know, though, that Beatrice's scintillant eyes were fixed on him, and he made an effort to pull himself together.

"Other people can get lawyers, too." His voice wavered in his attempt at surly defiance. "With a clear case of alienation my wife's 'fections like this, plenty of 'em'd be glad to take it on a—what d'you call it?—on a contingent fee. Course," he granted with a benignant wave of the hand, "there's no need of bringing Miss Norris' name into it; but—"

"Oh, you damn fool!" Beatrice stamped her foot. "Her name is what makes it worth while. You keep still; I'll do the talking."

While this colloquy was going on, Marjorie stood aloof. Whatever her thoughts might be, Kirk could gather no hint of them from either her manner or expression.

"Marjorie," he said, "I don't know whether you understand all this, or not. The woman's out for money—hell-bent to get it one way or another; and she's threatening, unless we stand for a shake-down, to create a near-riot and sell her story to the newspapers. No use minimizing her capabilities. She's a pretty good actress; and if she goes through with it, she's apt to cause us some unpleasant publicity. That's her side of it. On the other hand, I think—"

"Think what you please,"

Beatrice interrupted tartly.

"It isn't what you think, that counts. It's what I think, and what the public will think if they read the story that I can dish up to them. And the only way you'll ever stop me from it is by step-



"Soon's I spread the layout to him, he grabbed the supplement out of my hand; then he made me show him the locket, and he says: 'It won't do, Fanning—you've got to drop this!'"

want to forget that you had barely finished lying to her about me and my purpose in coming here, when your child was taken with that terrible attack of croup. You know, too, that without her and what she did, your baby would now be dead. What can you expect, if you are so lost to common decency or common gratitude as to turn and strike at the woman who saved your child's life?"

If he had hoped to appeal to her heart, he failed; but his words struck some superstitious chord in her. She shivered and looked apprehensively toward the bedroom, listening as if to hear again that dreadful hoarse gasping. Finally she swung about defiantly to Marjorie.

"I know you jumped in and did for baby, Marjorie Norris, and I lost my head," she cried. "But you weren't little Bee's mother. You could be cool enough. If she had died, you would have forgotten it by tomorrow."

She thrust out her sulky underlip. Marjorie represented to her all that she had missed in life. She wanted to make her understand, and at the same time to scratch and scarify her. Her fingers curled into her palms.

"You haven't any idea what it means to live as I've had to live. I was as young and pretty, and maybe a lot more ambitious than you, because you've always had everything. I married him!" She pointed her thumb at Fanning. "I've done all I could to push him along; but

ping up to the cashier's desk and settling. You are not going to marry an heiress, and leave me out in the cold—not after all there has been between us, Kirk, dear. Never dream it."

"I don't." He glanced at her scornfully. "From your crooked standpoint, there is no reason, I suppose, why you should show me any consideration. But certainly there is every reason why you should leave Miss Norris out of whatever you are planning to do. Maybe it wasn't a judgment on you—I can't say; but you don't

there wasn't anything there to push—jelly. And he's gone from bad to worse. God knows, I would have left him quick enough. But what could I do? No training, no experience in any line; and a kid on my hands.

"I wonder what you'd do if you were poor—if you never knew where the month's rent was coming from, if you got so broke that you had to go around with holes clear through the soles of your shoes, and the milkman wouldn't trust you any longer for your

baby's milk. I guess you'd be ready to hold up somebody, too. And whether you believe it or not,"—she flung a vicious glance at Sargent,—“this fellow did telephone me this afternoon that he must see me just once more, and to get my husband out of the way.”

“The word of a blackmailer,” Kirk met the accusation. “I am waiting for your answer, Marjorie. No use wasting further time on these people. You can see now, what is to be expected from them. But I can't act without knowing your wishes. Shall I pay them, or do you want to stand the racket with me and tell them to go to the devil?”

Her air of aloofness remained unchanged. She did not even turn her head toward him.

“You must do as you think best,” she said. “So far as I am concerned, my father will know how to deal with these people, whether to pay them, or defy them. You have only your own interests to consider.”

Marjorie's words, after they were spoken, still seemed to sound in his ears with an echo of finality like the tolling of bells, dulled and heavy. This was the end; Marjorie had definitely broken with him.

Somewhere far back in his mind had been the belief that under more normal circumstances, when she recovered from the shock of being suddenly pitchforked into events so outside her ordinary sheltered routine, she would see

instruments of destruction. If he were struggling with implacable, elemental forces, or the powers of finance had been pitted against him, his defeat might acquire a certain dignity; but it was humiliating to be downed by such puny creatures as the Fannings. It was this thought that roused him. Since Marjorie had withdrawn from any association with him in the affair, he no longer had to consider consequences.

He took the book of traveler's checks from his pocket, and a sheaf of new bills from his billfold, and laid them on the table.

They drew Beatrice toward them as irresistibly as the magnet draws



her injustice to him. Ever since the door had closed on him in the dark apartment, there had been present with him a curious sense

of unreality, that feeling, “This cannot be I!” which we all know in moments of odd or unusual experience.

But this was actual; all that made life worth living was on the rubbish heap.

And Fate had been supremely ironical in the choice of her

the needle. But Kirk kept on counting the money over, apparently not noticing her approach.

Suddenly Fanning lifted himself from the couch, where he had been sitting in a vacant reverie, and lurched unsteadily forward, shoving Beatrice aside.

“Hold on there a minute, Sargent,” he mumbled. “I want to get something straight. What was it you said awhile ago about the baby having a kind of a turn?”

Kirk covered the money on the table with his hand.

“A kind of a turn?” he repeated. “Yes; you might call it that. Such a turn that I don't believe the child could possibly have pulled through, if it hadn't been for Miss Norris.”

Fanning blinked accusingly at Beatrice. With his swollen face, one eye almost closed and the other showing violent, contrasting colors, he was a menacing gargoyle.

“What were you doing?” he demanded roughly.

“Why ask?” Kirk answered with a shrug. “You ought to know her. But that doesn't give you any especial edge, Fanning. How

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In nervous panic, Fanning fired. The bullet whizzed by Sargent, but as he whirled, Marjorie was standing with both hands pressed to her breast; on one of the cuffs of her coat was a vivid smear of scarlet.

about yourself? While strangers were working to save your baby from choking to death, you were out tanking up on gin so as to get enough nerve to stick them up."

Fanning sprawled into the nearest chair. "Was she—was she pretty sick, Miss Norris?" he faltered.

"She had a bad attack of croup," Marjorie answered. "I simply did the usual things with what means there were at hand."

"By George, I'm out of this!" He glared at his wife. "I've done my part up to now like you wanted me to; but I'm through. It's the bunk, anyhow. Who'd ever believe I'd be ready to shoot a man for taking you away from me? I'd be more apt to give three cheers."

"You shut up!" Beatrice was at him, a scarlet fury. "The money's there on the table. Don't you need it? Don't you need it?"

"Need it!" he gulped.

His face paled under its livid bruises, and took on a frightened expression; his weak mouth quivered.

His eyes followed hers to the table, taking in the pile of money lying there, the large denomination of the bills. Then his shoulders sagged again.

"Oh, quit your yipping!" He pushed her from him with an unsteady sweep of the arm. "Sargent's ready to pay. All I meant was, that Miss Norris has got to be left out of it. It's between us and Sargent."

Beatrice made a powerful effort and controlled herself. She was in no mood for side-issues or delays.

"All right. All right," she snapped impatiently. "There's no danger of Miss Norris' coming into it. Kirk has too much sense for that."

Evidently she felt, though, that it was just as well to add a spur to Sargent's inclination.

"Don't think, Kirk, that this loafer can queer my game. Don't get any idea like that in your head. I've got all those letters you used to write me every day; and I guess (Continued on page 122)

The First Law of Life

By Burt M. McConnell

Here is the Arctic by a man from Nome who went, thence, into the Far North with Stefansson in his famous expedition and who took part in the rescue of the "Karluk" survivors from Wrangel Island.

Illustrated by E. F. Ward



FAST in her icy berth, which was destined to be her grave, the *Bowhead* drifted on, silhouetted against the white of the surrounding ice and snow. Great masses towered above her deck and jammed her oaken sides. Quietly she awaited the inevitable—the crushing impact of moving ice-fields, the crackling of heavy timbers, and the rush of in-going water. Sooner or later the drifting pack would come in contact with the "shore" ice; forced onward by the momentum of millions of tons of ice, the moving field would buckle at the edges. With a noise like cannon, the onrushing mass would hurl itself upon the land-fast floe. If the *Bowhead* was between the opposing fields she would be crushed; if she was in the path of the advancing wall of ice, she would be buried as if by an eruption from a volcano. It had happened to more than a hundred whalers in the western Arctic—vessels quite as sturdy as the *Bowhead*; it would happen to her. The ice-trapped ships that had escaped the unyielding grasp of these frozen fields could be counted on the fingers of one hand. A few of them had reappeared at infrequent intervals, carried within sight of the coast by unseen currents. Then, like gray ghosts, they had vanished into that vast Sargasso Sea of the Great White North.

Captain Shrubbs, of New Bedford and San Francisco, ran his fingers through graying locks. The Boston owners of the *Bowhead* would never overlook the loss of their vessel. Sitting in their swivel chairs, they could not understand the perils of navigation in the western Arctic. Conditions were different from those on the Greenland side. . . . Thin and shaking, he stood there. He was through! And at sixty-four! Why, at eighty-two, his father was still in command of a whaler. But whaling wasn't what it used to be when his father had commanded the *Betty Whitaker*.

His cabin door opened. Instinctively he braced up. He mustn't weaken before the first mate, one of the Whitakers of New Bedford.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, Jed. What was the last sounding?"

"Thirty-two fathoms."

"That means we're drifting off-shore, as well as to the westward?"

"Yes sir. Six miles since yesterday's observation."

"Well, my boy, it looks as if we'd have to abandon the *Bowhead*."

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Personally, I'd just as soon stay aboard, but I've got to look out for the men."

"I'd be glad to stay with the *Bowhead*, Cap'n Dave."

"I know it, son. But the cargo aint worth the risk."

"If I can get one of the stokers to run the engines, I think I'll stay with the ship and blast her out of the ice next spring."

"No, lad; 'twould be too dangerous. Your father, you know, asked me to look after you."

"Yes; but that was when I was a little shaver."

"You'll always be a little shaver to me, Jed. Now, run along. We'll take the men ashore, and signal the first whaler that comes along to pick us up. If they've all sailed for home, we'll live with the Eskimos."

"Yes sir."

Back in his cabin, the thought of "holing up" with blubber-eating natives for the winter caused the mate's features to relax into a grin. He shook his head and sent for the second mate.

"Williams," he said to the sturdy young Scotchman, "we're going to give up the ship. At least, the Old Man is. If you were an engineer, I'd ask you to join me in a plan to save the *Bowhead* and turn her over to Captain Shrubbs next summer. But you're not, so I'll have to ask one of the stokers; the engineer is too old. Which one would you suggest?"

"Ranley knows more about the engines than Peterson, but he's as crooked as a dog's hind leg."



"Listen, Ranley," Whitaker went on. "We're in a jam. We'll have to pull together. Now, you've taken four of the ten cartridges that were in my rifle. Where are they?"

"Well, then, I'd better take him off the Captain's hands for the winter. Maybe I can straighten him out. Send him in, and then load four sleds with food and clothing for everybody except Ranley and me. If he is willing to take a chance, we'll buy a dog-team from the Eskimos and come right back on board. So you needn't take anything for us."

Jed Whitaker looked about his quarters as the "second" closed the door. This elaborately carved and richly polished room was the only home he had known for six years. He would lose this comfortable nook if the vessel was allowed to drift off in the ice. More than that, Cap'n Dave would lose his job. And at his advanced age—

There was a timid rapping at the door. "Come in!" called out the mate.

The sailor who entered plainly expected to be disciplined for something, and he came in hesitantly. His blue overalls were spotted with oil and liberally sprinkled with coal-dust. A four days' growth of reddish beard made him even less pleasing in appearance. His cold gray eyes roved about the cabin, seldom resting on those of the mate. In sharp contrast to Whitaker's upright figure, the stoker's shoulders were stooped, though the two men were about the same height. Each had followed the sea since boyhood. Ranley, churlish and morose by nature, had grown up along the San Francisco waterfront, and had been a deck-hand and a fireman on harbor tugs before shipping with Captain Shrubbs.

Whitaker was not unaware of the man's potentialities for evil, but right now he needed some one to run the engines of the *Bowhead*, and Ranley was the only person available. The offer of double wages appealed to him. Briefly Whitaker outlined the plan.

"I'll go," Ranley agreed.

"You're to ask Captain Shrubbs for your discharge papers—understand? Then you're to sign on with me, the new skipper of the *Bowhead*. And don't say anything to the men; this is risky business. Besides, they might think we were trying to salvage the ship and hold up the owners."

The drift of the *Bowhead* that winter is a classic of the Great White North. Starting at the freezing-in point, thirty miles off the north coast of Alaska, she traveled a zigzag course of a thousand miles in six months. But not alone! At the end of that time, in March, her crew of two men found themselves in a stormy and unsheltered waste almost two hundred miles off the north coast of

Siberia. For Ranley, sour and taciturn, the winter had been a dreary one; he was not a self-contained person who could find pleasure in books—or even in his own society. For Whitaker, friendly but reserved, the months had been tedious, but no more. There had been twelve weeks of almost complete darkness. Cards and checkers were their only form of indoor diversion, and polar-bear hunting over the bleak and desolate ice-fields their sole outdoor sport.

Dividing equally the duties of cooking and taking care of their team of eight dogs, they had gotten along fairly well, except for Ranley's caustic outbursts against such a "God-forsaken country"—and his obvious cheating at cards.

"Think we'll make it?" the stoker anxiously inquired for the tenth time early in March.

"Might, if this drift to the northwest stops."

But it had not stopped. For the first time in six months they began to drift in a straight line. At the rate of four miles a day they would be carried over the top of the world, fast in this immense ice-field, in a couple of years—if the *Bowhead* held together that long. And she wouldn't. There was nothing to do but retreat to the north coast of Siberia. Carefully they began their preparations. Ranley plainly was relieved. . . .

Whitaker, dressed in the hooded *attegi* and caribou-skin trousers and boots of the Alaskan Eskimo, emerged on hands and knees from the flimsy tent on the ice-floe. His deep blue eyes, topped by dark shaggy brows, blinked rapidly until they grew accustomed to the dazzling sunlight. His face, brown, smooth-shaven and eager, crinkled as he peered to the southward through narrowed lids. Rising slowly to his feet, the mate stared uncomprehendingly at a patch of dark, angry water where the evening before he had tethered their team of dogs. To the north, where a pressure-ridge of tumbled blocks of ice had broken the cutting force of the wind, lay more water. Bewildered by the sudden change

The bear had no room to circle about his adversary. The walrus was advancing relentlessly. "Maybe," whispered the mate to himself, "I'll eat after all."



in the topography, he brushed a sinewy hand across his eyes. Then he gazed about him.

The two-man tent, which had been pitched the night before on an ice-field miles in extent, now stood on a floe less than a hundred feet in diameter. Their dogs, sled, one of their two rifles—Ranley's—and most of their provisions were gone. The thing Whitaker had feared—a temporary breaking up of the ice—had occurred while they slept. They were marooned. The nearest ice-field might be a mile—or ten miles—distant. Why hadn't the stoker called him to take the midnight watch? Had Ranley turned in, himself, before that hour? Savagely the mate turned toward the tent.

"Ranley!" he shouted.

A mumbled reply came from within.

"Come out here!"

The stoker, dressed in Eskimo skin-clothing, crawled through the opening. He blinked and rubbed his eyes.

"Ranley," the mate burst out, "why didn't you call me to relieve you at midnight?"

"Well, sir, it was clear and calm—"

"It's in just such weather, Ranley, that the ice-fields break up."

The stoker looked nervously about him. Water on every side. He turned his frightened eyes upon his companion.

Whitaker nodded. "Everything's gone except enough grub for breakfast, my rifle and our sleeping bags."

The other stood silent, pulling at a scraggly beard.

"Look here, Ranley, we're cut off from shore. If we're going to reach it, we'll have to work together. Remember that."

"Yes sir."

"First off, we've got to have a seal. Suppose you get breakfast while I look around?"

"Right."

Whitaker walked over to the tent, stripped it of one of the bamboo poles, and deftly lashed his knife to the shaft. Tearing off some strips of cloth, he tied them together to form a rope, and fastened it to the spear. At the edge of the water he spread a caribou skin, sat down upon it, dug places for his heels in the snow, placed his rifle across his knees, and waited.

Far to the northward he could see the jagged granite cliffs of Wrangel Island, and in the background a snow-capped range of mountains. Safety—comparative security, that is—lay in that direction. On the island they could find driftwood and perhaps a polar bear or two. Walrus, which would furnish a ton of meat and blubber per bullet, could be secured with the aid of a driftwood canoe.

Whitaker had reached the decision to continue the retreat southward when he saw, out of the corner of one eye, a glossy dark-brown head, about as large as his two fists, cleaving the surface of the water. He sat perfectly quiet as the seal, intrigued by this strange object, swam nearer to investigate. There could be no danger, because this mysterious animal sitting on the ice was dark, whereas his only known enemy, the polar bear, was yellowish-white. Still, it might be safer to submerge, and come up a little nearer.

Whitaker eased himself into a comfortable sitting position, with his left elbow on his knee, his rifle to his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. Blinking its limpid brown eyes, the seal came to the surface about twenty yards distant. The mate followed its course with his rifle; they must have food. Only a brain shot, or one that severed the spinal nerve, would prevent the creature from diving.

Crack!

The sharp report of the weapon was still reverberating as the mate leaped to his feet, grasped his spear, and hurled it.

"Get 'im?" yelled Ranley, from the tent.

"Sure; give me a hand."

Together they hauled in the knotted line attached to the improvised spear, buried above the hilt in the carcass, and dragged the lifeless form over to the tent. Here Ranley began the unpleasant task of removing the layer of blubber for oil while Whitaker set about making a stove of one of their cooking pots, to take the place of their primus.

Over this primitive stove they boiled a substantial meal of seal meat, and washed it down with tea made of salt-water ice from which the brine had been removed by the action of the sun over a period of perhaps a year. The meal over, Whitaker went about cleaning his rifle while Ranley washed the dishes. Carefully he ejected the cartridges upon the caribou skin. As he worked the mechanism of the weapon he counted the bits of smokeless powder and metal as they were flipped out. Six—and there should have been ten! So Ranley was holding out on him!

Ostentatiously, and with considerable clatter, the stoker began the prosaic job of washing their aluminum dishes. Unconsciously he touched the bulging pocket of his *attegi*. Yes, they were still there.

For several minutes the mate sat there, his muscular arms folded, silently contemplating this strange specimen—a man who would "hold out" on a partner. Ranley looked up. Something in Whitaker's expression caused the stoker to abandon his labors. He quailed under the blazing eyes of his companion.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Ranley pondered this biting question for a second.

"What about?" he parried.

"You know damned well what about! Listen, Ranley," Whitaker went on, "we're in a jam. We'll have to pull together to get out of it. Now, you've taken four of the ten cartridges that were in the rifle—my rifle. Where are they?"

"Honest—"

"Cough 'em up, Ranley!"

"I—"

"Cough them up!"

The stoker, cowed by the sharp tone and scorching gaze of the mate, took from his pocket the four cartridges, carefully wrapped in a handkerchief. "I thought I'd keep 'em for—for—"

"For an emergency, eh?" came the tart rejoinder.

"Yeah," replied Ranley, sheepishly.

Whitaker held out his hand for the four tiny objects which might mean their salvation. "Just one more thing, Ranley," he added. "Act like a white man, and we'll get ashore. Behave like a skunk, and the gulls will be picking your bones, as well as mine, before summer."

The former San Francisco wharf-rat gulped.

Whitaker had returned to the job of cleaning his rifle and was loading it with the cartridges that remained, when a slight jar caused the two castaways to halt their work and look at each other questioningly.

For an instant their quarrel was forgotten. Safety lay in co-operation. Even the crafty stoker was beginning to realize that. They rushed out of the tent. Their unstable fragment of ice had collided with and been cemented to the drifting pack. Whitaker, clutching his precious rifle, continued across the chasm and up the opposite slope.

The stoker watched his energetic associate sullenly; the "bawling out" still rankled.

In ten minutes the diligent mate had returned.

"Follow my trail to that big cake," he directed Ranley, pointing. "Move the stuff over there and make camp. I'm going to search for our dogs and sled."

the north. Since he was going to travel due east, the simplest way to set a course would be to cut across the ridges of snow left by the last gale, at right angles. There was no outstanding landmark in that barren waste. . . .

The going was not easy. Sometime during the winter just past there had been a terrific collision between this broad field and another, driven by savage gales. The part nearest him resembled nothing so much as a miniature bit of the Rocky Mountains. Tossed about, as if by a giant hand, were huge blocks of ice larger than an ordinary dwelling in civilization.

For a mile he trudged briskly on. Then, for an instant, his heart seemed to stop beating. There, cut deep in the snow, was the trail of their sled! But their tracks pointed northward, whereas he and Ranley had traveled in the opposite direction. Still, the field, Whitaker realized, could have drifted about in a circle—or half a dozen complete circles.

Eagerly the mate continued on. Here and there a section of



"S'pose you get lost?"

"You needn't worry about that, Ranley," was Whitaker's slightly acid reply.

"And you needn't concern yourself about whether I intend to return," he added. "I'll be back in less than three hours."

Whitaker leveled off a little spot in the snow, set his pocket compass carefully upon it, and withdrew a step or two so that his rifle would not exert any influence on the delicate instrument. When the needle had stopped quivering, it pointed to the Magnetic North Pole, which, by a strange paradox, was almost due east of their position. The last high wind, he recalled, had been from

the trail was obliterated by a recent snowdrift, but Whitaker was always able to pick it up a little farther on. He remembered the stretch well; they had traveled over it three days before. It was almost too much to hope that he would find the dogs by following this trail, but he continued until he came to an enormous pressure ridge. Beyond this mass of tumbled cakes, extending east and west for miles, was a white, unbroken surface, scintillating in the noonday sun.

From his point of vantage on top of the ridge Whitaker, carefully scrutinizing the jagged white desert, saw that he was followed. Ranley! Afraid that Whitaker would find the dog-team, and leave him to perish on the ice!

Puffing and wheezing, the stoker drew near, his eyes intently following the trail. As Whitaker stepped out into the open, Ranley stopped dead in his tracks. "I—" he began.

"Never mind the alibi, Ranley," the mate cut him short. "But it wasn't necessary; I was just about to come back to camp."

"Why, I didn't think—"

"Don't ever follow me again; I might mistake you for a polar bear. Worse than that, a polar bear might mistake you for a seal."

Two men, fighting for their very lives on a vast ice-field, yet bickering like scrubwomen! It would be humorous if it weren't so tragic.

SETTING a new course by compass, Whitaker led the way back to camp. When they retired that night, in the darkness of the tent he smuggled the rifle into his caribou-skin sleeping-bag. Ranley did not trust him; nor would he lean too much on the stoker's sense of honor. . . .

"If the weather's good, we'll hit the trail," Whitaker announced the next morning.

But the sky was overcast, which made it almost impossible to discern rough spots in the trail, since there were no lights or shadows. The constant strain on the eyes that travel would entail under such conditions would cause snow-blindness in less than two hours of rough going. They might run full tilt into an ice-cake. It would be impossible to set a course to the southwest and follow it faithfully. They might even walk into open water, so thick was this haze. Abruptly the mate turned and entered the tent.

"What's the matter?" asked Ranley.

"Too hazy."

"Are yuh gonna stay here and starve to death on account of a little fog?"

"I'd rather starve than be snow-blind," Whitaker replied.

"Why," the stoker countered, "it's on a bright, sunny day that a fella goes snow-blind."

"In the movies, maybe—not up here."

Ranley grunted disdainfully. Whitaker busied himself with the breakfast dishes; it was his turn to cook. He could hear the stoker's footsteps crunching in the crusted snow to the north of the tent. Gradually the sounds diminished. He took an inventory of their food supplies, making mental notes the while. Running short of tea; better save the grounds, was one of them. Better make pack-straps for the bedding and equipment, was another. Any further plans Whitaker might have made were interrupted by the precipitate return of his companion, puffing stertorously and laboring under considerable excitement.

"Fresh bear-tracks!" he gasped.

"Well, let him go; we've got fifty pounds of seal meat."

"Yes, but this fog might hold us here for a week. Lemme have the rifle. I'll get him."

Whitaker debated with himself. Was this a crafty move of Ranley's to get possession of his only weapon? Would the stoker shoot him, and make for shore alone? Quickly he decided in the negative; Ranley was too much of a coward to do either.

"Just one bit of advice," he said, handing over the weapon. "Don't waste more than one cartridge. Get him in the heart; a bear's head is as hard as a rock."

The fog came down lower, enveloping the figure of the hunter. He increased his pace, stooping low over the indistinct trail. They were big tracks, and on the soft drifts the long hair of the animal had swept along their tops like a new broom. After a quarter of a mile the stoker reduced his pace to a stiff walk. He was quite warm now, although the thermometer—if they had had one—probably would have stood at ten above zero. A light breeze, too feeble to dispel the haze, blew in his face. That was in his favor; the bear wouldn't scent him.

AT the end of another hour the stoker flipped off a mitten, and rubbed his eyes with a grimy forefinger. Five minutes later, after again taking up the trail of the bear, he repeated this significant maneuver. His eyes itched terribly. The more he rubbed them, the more irritated they became. Still the trail lured him on. It was too late to turn back, even if, indeed, Ranley realized what ailed him. To a person who has never been snow-blind, the first stages are not alarming. Tears were streaming from his eyes at the end of two hours, but this Ranley ascribed to the freshening breeze.

When he had covered approximately four miles without sighting

his quarry, the stoker decided that it would be better to wait until the morrow. Sharp, stinging pains darted from his eyes back into his head. They stabbed and tortured him as he turned back toward camp, bending almost double in order to follow the rapidly fading tracks of the king of the Arctic. Tears still streamed from his burning eyes, partly obscuring his vision. He blubbered in helpless rage at this insidious ailment. Slowly but inexorably it was shutting off his sight. He strayed off the trail, and found it again by the merest chance. That gave him a bad scare. He shouted, but there was not even a gull to hear his call of distress in that vast silence.

Stowing the rifle in its case, and flinging it across his shoulders, Ranley finally got down on hands and knees, and followed the indistinct trail in this laborious fashion, stopping now and then to fling off a mitten and literally open his eyelids with thumb and forefinger. When the lids could no longer be kept separate and his hand was numb with cold, Ranley propped himself against the base of a huge ice cake at the edge of the trail and prepared to endure hours of untold torture. He could no longer see.

It was here that Whitaker found him four hours later, a whining wreck of a man.

Spreading a poultice of cold tea-leaves on the stinging eyeballs of the unfortunate victim, and binding it on with a handkerchief, the mate fixed a pillow of snow. The stricken man, stretched out at full length, tossed about, groaning in pain. Ranley had endangered both their lives by his foolhardiness, but the worst that could happen would be a delay of a few days while he was getting back his sight. The mate could not reprove a blind man. . . .

In the four days that followed Whitaker made short forays in all directions, but the dogs were not to be found. On the second day he had killed another seal, but the fourth found them with not more than fifty pounds of meat in the larder. There were fifty pounds of lean meat on a seal, and he had killed two of the animals in five days. Ranley and himself ate perhaps six pounds of meat a day, so there ought to be at least sixty pounds in the cache. Ranley wasn't eating it during his absence from camp, he felt sure, for the stoker's appetite was always ravenous.

The stoker was pilfering the supply of fresh meat; of that Whitaker was certain. But the only way he could prove it was to search Ranley's pack, and this he declined to do. Suppose he found ten pounds of meat hidden away? Suppose he should give Ranley a good beating and threaten to leave him behind on the ice? If he would steal a part of their rations while Whitaker was doing his best to cure him of snow-blindness, there was no hope. One could not compel a man to be loyal.

DIVIDING the dunnage next morning, the two set out to the southwest. Ranley's eyes were still inflamed and sensitive to light, but to delay longer would be dangerous. The weather was crisp and clear, and off to the north Whitaker could see the dark land-sky over Wrangel Island, although he could not see the mountains themselves. This meant that they had drifted toward the mainland during their enforced stay in camp. At the end of a day of stumbling and swearing on Ranley's part, and of grim silence on Whitaker's, they camped on a level ice-floe fifteen miles nearer shore. Next day they made twelve. Not a sight of game in the two days, not even a polar-bear trail.

"Think we'll make it?" Ranley asked for the tenth time.

"Not unless we get another seal—or a bear."

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day Whitaker sighted land to the southwest. Fifty miles away, at least, but land!

"Think we'll make it?" came the inevitable question.

"Not unless we get some game."

Ranley was more silent than usual as they made camp. But he must have reached a conclusion then and there. For when Whitaker awoke next morning, the sun was streaming in at the open flap, and Ranley was gone! With him had disappeared Whitaker's rifle, the entire food-supply, and a good share of the equipment. Whitaker was marooned in this wilderness of ice, without weapons or food. . . .

So far as the mate could judge after a hasty survey, he was now adrift on a floe perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter. A wide expanse of open water cut him off from the main field. He could neither pursue Ranley nor resume his "mush" toward the mainland. His most pressing need was food. He had matches and cooking utensils, but nothing to cook in them. He had nothing except a sheath-knife that could be used as a weapon. With his knife lashed to the bamboo tent-pole, and the strips knotted into a rope and fastened to the shaft, he might now stalk a seal basking on the ice, or wait at a breathing hole until the unwary animal poked its head up out of the water. (Continued on page 156)



Leander Clicks

By William Slavens McNutt

The jock on Lead Pipe heard the thunder of hoofs on the inside. Startled, he went to the whip—but too late.

Out of close personal acquaintance with the peculiar "characters" on and about the race-tracks, and from many an inside view of winning—and losing—coups, Mr. McNutt presents in story form these humorous realities.

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

SPIDER DORGAN ran into the Whining Kid on the lawn of the Fairgrounds track in New Orleans just after the finish of the third race. "How you goin'?" he asked.

"It don't matter," boasted the Whining Kid. "I got a reg'lar home here. Money's nothin' to me but weight in my kick to make my pants hang straight."

"Yeh?" said Spider. "How come?"

"I dunno," said the Whining Kid. "I guess I must 'a' been adopted or somethin'. I got me room an' board in a house over here on Ganda Street, an' when my week's up I aint got the price of a program. I think me up a phony to stall the old lady with when she squawks for the feed money an' the room-rent, an' she crosses me."

"Yeh?"

"She don't squawk," the Whining Kid explained. "The more I eat, the better she likes it. I'm chewin' my way through the third week now without a pay-off, an' I aint even been warned yet."

"Watch your step!" Spider advised. "I've seen them kind. She'll leave you eat yourself in hock, an' then she'll hook a ring in your snoot when you're full o' grub an' drowsy; an' when you wake up you'll be standin' in front of a justice o' the peace with a wife hangin' on your arm."

"Nothin' like that," the Whining Kid assured him. "This one's an old gray mare with a live husband that lives home."

"Yeh?" said Spider skeptically. "There don't happen to be a young filly in the barn, I s'pose?"

"Um!" said the Whining Kid thoughtfully. "There's one o' them too, but it don't mean nothin'. She's got a boy friend."

"What do you figure you're bein' fattened up for, then?"

"I dunno," the Whining Kid said cheerfully. "I should worry, as long's the grub an' the credit are both good!"

"If you could understand turkey talk, you'd 'a' heard gobblers all over this country makin' that same brag just before Thanks-givin'," Spider said. "Look out for this help-yourself bunk, Kid. Nothin' costs you as much as the stuff you get free."

At just about the time of this dialogue on the track the Whining Kid was up for discussion in the Dilldock home on Ganda Street.

"If you ask me," said Leander Dilldock, the husband and father, "he's just a no-good deadbeat!"

"Did anybody ask you?" Mrs. Martha Dilldock inquired sharply.

"No," Leander admitted resignedly. "Nobody around this house ever asks me anything—less'n it's 'Did you track that mud up onto the front porch?' or 'Did you spill them pipe-ashes on the parlor rug?' or somethin' like that. I dunno what I'm supposed to be around here. I certain'y aint the head o' my own house."

"An' whose fault is that, may I ask?" Mrs. Dilldock inquired in a thin-lipped voice.

"Mine," said Leander firmly. "I might as well say that now an' save wind. We've argued that point better'n seven times a week for nigh twenty years, an' I aint got as good as a draw in a single round in all that time."

"Will you please tune out on that old R. O. W. station?" Margaret Dilldock, the nineteen-year-old daughter, begged wearily. "I get so tired o' hearin' you two fight the same fight over an' over. If you'd only think up some new words! Honest, after the way I've watched you two battle, I don't thik I'll ever get married!"

"If you're thinkin' of marryin' that tow-headed blob Cy Magnus that's been hangin' around so much lately, you'll be better off as an old maid!" Mrs. Dilldock assured her.

"If you ask me," Leander said, "Cy Magnus aint a bad sort."

"Did anybody ask you?" Mrs. Dilldock inquired.

"No!" Leander shouted, throwing down his paper. "Nobody asked me, an' if anybody did—"

"Wait a minute," Margaret interrupted. "One fight at a time. We haven't got done squabblin' about Mr. Tyler yet. Listen, Ma—why don't you just ask him for the money? He's over two weeks behind now."

"I don't want to make him mad," Mrs. Dilldock explained. "Maybe he thinks he's to pay by the month."

"You don't want to make him mad!" Leander mimicked. "Aint that too bad! You got the right idea, though, Ma. The only way you could make that little hustler mad would be to ask him for money. I know his breed. I didn't spend four or five years around race-tracks—"

"That'll be about all from you, Leander Dilldock," Mrs. Dilldock said shrilly. "Four or five years aint all you spent around race-tracks. You're a fine one to tell me—"

Leander swore and fled. He had inadvertently touched on an unfortunate subject. Racing!

In the days of his distant youth Leander Dilldock had been a top-notch horse-player. He could pick 'em and bet 'em with the best. He had financed an expensive courtship with money won at the track. Unwilling bookmakers paid him the price of a long and luxurious honeymoon. A streak of luck and high play bought the lot on Ganda Street and built the house in which the Dilldocks lived.

All this while Leander Dilldock worked at his job, which was that of local salesman for a wholesale grocery house, while his bride spent one-half of her time laboring to wean him from his sinful ways and the other half in judicious expenditure and investment of the money won in the practice of speculative iniquity.

Leander paid and paid high for the privilege of practicing his profitable hobby in peace. Whenever the wife of his bosom raised her voice in pious protest Leander stopped her mouth with money. It was an effective counter-argument as long as horses ran true to Leander's estimate of form, but talk is cheap, twenty-dollar bills expensive, and the best of racing judgment subject to the whim of luck, and the wear-and-tear of error.

For more than a year after his marriage Leander skated daringly over the thin ice of personal bankruptcy, paying over the major portion of all his winnings to his wife to cool her conscience, and saving but little for himself to tide over a bad streak when he hit one.

He hit one at last, and went flooey. And of course, just after he went flooey, the chance of a lifetime cropped up.

The opportunity was a horse—a horse that had been kept under cover. It was being started to win in a certain race. The stable was betting him all over the country; it would be fifty or sixty to one at the track. He couldn't possibly lose. A few hundred bet on this horse would net a comfortable fortune. Leander had his information direct from the trainer. The trainer was a friend who wouldn't lie to him. It was all cut and dried, and Leander did not have so much as a two-dollar bill to invest!

In his extremity he made the mistake of confiding in his wife. When she had run out of the words forming her initial refusal to let him have a penny for such an unholy purpose, Leander began his work. He reminded her that all their comfort, such as it was, had come from his race-track winnings—recalled to her memory the fact that the house they lived in, the lot it was built on, their considerable bank-account—in her name—and the money they had spent on their honeymoon and subsequent frivolities had all been race-track profit. Finally, in desperation, he promised that if she would only give him the money to play this one he would never bet on a horse again.

This promise persuaded Mrs. Dilldock. It wasn't that she was willing to invest a few hundred dollars to reform her husband, but rather that she was convinced that if he was willing to risk his racing future against the chances of the horse, the animal must be a sure thing. In the end she drew three hundred dollars from the bank, and went with him to the track to bet it.

The name of the horse was Dream Stuff. He closed at fifty-eight to one. The race was six furlongs. Dream Stuff broke on top and drew away rapidly. Halfway down the backstretch he was leading by three lengths under a strong pull, and Leander was planning a vacation in Europe. Rounding the far turn he was five lengths to the good, running easily, and Mrs. Dilldock decided to bank most of the money but save out enough to buy a new

Chinese rug for the parlor. Rounding into the stretch, Dream Stuff was eight lengths to the good and going away in a canter. Passing the club-house, Dream Stuff was ten lengths to the good, and Leander pounded Mrs. Dilldock on the back and demanded to know if she was willing to admit that he was a picker. Mrs. Dilldock whooped an unladylike whoop and confessed to Leander that she was proud of him.

Opposite the end of the grandstand, Dream Stuff, a full eleven lengths in front, stumbled, fell and tossed his jockey into the infield!

Did Mrs. Dilldock commiserate with Leander on the palpable accident that had robbed them of a small fortune? Mrs. Dilldock did not. Mrs. Dilldock told Leander she had always known that race-horses would bring him to a bad end. She told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, arguing his own wife into losing hundreds of her hard-earned money on a horse that couldn't even stand up! She reminded him of his promise never to bet on a horse again as long as he lived, and declared that she would leave him if he broke it. She rode him ragged in the grandstand, lectured him all the way home, labored with him until bedtime and awoke in the morning still talking.

Leander was hooked. To be sure, he broke his promise not to bet again, but he might as well have kept it. His days of winning were over. . . .

Cy Magnus worked in an auto laundry. Cy was twenty years old, tow-headed, blue-eyed, honest, poorly paid, ambitious and terribly in love with Margaret Dilldock. Wherefore he greeted Leander cordially when the latter drove up in the little old car that he used in making his rounds.

"Rotten!" Leander said viciously in answer to Cy's greeting.

"What's the matter?" Cy asked anxiously.

"Nothin'," said Leander.

"How's Margaret?" Cy went on, puzzled, but still amiable.

"Not so good!" said Leander.

"Huh?" Cy exclaimed, alarmed. "What ails her?"

"Nothin'," Leander said. "She's a woman, aint she? That's all."

"Aw, shucks!" Cy said, smiling.

"You're just a little off your feed today, Mr. Dilldock. Women aint so bad."

"No?" said Leander. "Ha! Ha!"

"Guess you know how I feel about Margaret," Cy said sheepishly.

"Sure," said Leander. "We all get hooked the same way. Well, Margaret aint as bad as most."

"Mrs. Dilldock don't think much o' me, does she?" Cy went on diffidently.

"She don't think much more o' you as a son-in-law than she does o' me as a husband," Leander told him bluntly.

"Geel!" said Cy lugubriously. "I didn't know she was as sour on me as all that! What's she got against me, Mr. Dilldock?"

"You're a poor, hard-workin' young man," Leander explained.

"I'll be twenty-one next month," Cy boasted. "I do work kind o' hard, but what's that again' me?"

"Nothin'," said Leander. "I put that in about bein' young an' hard-workin' just for paddin'."

Cy nodded understanding. "I aint very well fixed," he admitted. "If I had a couple o' thousan' bucks I could

buy this place here an' make a good thing of it. It aint run right, Mr. Dilldock. I could make three or four times what they're takin' in here now if I had the runnin' of it."

"You got any money saved up?" Leander asked eagerly.

"Darn little," Cy admitted. "Couple o' hundred's all."

"Listen," said Leander. "You lemme have that two hundred, an' I'll run it up into a couple o' thousan' for you in no time. Listen, Cy, I—"

"No, siree!" Cy said firmly, backing away. "You're talkin' 'bout racin', aint you? I'm just as much obliged, Mr. Dilldock, but—"

"All right!" Leander said viciously, stepping on the starter. "Stew in your own juice, then! Stay poor an' see if I care. I never see such a dumb lot o' people as there are these days, men an' women both." . . .

Mrs. Martha Dilldock was also aching to get off ahead just once

Lucia's mother, who had known great happiness with little of worldly goods, warned: "Money will buy a great many things for the body, a few things for the mind, but nothing at all for the heart and soul."

But Lucia was in love with Alden, whose father was a multi-millionaire; and Alden was infatuated with her and wanted to give her—everything. So starts—

SOPHIE KERR'S great novel of wealth and extravagance and love which begins in our next issue.

It is a wonderfully appealing love-story of delights underlain with dangers. It will be the most fascinating and significant story of this season.



"Listen," said Leander, "if you'll lemme have that two hundred I can win the money for you and Margaret. Maybe tomorrow, Cy!"

more. She had missed the money that Leander once made at the track. Not that she wanted him to play the races again. Far from it! In spite of his record as a consistent winner she did not believe him a capable picker. She knew him too well to think highly of him! But all through the years since the day when Dream Stuff stumbled and spilled the Dilldock beans into the infield along with his jockey Mrs. Dilldock had had it in the back of her mind that some day she would make a killing at the track. She would get good information some time—a tip on a horse that could lift his feet and stay top-side-up all the way around. And when she did she would make a killing. And taunt Leander!

The difficulty was that she neither knew horses nor horsemen. Wherefore, Mrs. Dilldock welcomed the Whining Kid warmly when he came to her door seeking room and board. He was a horseman—he admitted it.

"Your father's jealous," Mrs. Dilldock explained to Margaret after Leander had said his brief say about his race-track experience and fled the house.

"Jealous!" Margaret exclaimed. "Say, listen, Mother, are you workin' too hard or somethin'? Pa jealous o' Mr. Tyler?" "I don't mean about me," Mrs. Dilldock snapped. "Not that I can see why it should be so funny to you if he was! I mean he's jealous 'cause Mr. Tyler knows all about horses."

Margaret shrugged. "I don't pay much attention to him."

"I know you don't," said her mother. "But that's what I want to speak to you about. It wont hurt you to be pleasant to him, will it? If we can get on the good side of Mr. Tyler he'll tell us a horse that's goin' to win," Mrs. Dilldock explained greedily.

"Oh," said Margaret. "I see. Then you bet on the horse, huh?"

"It isn't really betting when you know beforehand that the horse is going to win," Mrs. Dilldock explained. "It's betting when you are just guessing."

"Um!" said Margaret. "I don't know, Ma. I haven't got many smiles to spare these days. Cy wouldn't like it if I threw 'em around."

"That's another thing I want to talk to you about," Mrs. Dilldock said. "This Cy—you aint serious about him, are you?"

"I'm goin' to marry him, if that's what you're gettin' at."

"Marry him!" Mrs. Dilldock exclaimed. "What on?"

"Some day o' the week," said Margaret. "We aint set the date yet."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Dilldock. "Why, Margaret, that shiftless no-'count aint got money saved up to buy a license, leave alone keep up a home. Workin' in an auto laundry! Nothin' but a he-washerwoman!"

"Is that so!" Margaret said, bridling. "Well, let me tell you the auto-laundry business is a good one, an' Cy's only working on there till he can buy the place out, an' then he'll be makin' plenty. What do you know about that?"

"When's he goin' to buy the place?" Mrs. Dilldock asked.

"Well—I don't know," Margaret confessed. "When he gets around to it, I guess."

"I guess so!" said Mrs. Dilldock. "Him buy the

place! He told you that, I s'pose! You believe him?"

"Sure I believe him!"

"All right, then, if you believe him so much, I'll make a bargain with you: I'll promise to give you my consent and fix up a grand home weddin' here for you when he buys out that place, if you'll promise me not to marry him until he does. Will you agree to that?"

Margaret hesitated.

"You see?" Mrs. Dilldock crowed. "You don't believe in him!"

"I do so!" Margaret protested.

"Then why don't you make the bargain with me?"

"All right," said Margaret defiantly. "All right. I will!"

"Then that's settled!" Mrs. Dilldock said in a satisfied tone. "You'll live to thank me, Margaret. What you see in that Cy Magnus! Now about Mr. Tyler. You don't have to go out o' your way any, but if you'd just help out by passin' the time o' day with him an' bein' pleasant—"

Margaret was on hand at the auto laundry when Cy finished his work for the afternoon and immediately let him in on the glad news from home.

"Oh!" said Cy almost lugubriously. "When I buy out the place, huh?"

"Cy!" Margaret exclaimed anxiously. "You're goin' to buy it out, aren't you?"

"Sure," said Cy with a far-away look in his eyes. "Oh, yeh. Sure I am."

"You told me you were," she reminded him.

"I am," he assured her. "Sure I am. The only thing I was thinkin'—"

"What?"

"I figured maybe we might get married an' then buy the place after, but—"

"We can't do that now," she said. "I've promised."

"Yeh," he said heavily. "I know."

"I promised 'cause I believed in you, Cy."

"That's fine," he said, sighing. "It's a great help to have somebody believe in you."

"It won't take long, will it, Cy?" she asked anxiously.

"No," he assured her scornfully. "Practically no time. Just as soon's I can get the money—"

Leander, *en route* home, saw them and stopped his car. Margaret excitedly told him of the bargain made with her mother.

"Cy," Leander said feelingly, "my little girl's happiness means an awful lot to me. She's gone now an' made this fool promise to her mother, an' it's up to us to see that you get that money to buy the place before you're both of you old an' crippled up. You're twenty now, aint you?"

"Near twenty-one," said Cy.

"You got two hundred saved up?"

"Almost."

"How much can you save a week?"

"Ten," said Cy in a small voice. "Maybe twelve, if I try hard."

"Figure it up," said Leander.

Cy gulped and nodded. "It does run into time, don't it?" he said miserably.

Margaret's lips quivered. Tears stood in her eyes.

"Now, then, let's you an' me be sensible," Leander suggested. "Let's act like business men. Let's look facts in the face. You know the old sayin', Cy, 'Nothing venture, nothing gain'? Yes. Well, now, you remember what I was tellin' you this mornin'? You lemme have that two hundred you got, an'—"

"You mean racin'?" Cy said fearfully.

"Listen," said Leander desperately. "The house I live in was built out o' money I made off the track. Yes, it was! Every stick an' stone in it! I won the money to get married an' set up housekeepin' on, an' if you'll just lemme have that two hundred I can win the money for you an' Margaret to do the same thing. Maybe in a few weeks. Maybe in a few days. Maybe tomorrow, Cy. No foolin'. If I can find one goin' at the right price it might be tomorrow. It might even be in the first race tomorrow. What do you say?"

"Gee!" Cy exclaimed. "I dunno, Mr. Dilldock. It don't seem respectable, somehow, to get married on gamblin' money."

"All money's gamblin' money," Leander argued. "If you buy this business, you just bet the money you spend for it that you can make it pay. Aint that right?"

"Sure!" Margaret chimed in eagerly. "Pa's right, Cy. I can help about the racin', too."

"You help!" said Leander.

Margaret nodded. "Maybe I can get Mr. Tyler to tell us the right horse to bet on," she said. "I—"

"Tyler!" Leander snorted indignantly. "Him? That little double-crossin' hustler tell me a horse to bet on? Me? Why, say, I know more about horses in a minute than that bandy-legged little whiffet! He'll ever learn if he lives to be a hundred an' stays on the track all his life."

"I can find out what he knows, can't I?" Margaret asked, offended.

"Easy!" Leander assured her scornfully. "Ask me. I'll tell you. Nothin'! I can handicap horses with any man in the country. You just gimme that money an' lemme figure one out—"

Cy looked at Margaret. Margaret looked at Cy. Two hundred saved. Two thousand needed. Eighteen hundred yet to be acquired. Ten dollars a week. One hundred and eighty weeks. Nearly three and a half years!

"Well," said Cy hesitantly, "I dunno—"

"Good!" said Leander briskly. "That's settled! You got a head on your shoulders after all, Cy. When can you leave me have the money?"

"Well," said Cy, "I dunno—"

"Tomorrow mornin'?"

"Tomorrow?" Cy repeated, startled. "Are you—are you goin' to bet it tomorrow?"

"No tellin'," said Leander. "Maybe. Maybe not for a week or two. Soon's I get a sure winner at the right price. Got to have the money to use when the time comes. Tomorrow mornin'?"

"I guess so," Cy said reluctantly. "Gee! I hope it comes out all right!"

"It'll come out all right if you'll just keep still about it," Leander promised. "Whatever you do, don't leave my wife find out. I got to have a clear head an' a steady nerve to see this thing through, an' if she got to naggin' me, I might get throwed off my balance. A fellow's got to put his mind to a thing like this, Cy."

"Well, listen," said Cy. "If you feel yourself gettin' throwed off your balance, why, wait awhile, huh? Don't go an' bet the money when you're off balance, will you?"

"Sure not," Leander promised. "Don't worry, Cy. I'll win for you."

The Whining Kid was alarmed by the reception accorded him by Margaret when he arrived at the Dilldocks for dinner that night. He thought of Spider Dorgan's significant question as to the presence of a filly in the barn and grew wary. Margaret helped him off with his coat, brought him the evening paper, held a match for his cigarette and settled down companionably in the parlor.

"It must be just wonderful to know all about horses," she said admiringly.

"Oh, I dunno," the Whining Kid said loftily. "A guy gets used to it."

"You must make just scads o' money!" she cooed.

"Money aint everything," the Whining Kid assured her.

"Of course not," she agreed. "It's the sport of the thing that counts, aint it?"

"Um!" said the Whining Kid.

"Yeh. That counts."

"I'd just love to bet on a horse once," she said. "Just for the sport of it, you know."

"Well, why don't you?" the Whining Kid asked practically.

"There are so many," she explained. "I never know which one to bet on. Of course I just want to do it for fun, but then I wouldn't want to lose any money. I'd want to bet on the horse that was going to win."

"Sure," said the Whining Kid. "You got the idea."

"Couldn't you tell me the horse that's going to win sometime so's I could bet on it?" she coaxed.

"How 'bout your old lady?" the Whining Kid asked cautiously. "She might not like it if you bet on a horse."

"Oh, she don't mind," Margaret assured him. "She'd like to bet on one, too, if she was sure it was going to win. We'd both bet on it."

The Whining Kid gave the matter thought. He wanted to keep on the right side of the Dilldocks. It was the only place in town where his credit was good, and he had nothing but credit on which to live. If he refused to give a tip to his landlady and her daughter, they would be offended. If he gave them one and the horse lost—The Whining Kid knew well what would happen. He was an expert on the reactions of stung suckers. If he wanted to continue eating plenty and sleeping soft, it was up to him to dig up a horse that could win.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I don't know anything good for tomorrow, but I think there's one goin' the day after that's a shoe-in. Sure thing. I'll find out tomorrow if it's all set, an' if it is, I'll give you the name of it an' you can bet."

"Will it be sure to win?" Margaret asked.

"Would I give it to you if it wasn't sure?" the Whining Kid asked, aggrieved.

"Dinner, children," Mrs. Dilldock called. "Leander won't be with us tonight. He's got one o' his bad headaches, an' he's gone an' locked himself in his room. He's often took that way."

"Mr. Tyler's goin' to tell us a horse day after tomorrow that's goin' to win, Ma," Margaret said gleefully.

"Well, aint that nice!" Mrs. Dilldock exclaimed, beaming. "You



"If you're lookin' for a place to sleep, try the police station," she said icily.

know, Mr. Tyler, I don't hold with betting, but what I say is it aint gambling if you know you're going to win. It's gamblin' when you're just guessin'. Aint that right?"

"You got the idea," the Whining Kid agreed. "Set the checks in when you get the office that everything's framed. That's the way."

Locked in his room upstairs, Leander Dilldock was furiously busy with the morrow's entries and the records of their past performances. After dinner Margaret knocked on his door.

"Go 'way," Leander said, assuming a feeble tone. "I got a headache."

"Just a minute, Pa," Margaret begged.

Leander opened the door a crack.

"Mr. Tyler's going to tell us a horse that's sure to win day after tomorrow," Margaret whispered.

"Doggone it!" Leander said crossly. "Here I am tryin' to do you a good turn, an' you go an' throw me off balance with a lot o' chatter from this cheap hustler! Go on, now, an' don't bother me no more."

He slammed the door shut and returned to his labors. At three o'clock in the morning he was in a state of high excitement. He had found a horse in the third race of the coming card that figured to win. The name of the horse was Lead Pipe. The paper predicted that he would be a long price.

"Pounds the best," Leander assured himself. "Nothin' to it. He can't lose. Figures don't lie, an' this one figures to win. The only question is shall I bet it all on him, or play a hundred an' save a hundred to work on if somethin' happens."

Restlessly he paced the floor debating this.

"I'll bet it all," he dived as dawn grayed his window. "The horse is pounds the best. He'll be a good price. Never have a better chance. I'll bet it all!"

Leander Dilldock was not the only one in New Orleans who spent a sleepless night. Cy Magnus also lay awake until dawn alternately chill with fear and hot with hope. He looked a wreck when he met Leander and handed over one hundred and eighty-five dollars.

"I thought you said you had two hundred," Leander protested.

"About two hundred," Cy said. "A hundred an' eighty-five's about two hundred. Listen, Mr. Dilldock, you—you aint goin' to bet it today, are you?"

Leander took pity on him. "Prob'ly not," he said gently. "It may be days yet, Cy. Don't you worry now."

He pocketed the money and hurried off.

"No use tellin' him," he muttered. "I'll give him the money tonight an' surprise him."

Came the afternoon. Came the third race; came Lead Pipe, mincing and sidling forth from the paddock gate to parade to the



"Margaret!" screamed Mrs. Dilldock. "My money's gone!"



Leander sat staring at tickets worth exactly nothing.

post with the nine other starters in the mile and seventy yards race. Lead Pipe was full of life and foo-foo powder. His neck was arched. His eyes were gleaming. He snorted impatiently and fought for his head. His high-carried tail broadcast the information that Lead Pipe was loaded and ready to run. His price, posted on the approximate odds board in the infield facing the grandstand, was twenty to one. A certain number of wise ones on the rail watched him step along with the parade past the judges' stand and then tore madly through the throng heading for the seller's windows in the mutuel ring to get a bet down. The word went through the crowd that Lead Pipe looked good. When the horses reached the barrier and the bell rang, announcing the close of the betting, the odds board showed

that Lead Pipe had been backed down to twelve to one by the last-minute play.

Leander Dilldock was in the grandstand with a hard thumping heart in his bosom and one hundred and eighty-five dollars' worth of win tickets on Lead Pipe in his pocket.

The horses faced the barrier. Lead Pipe was fractious. He sidled and lunged. Twice he broke through. Once it seemed that he was going to get out of control and run away. The parade leader just managed to cut him off and herd him back. Leander Dilldock's heart dropped down through his system, hit the soles of his shoes with a terrible thump and then bounded up to knock

furiously on the top of his skull. That's the way it seemed to Leander anyhow.

"Hold him, jock!" he muttered fervently. "Hold him. Oh, jock, don't you get him left there! Straighten him out there, jock! Come on there, Lead Pipe! Behave yourself! Look out! Look out!" This as the horse reared high on its hindlegs. "Oh, honest, if you'll just win this for me, I'll never bet on a race again as long as I live! Careful, jock. Hold him. Straighten him out, there."

At last the starter caught the ten nervous horses in line. He pressed the trip. Up flashed the webbing. The bell rang. The starter's voice exploded in a startling shriek: "Come on!" Ten horses tensed and leaped into stride. Ten jockeys yelped and went into action with whip and hand and boot-heel. Some thousands of voices blended to make up the familiar old roar,

"They're off!" And up in the grandstand Leander Dilldock, quivering, straining on tiptoe, glassy-eyed, snapped his fingers like a craphooter and muttered: "He got him off. He's all right. Atta boy, jock! Ride him now. Don't get shut off. Ride him, jock!"

Lead Pipe got around the first turn third. He was running easy under strong pull. Picture Kid, the favorite, was on top by two lengths. Then Street Rat, a half-length (Continued on page 118)

By
Virginia
Dale

MISS DALE is one of the famous dramatic critics for the daily press and is endowed, therefore, with acquaintances not only with the stage people but also with—press-agents.

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

"BUT Oscar," protested Sally, "I love him so!"

Oscar O'Shae, lately publicity agent of the show "Naughty Ankles" and currently at leisure, looked quite blank for a moment. Then he heaved a deep sigh. "Well, if that's it, all right. You know your groceries," he added, and sighed again.

Sally put forth a swift little hand and patted Oscar's arm. "He's so wonderful and different," she said softly, as if that explained everything.

"He's different," Oscar agreed moodily. "Hails from Boston, you tell me. And you know what a show town Boston is. Why, the first week there even of—"

"That's just it," Sally broke in. "Shows—the theater—they don't mean a thing to him. He's just sweet and gentle, and comes from an old family, and—"

"What I'd like to know is how that all puts him in the spotlight with you. You, a kid born in the wings, as you might say, and getting along great. Oh, I know you're only in the chorus yet, Sally. But you won't stay there. You got personality. Some day you'll get a good break in publicity, and it'll put you over. Instead of that, whadda you do? Give it all up for a boy from Boston!"

"He lives in New York now," Sally said defensively; and after a moment: "So does his family."

"Think you could get along in a company like that?" Oscar O'Shae demanded gloomily.

"I mean—course I think you could get away with any kind of a part, even daughter-in-law to a swell family that don't, as you might say, mingle with the footlights. You said yourself you was to live with the old folks when you were married. I don't want to butt in or anything, if you really love this guy, but what I maintain is, give you the right kind of publicity, and you'd go over. Go over big," he emphasized with conviction.

"I wonder," Sally wondered. She had been born with a publicity bee instead of a silver spoon. Sally's mother had believed in publicity; so had her father. The Dancing Dumonts until they died had been convinced that given one magnificent "break in the dailies," they would have been whisked out of vaudeville and featured in a revue.

"Get the papers with you, and you're made," Dearie, mother of Sally, had always said. And when poor Freddy's clever dancing legs had crumpled under him one night, he had whispered with his last breath: "I ought to be good for a picture in the last editions, anyhow. Take it with you, Dearie, when you make

Selling



"We'll cook up something good," Oscar thought aloud. "Let's see. What about having you put out of a hotel—for some pure reason?" he added hastily.

the rounds of the bookers—alone." Dearie hadn't made the rounds alone for half a season when she followed Freddy. The Dancing Dumonts were no more, except for Sally.

Of course she had gravitated to the stage as naturally as the average child takes to a lollipop. She had made her debut into the world at a convenient lay-off, and the first years of her life were spent in an actors' boarding-house smelling strongly of oil-cloth and fried liver. There, with other little girls and boys whose parents were "on the road," she had learned almost immediately, for "publicity reasons," never to refer to the Dancing Dumonts as father and mother. Dearie never looked a minute over

g SALLY



She stirred now uneasily before Oscar. It is no easy matter to throw away a lifelong ambition in exchange for a man, even if you love him. But the image of Peter rose before her, big, strong Peter, gentle and adoring; and suddenly Sally knew that whole pages of publicity leading straight to stardom were less to her than being Peter's wife.

"I guess I'm dizzy," she announced. "I s'pose I am. But Oscar, honestly, I'd rather be Mrs. Petah Van Rylette—Lord, even just saying it gives me a thrill—I'd rather be her than Marilyn Miller. I would, honestly. That's how much I care for him, Oscar, see? That's how much

I love him. Isn't it the limit?"

Oscar agreed vehemently. "Well, if that's the way you feel, baby, that's that. I think you're dizzy, like you say. But if you feel like that, s'all right. But say, listen: if you ever need a friend—I mean, if you get in that family troupe and they try to ritz you or anything, just you call on me. I'll always go through for you, baby, and I don't mean maybe."

She kissed him good-night in front of the boarding-house, just a small friendly kiss, less for Oscar O'Shae than as a frightened little good-by to the life she was leaving. "In the profession" hadn't always meant "in luck." Frequently it meant "in debt," often it meant "out of a job." Always it had meant "in the chorus." But she loved the boards, the boarding-house, even the boarders. She never minded the uncomfortable beds, even when three girls had to crowd in one for economy's sake. She liked to hunt for a clean inch on her make-up towel and trot out, dead though she was, again and again in answer to the applause that pattered over the footlights. Oh, she loved the theater, and never regretted any of its hardships. She had never known anything else! But, "Good-by, Oscar," she said with a twisted smile on her lips. "Good-by." Her eyes, shining with tears, said it to everything she knew; and, a little tremulously, terribly excited, she ran upstairs.

The next day she and Peter were married.

Peter's mother said it was his name. Peter's father said it was his money. Peter himself, quiet, unassuming young man, said it was because they loved each other. At which the elder Van Rylettes laughed, not merrily, but in a way which conveyed no great opinion of their son's mentality. You know how the Van Rylettes of this world are.

Perhaps Peter could not understand clearly how he had captured this gay little pretty dancing creature, nor what to do exactly, now that he had. In a dim way, because he did love her, he wanted everything to be all right, and so he listened, as he had been brought up to listen, to his mother when she said:

"You must come here and live, my son, since nothing will change your mind regarding this impossible marriage." The sight of his mother in tears and with smelling-salts had not made a deep impression; she had resorted to them frequently since Peter was

seventeen, and Freddy at forty seemed a juvenile unless observed too closely; on that sort of inspection he appeared a bit wistful and defeated. Gazing adoringly at him in those early days, Sally had decided that to get "notices" was the one great really important thing in life.

A paragraph in the press would be paradise. The press-agents, especially Oscar O'Shae, did their best for her. But with stars what they are, there were no paragraphs for Sally.

five. But because he really thought even a short acquaintance with Sally was bound to make everyone her slave, he said, "Yes, Mother," and went on to the minister's.

But with the first icy touch of her new mother-in-law's finger-tips, the first short "How d'you do?" of her father-in-law, Sally knew she had accepted the hardest rôle of her life. The Van Rylettes were bound to face the world in a manner that would never let it see how ashamed they were. To hide their feelings was an instinct; to Sally it was a sheer impossibility.

The little bride was not awed by the old mahogany that had been transferred to Park Avenue, the grandfather clock made from the balustrade of Lincoln's house, the silver that had gleamed for a century on the damask cloths of many a Van Rylette dinner-table. She had seen sets on many a stage like the Van Rylettes' drawing-room; she never entered it without the mental label: "Act One, a rich interior."

She was happy because she couldn't be otherwise. She was young, and in spite of everything very much in love. With Peter beside her, she could whistle "The Pepper Blues" as a sign of such ecstasy as Mrs. Van Rylette had never known, and could never understand. Perhaps it was unfortunate for both of them.

"You must have dancing lessons," said Mrs. Van Rylette one evening at dinner, the candles flickering in tall polished silver holders.

Sally started. Dancing lessons! She, who had clogged on Dearie's trunk at four!

"Me?" she asked incredulously. If there was more wonder in her voice than grammar, who could blame her, who had ever seen her, a swirl of lace and rhythm, in the spotlight. Her mother-in-law had not, it is true, but that lady had imagination.

"Yes, ballroom dancing. As you have heard, we always entertain just before the Lenten season. After that things are very quiet."

"I know," Sally contributed agreeably. "It's the very worst time in the year for the show business, Lent and just the week before Christmas."

"Hem!" said Mr. Van Rylette. Sally glanced quickly at Peter. His eyes were fixed uncomfortably on his plate. He always suffered when Sally put her foot in it. She wondered what she had said now.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I was speaking of dancing lessons for you," Mrs. Van Rylette went on as if she had not heard.

"But I *can* dance," Sally offered weakly.

"Quite. But not as our young people do."

"Petah used to like it!" Sally appealed to Peter, who flushed.

"Undoubtedly. But now Peter has had his wild oats, and you must do your best to help him settle down."

No bride likes to have her husband's love-affair with her called a wild oat—least of all, Sally. She went obediently to the dancing master of Mrs. Van Rylette's suggestion. She learned in five minutes what she had to learn, and spent the rest of the hour teaching the master some very original conceptions of the Black Bottom. He thought—and said—she was divine.

It was at the very staid Van Rylette ball that Sally first met



With the first icy touch of her new mother-in-law's finger-tips, Sally knew she had accepted the hardest rôle of her life.

"I've heard and heard of her from your mother. I wasn't home the day she called—thank the Lord! Petah, why does your mother think this Cornelia would have made you such a good wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. Cornelia's the real thing, of course. I don't think she'd even look at me, in that way, though, a marrying way, I mean," ended the clumsy Peter judiciously. What he meant to say was that he wouldn't look at Cornelia, but Sally translated his modesty into something quite different.

"Oh, glory!" she moaned to herself, climbing into a kimono the Japanese would never have recognized. "Does he think he's not good enough for Cornelia, but plenty good enough for me?" It was a terrible thought, made more so because she was daily more in love with him. He continued to be so "different," she couldn't help it. And she was fighting more fiercely to win him completely than ever she had fought to win a part. She didn't know that Peter was really more miserable than she, trying to match his courage with a growing conviction that he and Sally should have a place of their own—and wondering if the time was ripe to speak to his father and mother about it. He didn't want to take her away as a signal of defeat!

She went shopping and ran quite accidentally into Oscar O'Shae. Oscar had been out with a show and returned to Forty-second Street when it expired. At the moment he was doing nothing. Press-agents are frequently like that.

They went to a funny tea-shop that made Sally feel she was in a revival of "The Blue Peppers."

"How's everything, baby? You look—different."

"It's this hat. And coat. And everything." Sally, who used to be a riot of color, was now clad in gray.

"You look like a kitten," Oscar told her. "Very Park Avenue, but not like our Sally."

Well, tell me things. Are you happy? Not sorry, are you?"

She considered. "No, I'm not sorry, dear. And, well, I can't honestly say it's working out exactly. But—I love my Petah more than ever, Oscar! It isn't his fault, and don't you think it. I guess I'm just miscast or something."

"Can't press-agent yourself into the family, huh?"

"That's about it."

For a second they looked at each other blankly. Then, like a black-out, it came to them both.

"If I can get notices in the paper that'll put over a whole show for a whole town—" Oscar began.

"There's many a star that never went over till she got stuff in the dailies—" Sally added excitedly.

"I could put over musicals in a deaf-and-dumb asylum—"

"Tisn't so much what you are, but what the papers say you are, that counts," Sally chanted her litany, and the Dancing Dumonts' rubric came out of the past: "Get the papers plugging for you, and you're made!"

"I'm resting right now, too," Oscar imparted, which is the way a press-agent always says: "I'm out of a job."

"And for the first time in my life, I have money enough to pay a personal press-representative," Sally breathed ecstatically.

"Oh, say, now, baby! You don't think I'd take money from you, do you? If a man can't turn a trick for a friend—"

"No," she interrupted determinedly. "This is strictly a business proposition, Oscar. If you can sell me to the Van Rylettes, I'll be glad to pay you. And I can, Oscar. I have a marvelous allowance, and not a thing to do with it really. Not even clo'es, Oscar. Mrs. Van Rylette—Mother—says real people don't bother about clo'es."

"She's nuts," Oscar replied succinctly. "Tell me one thing: does your Peter like this kind of a quiet get-up you got on?"

Sally looked down doubtfully. "Why—" (Continued on page 132)

Cornelia. Of course she had heard of Cornelia many times, too many times. Her mother-in-law had been at pains to convey delicately that Cornelia was the girl Peter had been expected to marry.

Cornelia was the sort quite ready to admit that other people's ancestors had swung from limb to limb. But never her own. She had a way of peering at Sally as if the little Mrs. Peter were still in the swinging stage.

"You're not sorry you didn't marry her, are you, darling?" Sally questioned Peter as she kicked off the severe little quiet frock after the ball.

"Of course not," Peter was comfortably emphatic. But he picked up Sally's cast-off gown. It annoyed him to have things untidy.

The Third John D. Rockefeller

By
John K. Winkler



Photo by Orren Jack Turner

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III

JOE SIPPLEY is proprietor of a small restaurant on Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J. Joe is an Italian, friendly and smiling. He is not a citizen; he has been too busy supporting his family to learn to read and write a strange and difficult tongue. But he conducts a clean, reasonable little eating-house, and has endeared himself to every undergraduate, especially to freshmen. When Father is late with the allowance, or funds are otherwise low, Joe will cash a check or extend credit for the eats.

One afternoon a tall youth, with quirky, grinning lines about the mouth, level gray eyes and attired in loose ready-to-wears, walked in and presented a check. Joe's pretty daughter, whom he put all the way through grammar-school, was at the cashier's counter. She glanced at the boy (he was unmistakably collegiate) and at the check. One look at the latter, and then she froze.

She slipped into the kitchen and went into a huddle with her father, mother and Giuseppe, potato-peeler and general handyman. A moment later Joe burst from the kitchen and fairly ran toward the student standing quietly by the door. Waving the check beneath the undergraduate's nose, the restaurateur sizzled like seidlitz. Finally he exploded. Slapping himself upon the chest with his free hand, he exclaimed:

"Me, Joe, frien' all you fellows! Joe casha da check always for da Prince-boys. Soma-time I win; soma-time I lose. Once I casha da check signa by what-you-call-him, signa Georga da Washington. Once I casha da check signa by Julius Caesar. But I no so bigga fool as to casha dissa check signa by,"—he looked down with infinite scorn,—"*signa by 'Johna D. Rockefeller'!*"

Throughout this excited tirade the youth stood quietly, smiling a little. Perfectly cool, he reached for his check, tucked it back in his wallet, remarked with grace and ease, "All right, my friend, don't let the matter worry you," and strolled into Nassau Street.

The indignant restaurant man did not learn until some time later that the signature upon the bank draft for ten dollars was genuine, and that John D. Rockefeller, formerly of 26 Broadway, later of Tarrytown, Lakewood and Florida, had really signed the check and mailed it as a gift to one of his closest and most loved relatives. The latter was John Davison Rockefeller III, the oil king's favorite grandson, and a student at Princeton.

When he did learn the truth, Joe—the "freshman's friend" they call him at Princeton—clutched his heart and cursed his ancestors. But John D. Rockefeller III holds no spite. He has now finished his junior year and is twenty-two. "I think Joe used pretty good judgment in not cashing Grandfather's check," says

the third John D. "Shows how green I was in those freshman days to try such an apparently fantastic trick on a keen business man such as Joe."

Joe and John D. III have become good friends, and now they often discuss with luscious joy the incident of the "suspicious" check. The episode, in fact, remains the most chuckling anecdote in the repertory of each.

The Rockefellers are an astonishing clan, as well as financial oligarchy. In a day not so very far distant, John D. III will, in all likelihood, become the leading figure in America's eleven-billion-dollar oil industry. It may be his destiny to lead our battle for control of the world's oil-fields—a battle in which kings and countries are already but pawns. Certainly he is destined to direct and continue the great Rockefeller benevolent trusts.

Thus inquiry into what sort he is, man or boy, becomes rather more than of private interest. This article, incidentally, is the first magazine sketch about him.

Well, though John D. III still calls himself a "college boy," he is a man full grown, in appearance, outlook, maturity. He has no intention of fleeing his heredity. He knows that real men accept and do not seek escape from responsibilities. In sobriety, quiet consciousness of strength, dislike of display, he is a true chip off the old block, both old blocks. But this young man possesses other and more human qualities that augur well for the historical verdict that will, eventually, be written of his clan.

John D. III, Princeton '29, has a sense of humor, of gayety, of undisguised, indubitably genuine pleasure. He is able to mix with and win the confidence of his companions. There is no touch of the synthetic about him.

His handshake, for instance, is not merely a gesture of polite social intercourse. It is a hearty physical indication of a warm heart within. If a friend slaps him on the back, John will slap right back. If some one he likes drops into his modest quarters in Princeton, 123 Henry Hall, with a uke, John has no objection at all to a bit of music—even if the songs are college-style music.

He has never been interested in smoking or drinking, but there are ash-trays and cigarettes scattered about; and John's closest chum and roommate, Benson Blake, of Baltimore, enjoys a go at a pipe or a cigar. At the last Junior Prom, John escorted a girl danced every number and howled with others for encores.

John III is no "Christer of the campus," as the boys term a

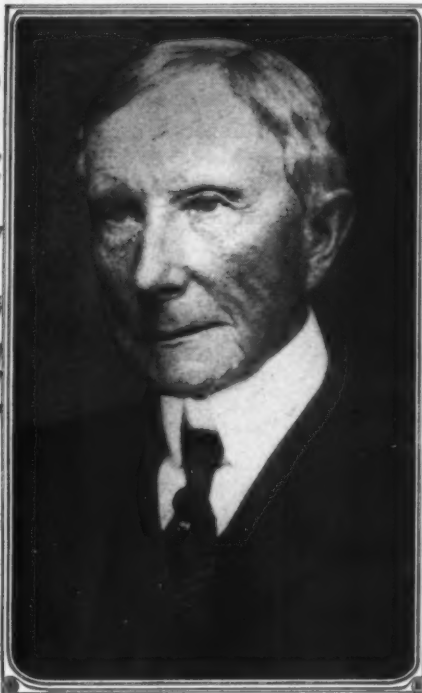


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER II

Chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation and Trustee of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. In controversies having to do with business administration and public affairs, Mr. Rockefeller has been invariably a proponent and upholder of new standards of responsibility.

Pacific & Atlantic Photo



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

"The first to organize on a vast scale both production and disposal," wrote Emil Ludwig, in a recent issue of this magazine. "He appears a genius, although the richest man in the world. For he has founded a world power without being a general, a representative of the people or a dictator—a power more mighty than many a state." Mr. Rockefeller's public benefactions some time ago passed the half-billion mark and survive in the greatest philanthropic trusts in existence.

rapidly filling out, would be the complete absence of any evangelical personality associated with his grandfather of the dimes and his father of the Bible class.

He is mild-mannered, a bit shy, but no whit lacking in virility. Ask him what books he is reading or has read, and he will grin and reply:

"None particularly. I have no special favorite author. I have read a number of what I call good books, darned good ones, but never have read one author more than any other."

"Come on, John, what's your favorite book? I won't even faint if you say the Bible or Shakespeare!"

Again that slow but understanding grin. Then: "Nope, I can't think of any off-hand."

Press him as to his immediate activities when he leaves college, and he will reply that he has not definitely decided to take a job at 26 Broadway. "May do some post-grad work," he explains. "Maybe law or business administration or something else.

Father has left me free to choose."

John D. III was prepped for college at Loomis School. At Loomis his extra-curricular activities were tennis and the school publication. In his freshman year at Princeton he competed for membership on the business board of the *Daily Princetonian*, the student newspaper. He was elected, the first man of his class to be chosen. He has been an active member of the business board since. He won this job by dragging in more ads than any other freshman, and he did this entirely without employing the prestige of the family name.

"The boy looked like a fellow we could trust," says one Princeton merchant, who placed his first advertisement in the *Princetonian* through young Rockefeller. "When he came into my store, he just introduced himself as an advertising agent from the college paper. He had a lot of figures on the purchasing power of the students and such like. I was impressed. He looked to me like a boy you could trust. So I gave him an ad. Didn't find out who he was for a year. Got an idea that kid'll plow forward on his own steam."

At Loomis, John boned up by reading books on advertising and salesmanship. His father and family knew nothing of this.

"If you believe in the thing you're selling and have enough persistence," remarked John, explaining his success as an advertising man, "you'll win out. I only spent eight hours a week soliciting ads, but I did enjoy meeting people. Advertising is a fine business. Shall I go into it permanently? No, guess not."

As a sophomore John was one of eight members of his class chosen to

compete for the managership of the football team. This is perhaps the most sought-after job in college. Nominations of candidates are made in the early fall; twenty signatures and the countersign of the candidate are required for each nomination. Usually as many as twenty are nominated. Of these eight are elected to enter the competition. Consequently it is considered quite an honor even to get into the competition. The eight potential managers must appear in rotation at each football practice and game. They are kept busy running errands and doing odd jobs for the managers, coaches and players. The figure of Rockefeller, tall, slight, brown-haired, was familiar in the Princeton football circle. He carried water, pumped up footballs, polished equipment and made himself generally useful. "Didn't win the job but I had a lot of fun," grins Rockefeller Third.

Also in sophomore year, during "Bicker Week," John joined Cap and Gown Club, one of the best of the eighteen organizations on Prospect Avenue. "Bicker Week" is the annual period in March when sophomores are elected (Continued on page 144)

She Goes to War

By
Rupert Hughes

who restores to us, in this graphic story, the merciless and incredible doings of the days only a decade ago when men, by the million, and women, by the thousand, met the supreme test.

The Story So Far:

TO Joan Morant it seemed impossible that she should be left behind in Cheshelm with the farmers' wives when all the youth of the neighborhood had that day entrained for the war—Percy Van Ruyper and the other young men of her own wealthy set; Tom Pike, the garage mechanic who had somehow become a captain, and with whom she had danced at the party the night before in the new-found democracy of the day; and all the others. She spent her time writing letters and putting through long-distance calls to influential people. Finally she managed it—stepped into the place of a fellow-alumna who had been with a "Y" unit from her own college, and who fell ill at the last moment. And even on the way over, Adventure marked Joan for her own: her ship was attacked and all but torpedoed by a submarine, and she saved the life of a fellow-crusader, Sadie Slevsky, —who, with the giant waitress Katie Dugan, was watching the progress of a torpedo,—when Sadie leaned too far over the gunwale.

At length Joan found herself not too far behind the battle-line at the little French town of Marot, frantically busy purveying food and tobacco to throngs of weary hungry soldiers. Presently Tom Pike appeared, heroic with war and a wound, and Joan fell in love with him now. But he made his declaration in the dark one evening, unaware that it was utter fatigue that had caused her to collapse against him. And when he discovered that she had returned his fervor with slumber, he promptly and furiously went off and got drunk.

So it happened that Tom's regiment next morning went forward without him. And when he recovered enough to realize it, he attempted in his abasement to commit suicide. Joan snatched away the pistol, leveled it at him, crying:

"Keep away, or I'll shoot you myself. I won't let you go out and disgrace yourself."

He stared at her. "Give me my gun and I'll save you the trouble," he growled.

He came on again, wavering but sinister, wolfish. She backed away, pleading:

"Tom, don't make me."

"You wouldn't shoot me."

She answered grimly: "That's just what I'm going to do."

He laughed and advanced. She stepped close to him and fired.

(The story continues in detail.)



Nobody noted that one of the ammunition trucks had in it three helmeted figures and three great packs of ammunition for human consumption.

TOM'S eyes were dulling with shock and bewilderment. He could hardly hear what Joan was crying aloud, and he was passing away in a swoon, grinning feebly to think what a funny way this was to die.

He had drilled and drilled, and crossed the ocean to save his country, only to be shot down by the girl who had refused to finish a dance with him at home. At home! His mother would never see him again. She would starve.

His mind tore itself from the drowning peace, and he mumbled feebly:

"First-aid-kit—pocket."

Joan ransacked his pockets and found the bandage. She darted to find her own scissors, and slashed away at his clothes until she had bared his side. From a red well in his white flesh the blood spread.

She tore open the package, stuffed the bandage into the wound and bound the long tapes around his body, wincing when she touched him.

He nodded and seemed to fall asleep. Was he dying?

Only now could she understand her plight. To run for help was the first thing, but the surgeon would say: "Who is this man? What is he doing here? He has been drinking. He was just coming out of a drunk. Who shot him? Why?"

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If she answered any of these questions Tom would be exposed to contempt, ridicule, disgrace.

In trying to save him from himself, she had plunged him into far worse dangers. She must lie him out of it, somehow. But how?

She dared not leave him. She dared not stay and let him die. She beat her forehead with the heel of her hand. Confusion ruled her thoughts. Every plot she laid broke down the moment she imagined herself under cross-examination.

Any surgeon could tell that Tom was wounded by a bullet. If it had only been a shell-wound, she could say that he was struck by a fragment from one of the bombs dropped by the planes that raided Marot that morning. But a bullet—who had fired a pistol-shot at him?

She sat bathing his hot forehead with cold water, placing a pillow under his head and wondering, wondering.

Footsteps sounded on the cellar stairs, heavy steps. Katie Dugan came in, gaped at the form on the floor, gasped:

"For the love o'— Who's your fri'nd?"

"Captain Pike."

"Is it asleep he is?"

"He's wounded."

"The creature! Is he hurted bad?"

"Very!"

"How did he come by it?"

"I shot him."

"Mother o'—holy—may the—what the—and why would you be shootin' a man?"

"Because I love him."

"L'ave me sit down to this. I'm hearin' quare. My head's been sizzlin' ahl day like a doughnut fryin'. Say it over again slow. You shot him because you love him. Well, women has different ways of expressin' their feelin's. I'd hate to think what

you'd done to the lad if you hated him."

Before Joan had told her story, Tom began to moan and twitch. His eyes discovered Joan crouched at his side. He gritted his teeth as he recognized her.

She bent close and told him everything that had happened, and why. He smiled a little when she told him how she loved him and how determined she was to save him. The series of lies that she had tried to invent began to come to her as she talked:

"Do you understand me? This morning there was an air-raid. You were hurrying to your company. A piece of shell cut you down. A woman dragged you into a cellar—for shelter—a Frenchwoman—you didn't know her name—she bound you up, and left you—she didn't come back.

Maybe she was killed. Do you understand? Then somebody dragged you out into the street and you fainted. Can you remember all that?"

He smiled cynically. She was afraid of both his memory and his conscience. She belabored him with arguments:

"The reason I shot you was to save you from shooting yourself—crazy drunk as you were. If you tell them you were shot to-night, they'll say: 'Where were you all day while your company was up in the line?' They'll say: 'What were you doing at the rear?'"

His eyes filled with tears of shame. He closed them on a deeper pain than his wound could give.

Joan pleaded:

"Oh, don't blame yourself. It was my fault. I love you, but I was so tired that I fell asleep. I love you for loving me enough to be hurt so badly by me—by what seemed indifference. But I was drugged with sleep. I tried to hold my eyes open with my fingers, but I went to sleep anyway. You carried me home.

"You must carry me through life. I don't want to live if you don't get well. If any harm or disgrace comes to you through this, it will be all my fault and I'll die. I won't live unless you do. Do you hear me? Do you understand?"

The look in his eyes answered more than yes. She bent and kissed him.

"Now will you obey me?"

He pursed his lips for a bribe. She paid it.

"Remember, then! I don't dare keep you here. Katie and I are going to put you out at the side of the road and then tell a surgeon that we found you there.

"When he comes, you tell him it was a shell-wound. He'll say it's a bullet-wound, but he'll never find the bullet. There it is embedded in the wall. It went in and out. I'm going to dig for it and keep it all my life.

"When the surgeon says it was a bullet-wound, you tell him he's a liar. They don't mind wounded men losing their temper. You tell him he's a damned liar. And—oh, but you're getting cold! It's so damp and chilly here, and wounded people ought to

Seeing that the newcomers were women, the officer nearly fainted. He croaked: "Go away, in God's name! How did you get here, anyway?"

be kept warm. Come on, Katie, help me with him. Put that blanket round him."

Katie protested:

"It has a Y on it."

"Then Tom can say a Y girl put it over him. No, I'll tell the surgeon I found him and put it round him. Let me begin the lying. And now, Tom, you remember. For my sake and your mother's, you do as I tell you, and stick to your story through thick and thin. And in a few days you'll be well enough to go back in and get another German wound to add to the one on your forehead."

"Or maybe you can get killed, since you seem to have your heart set on that. But you've got to be killed by the enemy, not by yourself or me. Do you understand? And now good-by again, till I see you. As soon as you're well, send me word, for I'll be here."

She and Katie wrapped him in the blanket. Then she ran up the steps and peered down the street. There was great excitement in the square, and all the people were watching the throng there.

She hurried back to her room and lifted Tom's feet, while Katie carried his torso with ease, keeping him level while Joan climbed ahead.

They toted him down the curved lane as far as they dared, then stretched him against the wall of a ruined house. Joan knelt and tucked the blanket about him and kissed him good-by again and again, and made him promise to follow the crazy libretto she had composed for him, then ran toward the scene of the confusion. It was like a circus parade going through a town at night, men, horses, mules and great guns looking more than ever like elephants with swollen trunks.

But now a double line was squeezing through the streets—ambulances full of wounded and dying, limping soldiers and limping mules and horses—the red waste trickling away from the field of battle.

In a byway a few surgeons had set up a relief station and emergency operating tables for desperate cases.

Joan ran toward this and then fell back at what she saw. She began to faint but clenched herself together. It would never do for her to faint now. What a man could stand she could stand.

She caught a surgeon by the elbow:

"Please, I found a wounded officer lying in the street up here. He's been there a long while. You must come see him."

"I'm very busy here, Miss."

"But a little delay will kill the officer. You've got to do something for him right away. You've got to!"

He made her wait till he finished the frightful task he was at, and bestowed a bundle of flesh in a waiting motor-ambulance.

Then the surgeon called two litter-bearers and followed Joan to where Tom lay still. He knelt, whipped away the blanket and the clothes, looked at the bandage, felt Tom's pulse, asked him what had happened.

Joan leaped in with her own story as she had planned it. The surgeon may have thought it all a trifle mixed, but he was busy, there were others in need of attention, and he took out of his case a hypodermic needle, filled it, drove it home beneath Tom's skin and pressed out the contents.



"What's that?" Joan gulped.

"Antitetanus serum."

"What's it for?"

"To keep him from having lockjaw."

"Oh, my God!"

The surgeon rose and signaled the litter-men to pick Tom up; then began asking him questions that Joan answered for him.

He made the record that Captain Thomas Pike had been disabled by shell-wound and shipped back to the nearest base hospital. He explained:

"It's better for me not to remove that bandage now. We'll get him into the next ambulance going back. They'll take care of him better at the field hospital and then ship him to the evacuation hospital, where he'll have the best of everything. Thank you, ladies, for your attention to him."

He dashed away to the ugliest and noblest of jobs. The



stretcher was about to follow, but Joan checked it to rearrange the blanket about Tom and had such difficulty in tucking it under his back that she had to bend over until her cheek touched his lips.

"Good-by—T—good-by, Captain Pike," she said.

She wanted to run after it again as it was carried off at a jog trot. But Katie seized her and held her.

Watching Tom, helpless in danger, and borne to unknown dangers, Joan's wild staring eyes were drowned in tears, and she sobbed:

"Oh, Katie, Katie, when he kissed me, his lips were like ice! Do you think he'll die? Do you suppose he'll get gangrene—or have a hemorrhage?"

"It's yourself that had the himoridge. Such a flow of talk I never heard in my time," said Katie, scolding her to keep from weeping with her.

She talked down Joan's hysteric fright and got her to her room.

It was cold for a worn-out girl with no blanket, and nothing warmer to think of than poor Tom jouncing over that frightful road on a shelf of that unthinkable ambulance. Joan fell asleep because her last drop of strength was drained. As soon as she was quiet, Katie rose, spread her own blanket over Joan, put on her uniform, her overcoat, her raincoat, her shoes and her hat, and crept back to shiver herself to sleep in earthquakes of chill.

Next morning Katie was glad to be up and stirring her congealed blood. She could hardly bring herself to wake Joan to her misery, but she did.

All day Joan was in an anguish, imagining Tom in that hideous ambulance with those other poor soldiers. Suddenly she decided that by this time he was probably lying in clean sheets in a white bed in a chateau with a beautiful Red Cross nurse bathing him and his wounds. And strangely, this charming vision did not cheer her in the least.

(Continued on page 150)

In Tune with



Melbourne Spurr Portrait

JOHN BARRYMORE

is one of the few actors who defies superlatives. No one need compare him to others, either in such a rôle as *Hamlet*, which nearly everyone at some time plays, or as *Peter Ibbetsen*, which he made unforgettably his own.

Mr. Barrymore, whose picture appears above, has deserted the footlights for the Kleigs with a result scarcely to be expected—a success equaling his own in spoken parts. Usually the stage star dims on the screen, you know, whereas the appearances “in person” of those indigenous to the film studio and lot almost invariably have been a disappointment. He has played recently in “*The Beloved Rogue*”—François Villon—and in “*The Tempest*.”

WALTER HAGEN

To endear oneself supremely, and almost simultaneously, to the heart of both dub and expert, is the recent unrivaled achievement of that great, perhaps greatest, of golfers, Walter Hagen, whose picture appears below.

Seldom indeed is the veriest dub required to accept defeat more crushing than 18 down and 17 to go, which was the result of Mr. Hagen's rout by Archie Compston, in a special challenge match in England. Never before, in championship golf, has a player risen from such a depth of defeat to capture, immediately, the most prized crown—the British Open.

Mr. Hagen staged, as the English press proclaimed, easily “the most dramatic come-back in the history of the game.”



Photo by Moffett Studios

VIRGINIA DALE

is one of the most individual, and therefore one of the most interesting, of the critics dealing with the drama of our day. For instance, she fails to feel that “*The Hairy Ape*” and “*Strange Interlude*” (for all its nine acts and ten thousand asides) give sufficient reason for melting down the statues of Shakespeare and casting the bronze into images of Mr. Eugene O'Neill.

Miss Dale, whose photograph is reproduced above, is not only a critic of independent mind, but, as you probably know, a short-story writer in high regard. She sees life realistically but humorously; and as the people she meets in the course of her professional labors are mostly actors and their entourage,—such as press-agents, for example,—she quite naturally puts them into her stories, as you may observe if you turn to another page of this magazine.



Photo © by Pacific & Atlantic

Our Times



Photo by Hal Phyle

INA CLAIRE

has yet to appear in a failure—perhaps her appearance in any play will be a guarantee of its success. When she appeared in "The Quaker Girl," she was welcomed as one of the best singers and dancers on the musical comedy stage. Later this versatile star has triumphed so consistently as a comedienne and as an emotional actress with "Our Betters," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Grounds for Divorce," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and so on, that there was, not long ago, a discussion of her method.

"It is not enough to say that everything she does is right," wrote a New York critic. "She has a sense of timing, gusto, humor, speed, just the proper touch of tenderness so that everything she does seems interesting and important."

Miss Claire's picture is reproduced above.

JULIAN GREEN

is author of "The Closed Garden," which has come to us with much French acclaim. Though born in France, he is American by blood—both his parents were Virginians; and after his youthful schooling in France, he attended the University of Virginia. His picture appears below.

He has deliberately chosen French, however, for his writing. Indeed, "The Closed Garden" is merely a translation of his "Adrienne Muserat," published in Paris, and which won for him the Femina-Bookman prize for the best French work suitable for translation into English. Perhaps the individual traits of his work arise from his complex situation. "The formation of his spirit," says Edmond Jaloux, "has been Anglo-Saxon, though the formation of his mind has been French."



Photo by Florence Vandamm

PEGGY WOOD

in addition to being one of the most pleasing players on the stage, has recently written one of the most delightful sketches about an actor. "The Splendid Gipsy" is the late John Drew—he of the old Austin Daly company, he who supported Edwin Booth in the old Fifth Avenue Theater and who played in "The Butterflies" with Maude Adams.

Miss Wood was playing with him, you remember, in the all-star revival of "Trelawney of the Wells" when the curtain fell for the splendid gentleman and gipsy, John Drew. Her little book is her farewell to her friend.

Miss Wood, whose picture appears above, is in private life the wife of John V. A. Weaver, the poet and short-story writer.



"You've Lied Yo'r Last Lie!"

By
Arthur K.
Akers

Illustrated by
Everett E. Lowry

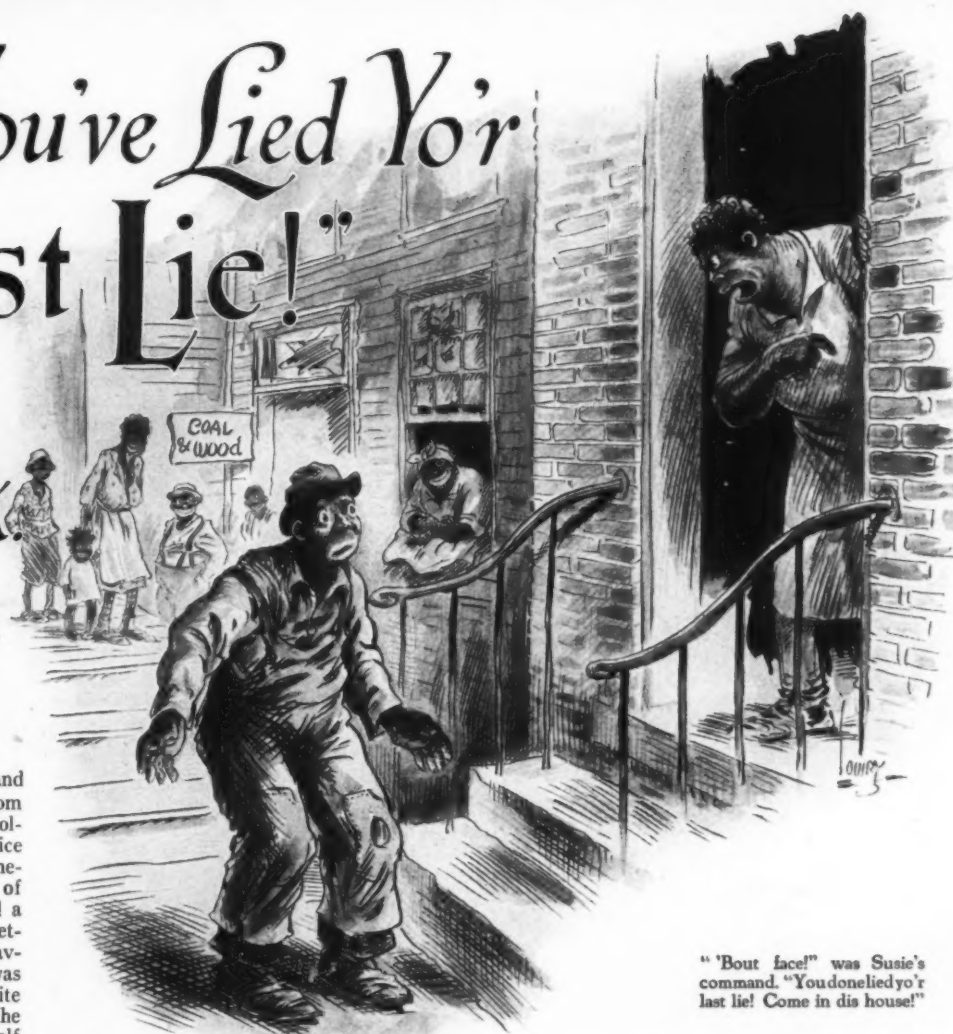
IPECAC INGALLS, small and colored, scuttled down from the seat of his truck and followed Horace Greeley's advice for sixteen fast blocks. Something about the wreckage of Ipecac's furniture truck and a white lady's sedan at the street-intersection he was busy leaving told him that he was through working for the white folks, anyway. It was time he went into business for himself—or would be as soon as his "boss man" got the bill for what had just occurred. Not to speak of some mean motions in Ipecac's direction on the part of the white lady's big and blood-thirsty colored chauffeur!

Mr. Ingalls was temporarily too financial to hire out, anyhow. Accidents *would* happen, not only at street-crossings but in the best regulated lodges. And he had been treasurer of a new one just as its organizer skipped town between suns and without noticing that Mr. Ingalls still held part of the dues. Which had left Ipecac with big notions and seventy-eight dollars.

Just now, however, he was leaving everything to his feet and not bothering them as long as they kept on taking him west from that mad white lady and her murderous-acting chauffeur. His second wind gave out at Seventh and F, close to Tittisville and right in front of a big barbecue stand. Which made it easy for a boy to mix business and lunch. "Big niggers" did that, and Ipecac could feel himself entering their class—especially if his legs held out. And he liked the way the big boys carried on business: they did so much of it with their jaws. Running sure built up a boy's appetite. Then too, heaps of times a good business man found another business man would pay the lunch-check.

Ipecac entered and found that his luck was still working. His brother-in-law, "Cash Money" Willie Thomas, was within. Financially, Willie was an example of what time-payments are doing to the country; yet even he would not expect Ipecac to have any money. Which would cut down a lot of the argument about who would pay Ipecac's check. And all that Mr. Ingalls had against his relative was the latter's tendency to leave his mouth open around Susie. Susie was Cash Money's sister, and Ipecac's better nine-tenths—a woman of strong mind and muscles, given to jealousy and a good aim.

"Boy, you looks all run down!" Willie greeted him. "Ol' coat-



"'Bout face!" was Susie's command. "You done lied yo'r last lie! Come in dis house!"

tails all ragged from flappin' so much in de breeze."

"Makes me my own breeze widout no he'p from you openin' yo' mouth," retorted Ipecac. "I's lookin' fo' rations an' some

place to go into business—fur off from a bad nigger I gits messed up wid ov' on Twenty-first Street."

"Aint de first time I feeds you since Susie fotch you home fo' me to s'port," grumbled Mr. Thomas feelingly. Then, to the counter attendant: "Set out de vittles fo' him—up to fifteen cents' wuth. After dat he rolls he own nickels, an' I aint 'sponsible."

"'At's trouble wid in-laws—all time countin' up on you!" muttered Ipecac. Then: "I done quit workin' fo' de white folks. Aint nothin' in hit. I's gwine into business fo' myse'f."

"Look like you wuz gwine some'res when you bust th'ough dat do'. What kind business? All you knows is craps and skin an' half-solin' fu'n'ture."

"Fu'n'ture whut I aims to do. I 'lows if I c'n make money fo' de white folks fixin' fu'n'ture, I c'n make hit fo' myse'f."

"Heaps of folks goes busted right while dey's talkin' dat way," observed Cash Money.

"Yeah, but dey aint know de business like me. Aims to sell secon'han' fu'n'ture on de 'stortion plan. Time you rep'ssesses hit coupler times, ev'ything you git on hit profit after dat."

"Aint you talkin'!" agreed Cash Money Willie lugubriously. "But you has pay rent money in advance—an' I aint gwine len' you none."

"Huh! What hit takes, I got!" Ipecac flashed his roll. "Includin' whut yo' eatin'-check calls fo'," added Cash Money hastily. "I done been keepin' you up too long now."

Ipecac slammed down fifteen cents and a two-cent tip. "Le's go rent somep'n," he proposed largely.

Cash Money experienced a sudden change of heart. Ipecac

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was going to be popular with somebody, and it might as well be with him. He changed his tune. "Reckon Susie'll finally git to believin' whut I all time tells her—dat us done well when you ma'ies her," he contributed. "An' Muddyfoots been pesterin' me right smart heah lately—how 'bout job wid you?"

Ipecac considered. Susie knew too much about his business now, and Willie never had any luck at keeping his mouth shut. Yet, on the other hand, as good a hand at standing off collectors as Willie would be valuable to any business. So, "Le's see first if de business big 'nough to s'port two of us," he parried. "Whar at de real-estate gent'man whut us rents a sto' from?"

"Fo'th Av'nur all broke out wid dem boys. Us goes in my car." "Us aint got time. Ol' truck you got all time tryin' to park. Street-cars gits action."

In a Fourth Avenue negro real-estate office thirty minutes later Ipecac sat on a bench and got his first glimpse of what it means to be a business man. And he liked the sample. Calhoun Pond, realtor, was in full cry after the almighty dollar. Ipecac watched him, fascinated. He held on to his seventy-eight dollars and added to his big notions. A blind man with cataract would have noticed, as did Ipecac, how much class a yellow-skinned stenographer added to a business man's establishment. Especially the one back by Calhoun's desk, who was so increasingly easy on Ipecac's eyes. Cash Money was taking in considerable feminine territory too.

"Whut dat good-lookin' gal lammin' dat black cash-register so fas' fur?" Mr. Ingalls whispered hoarsely to his brother-in-law. "Mis' Pond take in de money dat frequent?"

"Shet up befo' he find out you ign'ant an' raise de rent!" returned Willie, with his eyes still glued to stenographic beauty. "Dat gal writin' out in English whut Calhoun say in real-state. She's he stenog'pher. Aint dat gal a looker, though!"

Ipecac blinked rapidly and wondered what Susie would say if

amount of the monthly rent because it was a reflection on the value of surrounding property. Ipecac hated to pay it because it took half his money. Ultimately, however, he emerged with his shirt and thirty-eight dollars.

"Hit aint locked—jes' move in," Calhoun adjured him in parting. And in keeping from removing his gaze from Mr. Pond's secretary, Ipecac fell over a chair.

With Cash Money at his heels, Ipecac reinflated his chest and set forth to check up. The store proved to be as described, including the location an adequate distance from both his residence and his recent wreck. Everything began to look settled except a stock of goods. A white man similarly placed would have gone off extravagantly to the wholesalers. Mr. Ingalls had other resources.

"Willie, you's done hired," was his first announcement to the trade. "How dat truck of you'n runnin'?"

"From station to station," mourned Willie.

"Sounds like one dem cheap tel'phone calls. Does you stop buying gas fo' dat truck, ol' Stand' Oil shets down. Git yo' mind off dat good-lookin' child on Fo'th Av'nue an' start fo' West End. Git de white ladies give you all de ol' busted fu'n'ture dey got layin round dey cellars waitin' fo' dey husbands fix hit. Tell 'em you hauls hit to de dump free. Den us fixes hit an' sells hit."

Cash Money thought of something else. "Whut Susie gwine say 'bout you quittin' yo' reg'lar job?"

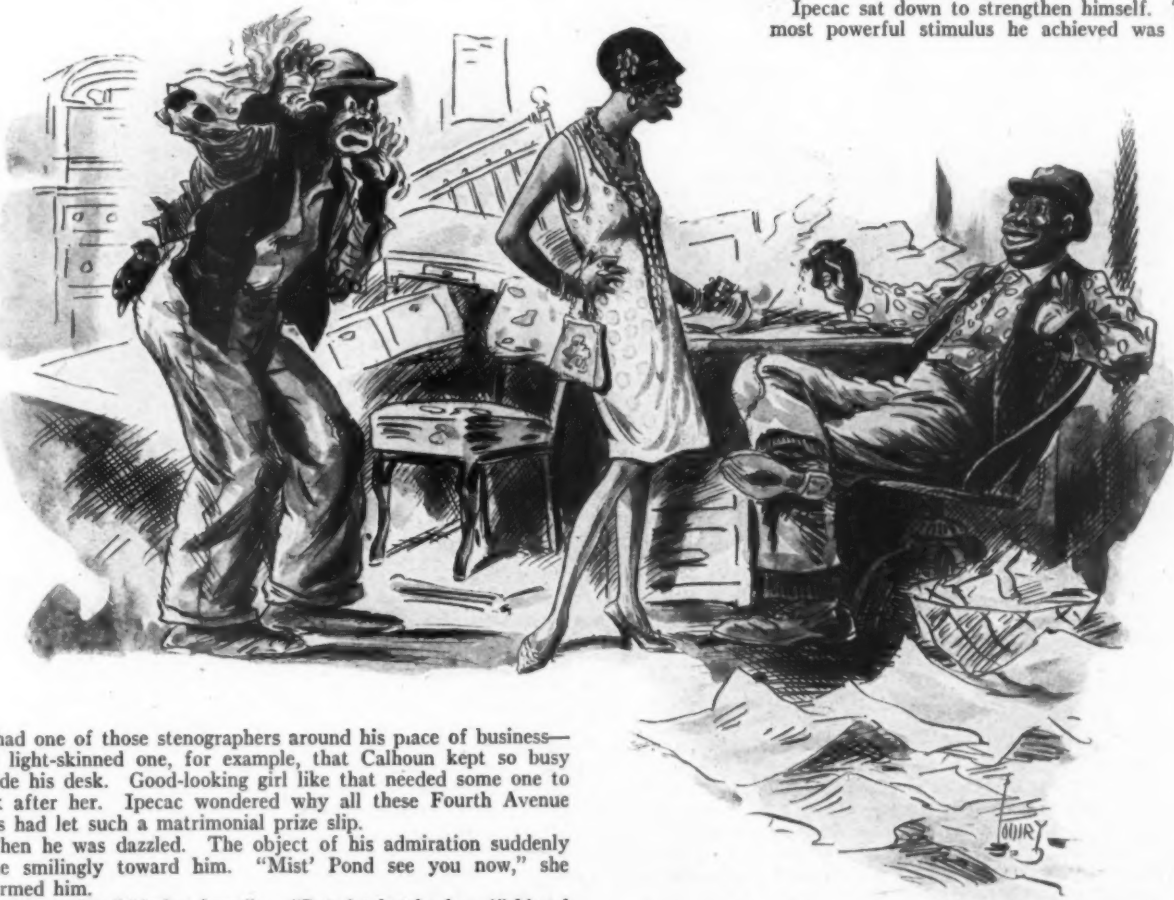
Ipecac hated to have the uppermost thing in his own mind dragged out into the open this way. Suiting Susie was the worst thing he did. And, unsuited, Susie was a cyclone with horseradish on it. Ipecac's face fell.

"She aint gwine know whar dis place is, 'less you tell her," he countered. "'Sides, you fix de fu'n'ture, an' I fix Susie."

"I sees you gits decent burial," Cash Money comforted him.

"I never talks 'less'n I's wuss skeered 'an I is now. Me an' de truck starts."

Ipecac sat down to strengthen himself. The most powerful stimulus he achieved was the



he had one of those stenographers around his place of business—this light-skinned one, for example, that Calhoun kept so busy beside his desk. Good-looking girl like that needed some one to look after her. Ipecac wondered why all these Fourth Avenue boys had let such a matrimonial prize slip.

Then he was dazzled. The object of his admiration suddenly came smiling toward him. "Mist' Pond see you now," she informed him.

Ipecac took off his hat happily. "Put dat hat back on!" hissed Cash Money sharply from behind him. "You want de rent raised?"

Ipecac and Calhoun got on fine—just as soon as Calhoun glimpsed the former's roll. He had a store, the very store, it appeared—quite close to Tittsville. Mr. Pond hated to say the

"I seen you when you went down! Bubbles marks de place now—an' tombstone later," muttered Cash Money.

recollection of Calhoun Pond's office. A business man was all broke out with class and currency, looked like. Ipecac's mind soared on to a private office, with that light-colored stenographer taking dictation in it, while Susie's relative Cash Money knew and kept his place in the rear, fixing furniture. Contemplating which, Mr. Ingalls felt strengthened to the point of going home and telling Susie his address and just where a business man's wife got off.

Shortly, however, he discovered that his place of business might be not only far enough from his residence, but *too* far. Traversing it gave him a chance to think. And thinking about showing Susie her place, while steadily nearing the locality where he dwelt with her, was a strain on a boy. Susie was liable to get all steamed up when she heard about his sudden business move, too—especially if she discovered *all* that was in his mind.

Further to disquiet him, on his home block Ipecac's dog passed him with a velocity that by contrast made Lindbergh in full flight appear hitched to a post. Evidently the dog hadn't suited Susie.

"Take dat dawg all night to git back from whar he git jes' while I's lookin' at him!" marveled Mr. Ingalls. "Cost fo' dollars to send him a postcard by de time I c'd git hit writ!"

Which thought, in turn, reminded Ipecac that he couldn't write, anyhow. And a boy that couldn't write needed a stenographer. That was what stenographers were for. Nor was there any use in his sitting around looking at an ugly woman all day. Then Ipecac was right back where he started—with his mind on Fourth Avenue and that easy-to-look-at yellow girl in Calhoun Pond's office.

Yet a sudden cold chill struck across him as he remembered Susie anew. He was less than fifty feet from the answer to the live question, "Whut Susie gwine say?" if he didn't watch his step and all the windows. With every second it looked more and more like the wrong night to bring up new business.

But he didn't have to. Two doors from home he realized with dismay that it was already up. Language, high-pitched and heated,



Too late Ipecac saw—first in the terrified face of Effie, then with his own eyes—the nature of his doom.

emanated from the house of Ingalls. The whites of Ipecac's eyes grew prominent. Susie had sounded that way just before the time he slept under the house two nights. Likely as not, some nigger had been around lying to her about him again. Ipecac checked over his business hastily but could recall no witnesses to any of his recent infractions of the moral code. Nevertheless he believed in keeping down fusses. No use in a boy with two good feet getting into one with his wife—

Mr. Ingalls' retreat was scarcely begun when the voice of his spouse halted him in his tracks. "Bout face!" was Susie's command. "An' you done lied yo'r las' lie! *Come in dis house!*"

Joining heartily in the awed hush that held his neighbors, Mr. Ingalls entered. Susie didn't share the hush—she ruined it!

"How 'bout yo' truck an' dat white lady's car?" she led off. Ipecac blinked. Somebody surely had been telling his business.

"Who gwine s'port me while you in de jail-house?" she continued heatedly. "Who gwine fotch in de coal and vittles fo' me after de white folks finish 'lectrocutin' you?"

Her lord and master wilted and wriggled. Susie knew too much and was liable to know more. Big trouble about her knowing things, everybody for blocks around knew them too, right afterward. Shutting Susie up was like trying to dam old Mississippi River with a fly swatter. Ipecac might be a business man until six o'clock; after that he was still just a husband.

"—An' Mist' Fogarty say let him see you round dat fu'n'ture sto' or truck of his'n again, an' he trim you down to yo' right size wid a buzz-saw!" Susie continued. "He say he aint never see no white lady hard to sa'sfy as dat one you run over wid de truck. Look like she aint never gwine git sociable 'bout hit. An' her chauffeur aint like hit neither!"

Her last sentence gave Ipecac an additional desire to change the subject. "Huh!" he deprecated. "Mist' Fog'ty always pays folks when I wrecks dey cars. An' ol' insu'ance comp'ny pays him back. Whut he fussin' 'bout?"

"He aint fussin'—not 'longside of me! Whut I wants to know is whut you gwine do now fo' job? Aint no loafers an' fishes round heah. Whut you eats is whut you fotch home—not no mo'!"

Mr. Ingalls thought he saw a lull in the storm, an opening to better domestic relations.

"How you like ridin' in yo' own car?" he inquired cunningly.

"Huh? Whar at you steal hit from?"

Ipecac grew pained. "Wuz somebody drap million dollars in gold on you, you'd set dar an' squall 'bout de stone bruises hit make on you!" he complained. "It's done gone in bus'ness fo' myse'f an' fixin' git rich. But cain't buy you nothin', seem like, widout you tryin' look gif' car in de carb'retor!"

"Seed you go into things befo'," returned his better fraction.

"Den seed you crawlin' out de li'l end. Whut all dis talk? Whut you gone into nohow?"

Ipecac bethought himself to lead her on, to solidify his gains before he answered. "An' how 'bout a

cook fo' you, waitin' on de table while us eats, same as white folks? An' me wid office an' yo' brother Cash Money workin' reg'lar fo' me—an' gal writin' letters in hit!"

Too late, the horror-stricken Ipecac saw his error. His enthusiasm had run away with his self-preservation. He had said the wrong thing at the wrong time to the wrong person. Susie locked the door, ominously, and faced him with her back against it.

"Lemme tell you somep'n, Nothin'!" she resumed her remarks. "When you gits one dem high-yeller gals makin' marks in a book round you, hit's gwine be jes' befo' dese niggers up dis alley begins sayin' whut good-lookin' widder I is! Maybe you can't he'p de women follerin' you round, but I kin! 'Ca'se I done noticed dey don't never foller no *cawpses* long, n'r fur! I trusts you wid one

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Signs of speedy departure, property damage and public excitement lay about.

of dem shawt-handed gals jes' as fur as a ant c'n shove de Brown-Marx Buildin' widout stoppin' to spit on he paws! You git you one dem stenog'phers, an' 'ey needs dust-pan an' two amb'lances to git you to de hawsital wid! You never is play on no harp an' fly, but you sho gwine start l'arnin', does I cotch one dem slick-haired nigger gals round yo' place of business! You heah me?"

"Done been heahin' you," mumbled Ipecac unhappily.

"—An', 'sides, dis look like good night fo' you to eat out or go hongry!" finished Susie.

Mr. Ingalls dodged through the again-unlocked door and emulated his dog in so far as two legs could do the work of four. And it was only after many blocks that he perceived the silver lining to his cloud: Susie had been so busy bawling him out that she had entirely failed to demand of him the location of his new business! Nights of peace and days of ease stretched ahead of him, until she found it. And meantime much might happen—stenographic arrangements be consummated after his own heart, perhaps!

Ipecac awoke next morning stiff, sore and in his private office. What had awakened him was his new employee busily banging furniture about preparatory to starting repairs. Cash Money Willie was enthusiastic about his personal prospects.

"White ladies tips me lib'ral fo' haulin' dis heah junk off!" he crowed. "All you gits is de profits—I gits de real money! Whut Susie say 'bout you gwine in bus'ness fo' yo'se'f?"

"She aint finish sayin' yit," returned Ipecac sadly.

"Well, she better git herse'f some fresh breath, den," continued Willie, "'ca'se I's over on Fo'th Av'nue, to de Gambolin' Green Theater las' night, an' meets up wid dat gal from Calhoun Pon's office all by herse'f. Nigger, you done made a hit."

"Womenfolks cain't he'p fallin' fo' me—hit's my shape," explained Ipecac modestly. "Whut she look like?"

"Look like million dollars wid pink icin' on hit!"

Ipecac swelled and needéd some further information right off. "Is you told Susie whar at you an' me's workin'?" he inquired anxiously.

"Naw."

"Keep yo' mouth shet round her, den. . . . Whut dis baby say she like bes' 'bout me?"

"Say you looks like one dem cave-men to her: she likes 'em wild."

"Nigger, when I roars, lions goes off an' takes lessons," Ipecac further endorsed himself.

In no time Ipecac's business was two days old and going strong. Susie hadn't located his stand, but customers had. Cash Money divided his days between acquisition and resuscitation of old furniture. Ipecac put out bargains and took in money. If this kept up, he was going to need more help. And if Susie found him out, he was going to need a lot of it. Only if Cash Money kept his mouth shut could Ipecac keep his health now.

Then things got perfect. Into the establishment of Ipecac walked a Vision. Fourth Avenue installment stores had done their best for the new arrival—and it was plenty! Ipecac's mind shot backward to Fourth Avenue, to Calhoun Pond's real-estate office, and he ceased instantly to envy Calhoun. It was the yellow girl that had been so easy on his eyes!



Cash Money got to making signals behind her back that Ipecac couldn't understand. She smiled ingratiatingly, and Ipecac lost consciousness of everyday things. All he could think of was Cash Money's recent report that she liked cave-men. And she had come to him!

"Is you need stenog'pher?" she inquired.

"Like a snake needs snowshoes you does!" hissed Willie behind him. "Watch yo' step, nigger!"

But Ipecac heard him not. "Sho' does!" gurgled the entranced Ipecac.

"I seen you when you went down! Bubbles marks de place now—an' tombstones later," muttered Cash Money further. "You done run by de signals."

"I wuz jes' 'lowin' to write a letter nex' week," continued Ipecac recklessly. "An I needs somebody to tend de office heah while I's out bossin' de hired help."

"Da's right, bite de hand whut fed you!" interjected Cash Money sotto voce. "I makes signs to you: if you aint git 'em, hit's yo' han' whut dey gwine put de white lilies in."

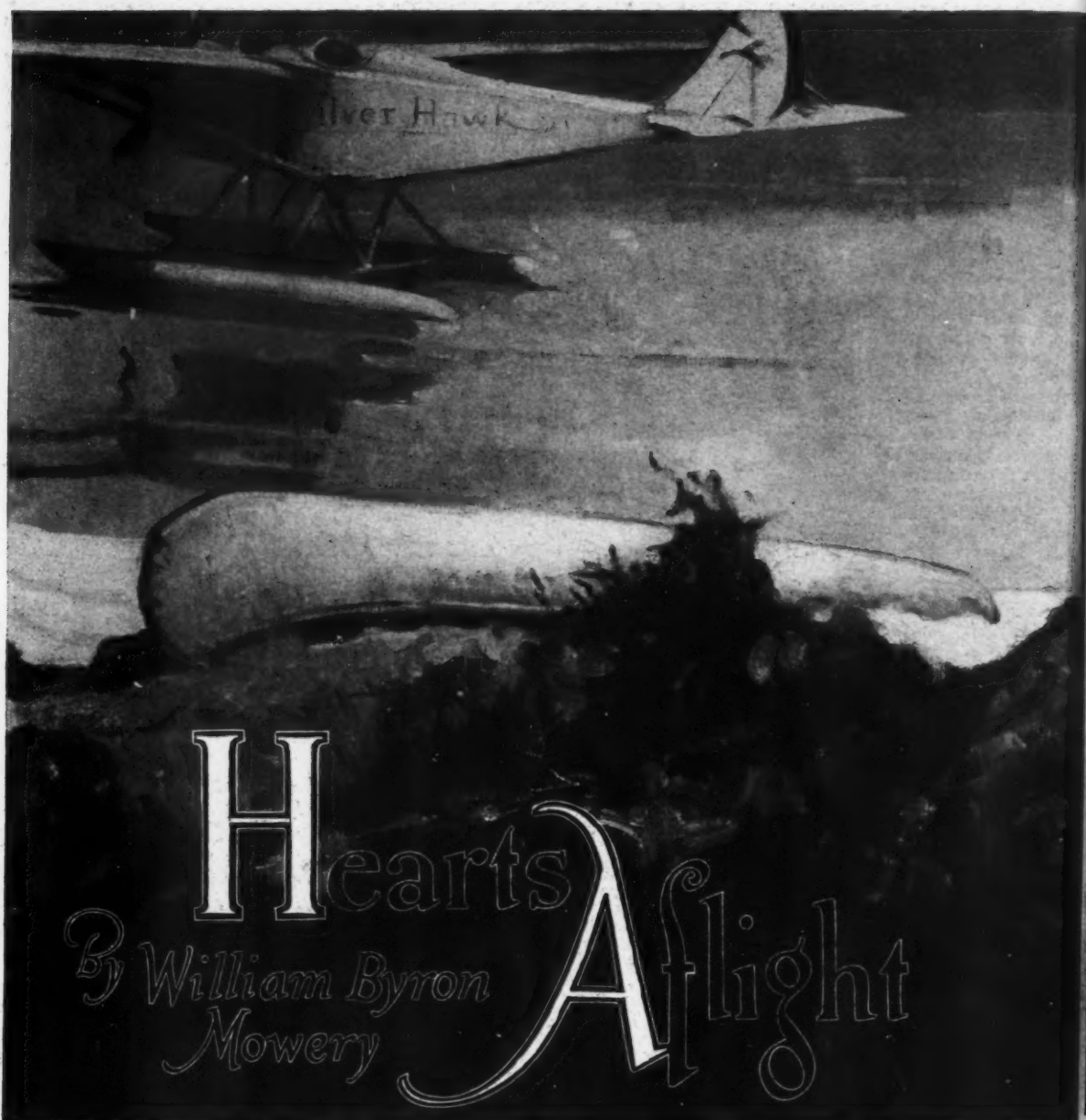
"Mist' Thomas," suggested Ipecac frigidly, "is you mind gwine way back an' fixin' dat furdest off cheer?"

"Dat's de trouble wid hirin' kinfolks," explained Mr. Ingalls largely when Willie had grumblingly retired. "Dey all time thinkin' dey's yo' social equal."

"Aint hit so!" cooed the applicant. "Dat huccome me an' Mist' Pon' aint git on no mo'. Me an' 'nother gal quits him de same day. But I aint have to ride th'ough no tunnels on de train wid you to find out if you's gent'man."

"In co'se!" purred Ipecac. "An' best man all de time gits de bes' he'p. You gwine like hit heah: pay's plenty an' de houahs shawt. Aint nobody to please but me."

"I aims to please," agreed the new (Continued on page 130)



Hearts Aflight

By William Byron Mowery

A romance of the Northwest forest, where pilots replace the man on horseback.

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

The Story So Far:

LATE at night an old native rowed out to the camp of James Dorn, map-maker of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and brought with him Joyce McNain—a fashionably dressed girl who a few hours before had slipped off the Transcontinental express at the lonely little station of Titan Pass in the Canadian Rockies. She told Dorn a strange story of her father in peril on a little island in a small lake two hundred miles north in the wilderness, and persuaded him to fly her thither in his plane. And there, when they found the island long deserted, Joyce confessed—in part: she was herself fleeing from deadly peril, had sought this place—a place she had visited as a child with her father—to hide; had lied for fear her real story would not win Dorn's help. Sometime, she promised, she would explain to him.

Dorn agreed to respect her secret. And because she was wholly unequipped for life in this remote spot, he promised to purchase an outfit for her at Edmonton and to bring it to her secretly. She gave him a diamond brooch to sell in order to buy the needed articles, and asked him to send a telegram to a certain newspaperman in Calgary, which read: "Get in touch with H-C-S. Tell him I am safe, alone, and wish to remain so.—Joyce."

And at Edmonton, after Dorn had sent the message and had sold the brooch to a jeweler, he was arrested in his hotel room by a squad of police under a private detective and charged with theft of the brooch. The detective tried to persuade Dorn to disclose Joyce's whereabouts in payment for freedom. But Dorn by quick thinking and even quicker action contrived to make his escape and to get out of Edmonton with the supplies Joyce needed.

It was after he had delivered them safely that he was confronted at Titan Pass by the detective (whom he had nicknamed Soft-shoe) and Carter-Snowdon, a wealthy man of forty-odd, the descendant of a famous pioneer, and a power in the Northwest.

Carter-Snowdon demanded of Dorn information about Joyce, claiming her as his ward, but betraying such a personal jealousy that Dorn knew he lied, and refused the demand for information. Soft-shoe drew an automatic, but the two of them were no physical match for Dorn, and met swift defeat.

But there were more than two of them, he learned that night: Carter-Snowdon had two airplanes with their crews, and a gang of half-breeds encamped not far off, ready to trail Dorn to the hunted girl's hiding-place.



When Dorn stepped out of the shadows and spoke her name, she stood a moment transfixed; then came running in wild joy and flung herself into his arms. "Jim—Jim—oh, my darling!"

Dorn sought help of his friends "Kansas" Eby, a fellow-aéronaut; and the old Indian guide Luke Illewahwacet. And with their aid he contrived for weeks to take care of Joyce, to keep the secret of her hiding-place from Carter-Snowdon and his men, to defeat them repeatedly. But at length they trailed her, captured her alone on her island. And though Dorn and Kansas in a savage machine-gun battle destroyed Carter-Snowdon's fighting plane and forced its crew to leap in their parachutes, a second plane with Quillan the pilot, Carter-Snowdon and Soft-shoe also aboard, was carrying Joyce away when Dorn overtook it. He dared not use his machine-gun now; but he did contrive by threatening the weaker-nerved pilot with collision, to force him to turn back.

Carter-Snowdon thrust the pistol against his pilot; and Dorn fairly read his shout:

"You turn this plane around, you go where I tell you to go, or by God I'll kill you."

Watching, unable to stir a hand and stop that tragedy, Dorn saw Quillan half rise, take one glance over the edge, grab the rip-cord of his pack-chute, and fling himself bodily out of the cockpit—saw Carter-Snowdon lurch into the pilot seat and start

fumbling disastrously at the controls, saw the plane start to buckle and stagger.

Appalled, watching in the dread despair of helplessness, Dorn saw it lurch toward the fiery-colored mesa. It careened into the tops of three slender pines and shattered its propeller and plowed on through and hit the level tableland a hundred yards beyond. *(The story continues in detail:)*

EVEN while the biplane carrying Joyce and the detective and Carter-Snowdon was tearing through those pine-tops, Dorn had foreseen the inevitable crash. As the heavy machine hit the mesa and piled up against the boulder, he gave the *Silver Hawk* the gun; and with one swift, anguished glance at the wreck beneath him, he sent his plane climbing in thundering spirals above the mountain meadow—climbing to a height from which he could jump with a pack-chute.

That Joyce McNain was lying dead there below him in that wreckage was a thing too ghastly and cataclysmic to be true—like the noonday sun turning black and cold and all light going out of the world.

His glance had shown him that the body of the machine was not terribly crushed. Those pine-tops had checked the headlong rush of the biplane; its first crash had been a slant blow. There was no hope for Carter-Snowdon, caught in the front seat where the heavy engine lunged back and splintered the cockpit; but Joyce and the detective were in the rear seats, back at the third bay.

Dorn had to think now of fire—almost the inevitable aftermath of a crash like this; of a gasoline fire blazing up in that wreckage; of Joyce helplessly pinioned there—doubly helpless with her arms bound.

He jerked around to Kansas. Fully alive to the peril of fire and to the need of immediate action,—of a pack-chute jump,—Kansas himself was preparing to leap; but Dorn stopped him.

So Kansas crawled forward, wedged himself into the cockpit and grabbed the controls, as Dorn let go and clambered out upon the fuselage.

Knowing that a three-hundred-foot jump in that wind might be fatal to his partner, Kansas whirled the plane out over the lake, with no attention to Dorn's pleading shouts, and thundered back over again five hundred feet higher.

His hand on the rip-cord, Dorn leaped. For a second or two he whizzed downward and the mesa seemed rushing up to meet him. Then at his jerk the chute lined back and belied out, and his body belts tugged at him; and he swayed in midair, no longer dropping giddily, but gently rocking, floating.

Before jumping, he had calculated the driftage of his pack-chute, and had leaped north of the wreck, expecting to glide to earth very near it. But the wind pouring through that pass proved stronger at a low level than it had been higher up. It caught his chute and swept it along, and he realized he would be carried south to tree-line or even into the pines down the slope below.

As he worked the guide ropes, checking the driftage somewhat, Dorn suddenly glimpsed some stir in the wreck, halfway back along the fuselage. Then a man's head and shoulders appeared, heaving aside a piece of the shattered wing, and the detective, Soft-shoe, dragged himself out and tried to rise. At the sight, Dorn cried out. The detective had lived through that crash! Joyce, in the seat beside him—Joyce must have been spared! She was alive, there below. . . . *Alive!*

Then, swept on by the wind, Dorn saw a wisp of smoke curl out, and a tiny spurt of flame leaped up, licking at the canvas and dry spruce debris.

Reeling and falling and struggling to his feet again, the detective started away from the wreck, groping aimlessly like a man with blind staggers. Dorn cupped his hands and shouted down at his enemy, yelling sharply at him to go back—go back and pull Joyce from beneath the fuselage.

Soft-shoe heard; he lifted his head and cried something in reply, and turned back, evidently realizing that this would be his guarantee of life. But he seemed still dazed from the crash; he groped and stumbled, his hands in front of him, and missed the plane; and though Dorn shouted orders at him,—shouted till his voice broke,—the man merely staggered this way and that, always with his hands in front of him.

Still fifty feet in air, Dorn brushed over the tops of the tree-line pines, clutching futilely at them as he drifted over. The slope fell away steeply, and the breeze swept him on down, on past a ledge, on two hundred yards, till it seemed he would never alight. Holding on with one hand, he unbuckled himself, thinking to drop into a pine-top; but below the ledge the breeze was shut off, and he fell rapidly and dragged against a minaret spruce far down the mountain-side from the mesa.

Clambering down the tree, Dorn leaped the last twenty feet to the ground and started back up the slope. The ledge rose in front of him; and above it, between him and the mesa, lay the

jumbled windfall of centuries snarled and tangled with briar and buckbrush and mountain laurel. Desperately he fought his way up the slope, to reach the plane and drag Joyce out of it before the flame crept to the gas-tank.

But he was only halfway across the windfall when through a rift in the trees ahead he saw a fan-shaped burst of red flare, and heard a sudden, dull, muffled explosion. . . .

When he finally stumbled out upon the open mesa the center of it, where the wreckage lay, was a crawling lake of fire. The explosion had flung gas and flaming debris a score of yards around, and put torch to the sage grass. With the brisk wind behind it, a wall of fire and smoke was rolling across the mountain meadow toward him.

Dimly he was aware of the *Silver Hawk* roaring low overhead and of Kansas leaning out, frantically yelling, waving him to get back, stay



"He turned to Carter-Snowdon. 'I've got a wife and two boys; that's why I'm not killing you!'"

back, and escape the path of the fire. But Dorn scarcely saw or heard. After the benumbing shock of the explosion, he was no longer entirely clear of mind. He could not seem to realize that the tragedy was complete and utter, and that it was of no mortal use now to fight his way out upon that mesa. He held to a blind and naïve faith that if he only would battle on, he could reach Joyce and lift her from that flaming wreckage and carry her in his arms to safety.

He hurried out into the open meadow and ran to meet the flame. A moment later he was engulfed in a fiery wave. It blanketed him in a terrible heat and sent him staggering to his knees; but in a second or two the worst of it was past, and he stumbled on, choked and suffocating, groping toward that wreck. The turf underfoot was afire; clumps of bear grass and sage crackled and burned. He pressed his gloves against his face and breathed through them. He lurched into boulders laid bare by the gutting flames, and stumbled and fell; but rose again each time, and fought on.

In the whirling, flame-shot smoke he missed the wreck at first. Turning left, he came upon it at last by sheer chance. But the fierce, withering heat of it sent him reeling back half-blinded, and he sobbed because he could not force his body into it; then his conscious mind gave way as he did realize, in a black, crushing moment, that the tangle of charred debris and white-hot metal could hold only death. . . .

Self-preservation rose up all-powerful and led him away from the wreck, guiding him north to the unburned mesa and across it to a little streamlet cascading from the snowfield above; and caused him to lie down in the icy waters of a tiny basin.

After a space he got up and began wandering in search of the old Carrier trail. He did not know what he was doing. It was memory, working subconsciously, that made him look for the path.

He seemed to think that if he found it, and followed it down the precipitous mountain slope to Joyce's lake, he would see her standing again in slender and lovely beauty on the jutting boulder, casting lures for trout; and she would come across to him in the white canoe and take him to her little island.

A little way ahead he glimpsed a man, with hands outstretched in front of him, groping and fumbling from tree to tree; and as he drew near, he saw it was Soft-shoe. Dorn spoke; and at the sound of his voice, the detective cried out and turned to run and crashed against a pine. Dorn helped him to his feet and steadied him with his hand. As the detective slowly upturned his face, Dorn looked at the quivering features and saw that the man was blinded.

The detective whimpered, as though pleading for his life: "I heard your shouts! I tried to go back; she was caught. I wanted to save her, like you ordered; but I couldn't come to her—I couldn't see."

The words were almost



meaningless to Dorn. In some vague fashion he recalled that this detective had once been his enemy and Joyce's, and that for some reason he had once sworn to kill this man barehanded, without mercy or qualm of conscience. But his desire to kill had vanished; hatred and passion had burned itself out in his soul. A strange peace had fallen upon him after that moment by the flaming wreckage.

A great surge of pity and compassion rose up in him as he looked at those sightless eyes.

"You're hurt!" he said. "Here, take my hand. I'm going down to her lake. If we shout loud enough, she'll come across and get us."

"She'll come?" The detective started. "She? You're not meaning—"

"She'll come and get us. We'd better go. She's waiting for us."

Soft-shoe finally seemed to understand what had happened to Dorn. After a few moments he took Dorn's arm listlessly, and Dorn led him—the blind of reason leading the blind of sight. It was a strange and crazy pilgrimage, toward a fantastic and hopeless goal, but they set out.

A little farther on they came to the age-old Carrier trail and started down the mountain-side. The path they followed was steep and treacherous—a path where strong men needed to be wary and sure of foot. It went down through dangerous fissures and across thin-spun log bridges, and led along the lip of bold-jutting ledges where the air souged up in their faces and the big pines were mere shrubbery below.

In a low comfortless voice Soft-shoe kept complaining of the pain and the dark. Frequently Dorn halted to let him rest, and once made a cup of birch-paper and gave him a drink, and bathed his face with a handkerchief.

While they were resting at this pool, Soft-shoe took a billfold from his coat pocket and felt in it for a slip of paper. Holding the slip in front of him, he turned his head toward Dorn. His listless dejection seemed to have suddenly dropped from him; he was courageous and resolute now. He spoke more to himself than to his companion:

"Here's thirty thousand dollars, friend. I gypped a man and I sold a girl to get it. I thought my life'd be all sunshine and roses—with that much money. But what is it worth, what does it mean to me now? It can't ever buy me one glimpse of light. I'm blind."

He repeated the word over and over again, and his fingers twisted the check and slowly tore it to bits. He rose and shook himself and said: "Let's go on."

A little farther down the

mountain, when Dorn was leading him along the edge of a dizzy precipice, Soft-shoe stopped.

"I feel the air blowing up. There a cliff here, friend?"

"Yes," Dorn replied, too guileless to guess the man's intention.

"A high cliff?"

"Yes, very high."

"Pick up a rock and throw it down, so I can hear."

Dorn let go of him and found a little boulder and rolled it over the precipice. Long seconds later they heard its thud, faint as a watch-tick, on the rocks below.

A shudder passed through Soft-shoe, but he conquered it. He turned to Dorn.

"You're thinking to find her, friend," he intoned. "Thinking she'll be waiting for you down at the lake. But she was in that plane. And you're near the jumping-off place yourself. You'll find her quicker if you follow me."

He whirled toward the cliff and took a sudden lunge forward. Dorn sprang and grabbed for him, but he was too late.

DORN sat there a few minutes on the cliff-top. He thought the detective's death had been some accident, and he blamed himself for letting go of the man.

Presently he got up and went on. Below the precipice where the moss began, he lost the dim old tote-path in a confusion of game trails, and wandered aimlessly out along the mountain.

His body was beginning to feel numb. He had to stop more and more frequently to rest, and he wanted to sleep; but he must reach the lake edge and call Joyce before evening. He cut a stick to help him, and went on.

An hour before sunset the path Dorn followed led him back into the old Carrier trail. At times he believed he was toting Kansas on his shoulders down to the railroad, as he had done that spring in the Lillooets when Kansas cracked up on a mesa. His pack-chute jump and his dragging Kansas from the wreckage before it caught afire, and their nightmare trip to the grade, were burned into his memory; and that disaster was so like the one he had just passed through that the two of them were confused in his mind.

At other times he saw Joyce McNain gliding down the path ahead of him. When he tried to overtake her he would stumble and fall.

The moonlight brightened into silver and filtered down through the pines to light his way. Presently he was catching glimpses of a lake on ahead, and he hurried a little faster till at last he broke out of the dark woods and stood on a strip of moonlit sand.

A fire, built there on the beach earlier in the evening, had burned to red coals. Near it on the land-wash, a white canoe was upturned. Far out across the glistening waters Dorn saw the dark blur of an island—Joyce's island. A rod or two offshore a graceful airplane lay sleeping at anchor, and Dorn recognized the plane which he had flown and loved, and which had brought him safe that day through a machine-gun battle.

For the last hour of his journey down the mountain, Joyce seemed to have forsaken him; the apparition of her had not entered into the misty pictures that shifted and merged and changed in his mind. But now when he came out of the woods, he once more saw her. She was standing there ahead of him on the sand, waiting, her slender body silhouetted against the glow of the camp-fire. She appeared to him in some way different from the figure which had flitted in front of him on his trip down to the lake; her hair was disheveled and her jacket torn and muddled; and instead of the laughing, hauntingly elusive girl she had been all afternoon, she seemed utterly dejected—crushed with sorrow.

And when he stepped out of the shadows and spoke her name, she did not vanish as she had been doing, but whirled toward him and stood a moment transfixed; and then came running in wild joy, crying his name, and flung herself into his arms.

Chapter Thirteen

AT first, Joyce had no suspicion of Dorn's trouble. The sight of him, coming out of the shadows, had overwhelmed her and she clung to him, sobbing; she felt his hand smoothing her disheveled hair, and felt his lips on her forehead and his arm around her.

It was the strange quality in his voice, and his still stranger words, that woke her to the truth.

"Why did you keep running away from me all afternoon, Joyce? I tried to catch up with you, but I couldn't."

She glanced up quickly and studied his features. Her hands went up to his cheeks, and she half-turned him so that the moonlight shone full on his face. She stood on tiptoe; and brushing away her tears, looked long and intently into his eyes.

"Jim—Jim—oh, my darling! You're—you're sick, darling. You're tired, Jim, and you must rest. I know a place where you can sleep and be well again. See—there's a canoe I can take you in. Wont you come—with me?"

She freed herself for a moment, and stooped, and with her finger traced a message on the sand. Then she took his hand and led him to the water's edge.

They floated out upon the lake. She would not let him use the canoe paddle, but took it from his hands and made him lie down with his head on her lap. She could feel the beat of gentle wavelets against the wind-water line of the craft, and her rhyth-

mic strokes pushed the canoe steadily onward under the moonlight. From time to time she dipped her kerchief over the gunwale and bathed his forehead. She was infinite tenderness toward him, but firm at the same time—a little mother who scolded him when he stirred restlessly and kissed him when he obeyed her commands.

For a while he seemed content to look up at her and be carried on in dreamy peace. But presently he was tossing restlessly, and a little later he spoke to her:

"Why didn't you, Joyce—this afternoon when you kept running away from me—why wouldn't you stop and answer my question?"

She bent low over him. "What question, dear? I didn't—didn't mean to keep running away from you. I'll never, never again."

"Kansas told me of your marrying Carter-Snowdon."

She gasped, panic-stricken again for a moment; but quickly her hand crept down and found his; she tried to soothe him into forgetfulness.

"You mustn't toss that way, darling. Wont you try and sleep now? Sometime—after you're rested—then we can talk of that."

He insisted feverishly: "No! Kansas'll have to look after you. Don't you remember I promised to go away?"

He sat up impatiently in the frail wabby craft, and faced her.

"Jim, darling, please—wont you lie down again, lie very quietly—in this dangerous canoe—out on our lake; and let me take you home? You wouldn't understand, Jim; you're too tired—and worn out."

But he was not to be turned aside; and she saw, in desperate alarm, that his mood had flared beyond her controlling and that she would have to yield. He demanded:

"I wont have another chance to hear. I'll have to go away. That was the promise between us—for me to go away."

She was trying to steady the canoe; it was no longer of any moment to her whether he could understand or not. She cried: "Jim, if you'll lie down again, lie very still and listen, with your head on my lap again, I'll tell you!"

THUS she persuaded him to lie back. Moreover, she had divined what it was that would not let him rest, that stayed with him, a torment, when other memories were veiled or fantastically distorted in his mind. She dipped her kerchief overboard and laid it cool and soothing on his forehead; and she thought: "If he knew the truth, if I could only make him understand a little of the story. . . . It's the source and cause of all his—his trouble now; and he'll never rest quietly till he does know."

The canoe drifted, but the night *revanche*, running north up the middle of the lake, carried it on toward its goal. A high-flying V of cranes on a night trip to marshlands eastward winged across the face of the moon, outstretching their long necks like broomsticks and gabbling like a flock of witches. On the bosom of the lake deep-diving ducks feeding in twenty fathoms merely swam a few feet aside. A pair of wild swans, wariest of all the migrants, circled curiously around the ghostly canoe at a short distance, like two stately and ceremonial attendants upon its progress.

"Do you remember that night, three weeks ago, Jim, when Dad Bergelot brought me across to your tent, and you and I flew north? Can you remember that, dear?"

"Could I forget it?"

"And your trip into Edmonton and your return to me, and how we spent that morning exploring our island—the fox den, the bird nests, our little baby trout, Jim—can you remember that? And then—it was only yesterday—when you took me away all day in your plane; and how we lit down in the Bighorn's Looking-glass and talked for hours?"

He nodded to all her questions. She was beginning to see that he could understand more than she had supposed; that only the day just passing was mercifully blank to him.

She said: "Then you remember, Jim, how I told you about my father—how he watched over me for seventeen years, and I went with him on all his work, and we lived in the mountains in tents and cabins and construction-shanties. When he died, I went down to Victoria and lived with Mother in a big house on a terrace. It was a new, strange life, Jim. I was dazzled by it, and gradually I forgot about the bush and forgot Dad's training; and at that girls' school I was such a barbarian it made me ashamed of that old life."

"Mother's social position—she was a leader like Dad in all she did—that was *entrée* for me into her own circle. Instead of having friends like my father and old Luke and the young field

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You need a hot soup with cold summer meals

For invigoration

For health

For digestion



NOW COME the days when every woman plans to make her table the picture of dainty coolness and refreshment. The problem is so different now.

Different the dishes which must be provided to attract and satisfy the family appetite. Meats in a variety of tempting "cold cuts". Salads in no end of skillful and delightful combinations. Iced desserts and beverages, each with its own appeal on warm summer days.



Among so many cold foods, hot soup is especially healthful. This invigorating, liquid food acts as a tonic, wholesome

stimulant to the appetite and the digestion. The cold meal tastes better and does you more good when hot soup is included.

Soup is the ideal one-hot-dish of the cold meal. It is so popular with women everywhere that it has become a regular household dish in warm weather.



Campbell's Vegetable Soup is one of the special summer favorites. You will realize at once how handy and convenient it is to have such a substantial soup always ready, either as a luncheon or supper in itself, or as a part of your longer meals. 15 garden vegetables. 32 different ingredients. Blended with all the skill of Campbell's famous French chefs.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a real food that helps you to keep out of the

hot kitchen in summer. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes!

Twenty-one Soups are made by Campbell's—each one easy to serve and so delicious. See

the full list printed on every label.



It will repay you to read this list and become familiar with the delightful and welcome variety in Campbell's Soups. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

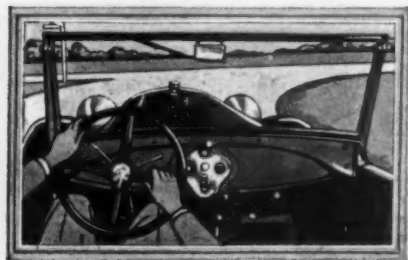
SUPPER



Everything you want or need in a modern automobile

EVERYTHING you want or need in a modern automobile is brought to you at a low price in the new Ford . . . beauty of line and color—speed of 55 to 65 miles an hour—four-wheel brakes to balance this speed and to provide the safety demanded by present-day motoring conditions—flashing pick-up and ease of control that put a new joy in motoring—power for any hill because of a remarkably efficient engine which develops 40-brake-horse-power at only 2200 revolutions a minute—new transverse springs, Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and wide, roomy seats for restful comfort—the economy of 20 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline—

Windscreens in all the new Ford cars are made of Triplex shatter-proof glass—an important safety feature.



reliability and low cost of up-keep.

Check over these features and you will find that not one essential thing that you require of a motor car is omitted from this list.

Yet the completeness of the new Ford goes farther even than this. It extends to every least little detail of finish and appointment and to the equipment which is standard on the car. This includes speedometer, gasoline gage on instrument panel, electric windshield wiper on closed cars, five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental ignition lock, high pressure grease gun lubrication, and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

Five years ago—three years ago—one year ago—it would have been impossible to produce such a really fine car at such a low price. It is possible today only because of the development of new machines, new manufacturing methods and new production economies that are as remarkable as the car itself.

The Ford Motor Company did not set out to make a new car at a

certain figure. It decided on the kind of car it wanted to make and then found ways to build it at the lowest possible price.

Every purchaser shares the benefits of the Ford policy of owning the source of raw materials, of selling at a small margin of profit and of constantly giving greater and greater value.

As Henry Ford himself has said: "We make our own steel—we make our own glass—we mine our own coal. But we do not charge a profit on any of these items or from these operations. Our only profit is on the automobile we sell."

When you know the joy of driving the new Ford—when you see its outstanding performance under all conditions—when you study its reliability and low upkeep cost—you will know that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model, but the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

In every least little detail it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many months and years.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

engineers who worked for Dad, I came to know men of another type. They weren't all like Henry Carter-Snowdon. By and large they were neither better nor worse than the other men I'd known. They were just utterly different. You told me once, dear, that I must have had lots of attention from those men. I did. I was young; I guess I brought a certain freshness or wildness out of the mountains; I had money and the prominence of the McNain name; and naturally, after I came back from school—Jim, I was flattered, and my head was turned by having men who owned steamship lines and railroads and were powerful in politics, pay me so much attention.

"But Mother kept me aloof. I can see why—now. She knew Carter-Snowdon was planning to get a divorce. She knew he liked me even before his separation. The fault wasn't all hers, Jim. She did throw us together after his divorce, and she swayed me and broke down with sarcasm and contempt those ideals Dad had given me. So far she was guilty, but in the end she left the decision entirely in my hands. I remember. . . . One night she came into my room and told me what Carter-Snowdon had said, and she went out without urging me or saying another word.

"I remember my thoughts that night, Jim. I didn't like him—in God's truth, I didn't. You see, I hardly knew him. He was much older; I didn't understand his nature or his outlook, so how could I like him? But that did not seem important then. Jim, my mother had told me, and *made me believe*, that marriage for love was a blind, irrational act—a schoolgirl's notion; and that sensible people married for more enduring reasons.

"How could I be sure she was wrong? There was the example of her and Dad: they had liked each other at first, and see how miserable their relations became! And I'd never been in love, Jim. I could talk about it and read about it and wonder about it, but till it came to me, I couldn't realize what it meant. I was blind—worse than blind!"

Into her last words, low and trembling, crept a penitence so bitter that it roused Jim. He raised her hand to his lips.

"Yes. I can understand."

She went on, fighting to be calm again: "But I was guilty of something worse than blindness in my thoughts that night. I yielded to the most sordid kind of promptings. In my mother's circle, at school—all around me for three years—I'd heard nothing but 'good catches' and 'prestige' and 'marry up, not down.' Hardly ever a word about affection or lifelong companionship in a sacred relation. Dad's memory was very dim, and the mountains were far away, and it seemed I'd left that old life forever and would have to live this new one according to its own rules. It was up to me, I reasoned, to make the 'best catch' I could.

"That night I kept thinking how immensely rich and immensely powerful Carter-Snowdon was, and what my position would be if I married him. The prospect of that—it swept me off my feet, Jim. Whenever a worthy thought came to me, I fought it down. My mother had furnished me the weapons. Ideals won't stand sarcasm, Jim; they're too fragile. During that night I called back everything she'd told me in three years, and used it to beat down my own conscience.

"The next morning when I went into the library, he was there talking to Mother, and she left us alone, and he told me he loved me and I—I promised him."

JOYCE'S words trailed off into whispers and her voice broke. Breathlessly, forcing herself to the narrative, she hurried on: "You know now why I married him—because of his money and power and position.

And I'll have to tell you why *he* wanted to marry me, or you never can understand what happened later, and you'd think I was guilty of a great wrong in what I did. His reason wasn't his infatuation for me; he had been infatuated with others. He married me because I was political capital. It was a cunning and a deep-sighted political play—his marriage.

"There was the tremendous emotional appeal. It was a personal element, all favorable to him, injected into a political campaign. It was the kind of thing to appeal to common folk everywhere. With them marriage is a thing of the heart; in their minds it's all bound up with romance and beauty; and he knew it would have infinitely more sway over them than any platform or dry statement of policy.

"But his chief reason was my name. I was always introduced to people as MacKenzie McNain's granddaughter, and that's how folk everywhere thought of me. In his lifetime my grandfather was a leader, and powerful; but he never had half the power or the following then, that he had after his death, when people began to understand what he'd been fighting for. His name has tremendous power; it's come to be the rallying cry of the reform party—of all Carter-Snowdon's enemies. Think of him marrying into their camp! Think how common folk everywhere would see our two names linked, and what the effect on them would be!

"We were married in Prince Rupert—secretly. He had told me that with this campaign on his hands he could not spare time for all the lengthy social obligations that our marriage called for. But I saw later that this reason which he gave me was a lie. He knew his political enemies were going to use my grandfather's name as their slogan and his policies as their platform. He wanted them to; he schemed to let their campaign get fully under way, to be irrecusable; and *then*,—when they had committed themselves and could not draw back,—*then* he would announce that he had married MacKenzie McNain's granddaughter and blast all their plans and make his enemies appear ridiculous! That's why our marriage was secret!

"Just after the wedding, we started across for Edmonton. It was that morning, during our first real talk, that I got a glimpse into his real nature. Something had come over him—some change; and it set me to wondering; it made me uneasy. I understand now—he was sure of me and didn't have to dissemble any longer. That's why he changed. He was tired of acting a part to please a silly girl.

"I was appalled by his mercenary outlook. The forests we passed through—he thought of them only as so much timber to be graded and cut and marketed, and of mountains as big heaps of ore to be mined, and of wild creatures as things to be shot for his sport when he was vacationing at one of his hunting-lodges.

"That glimpse of his soul, of the man I was married to— But Jim, it was nothing, it was only the faint beginning of what happened later, and of the horror that grew on me all that day. We were traveling *incognito*; but just east of Hazelton a rancher from down Chilcotin way—he must have seen and recognized Carter-Snowdon—this man came into our coach. He was a man in his forties, big and powerful and wearing a gun; I saw the bulge of it against his breast. He didn't recognize me; he must have thought I was Carter-Snowdon's— He didn't know I was *married*, for he pointed his finger at me and he said in terrible contempt: 'So you've taken the place that my girl had with him last summer! I'm going over to Winnipeg now, Miss, to tell her she can come home.' Then he turned on Carter-Snowdon. I never in my life, Jim, heard such slow, deadly words—like

bullets dropping on a pan. The last thing he said was: 'I've got a wife and two boys; that's why—and he touched his breast pocket—that's why I'm not killing you!'

"Carter-Snowdon didn't deny what the man said. He couldn't; it was true on the very face of it. He didn't even show any shame; but I could see he was shaken inside with rage, and his fingers twitched, and he wanted to murder the rancher for exposing him—before me.

"He tried to take my mind off the incident by talking about his campaign. He had the brazen effrontery to tell me I'd have to appear on the platform with him. He talked about the vote-value of my name and the plans of his enemies; and it was only then, Jim, that I began to see down into his real motives in the marriage, and see how I'd been traitress to my father and grandfather and their loyal friends, and to all the principles they stood for.

"It was revolting to me—the prospect of being exhibited, of dragging a name down, of being publicly used. I asked him—I was angry by then, Jim—I demanded to know if that was the reason he had married me. He laughed and he said: 'No, not the whole reason.' He looked at me in a way he'd never done before, and he said, 'You're almost reason enough by yourself,' and he put his arms around me. It made me shudder. I never realized, till I saw that look on his face and he began talking a simpering language to me, that body and soul he was repugnant to me. And I began to know then what love in marriage meant, and that without love it's a hideous thing that violates every sacred instinct.

"AS evening shut down it seemed to me the hours of my life were numbered. I prayed that the sun would never set. I prayed that the train would plunge down into a black cañon. I once thought to bargain with him: if he would never touch me, I'd travel with him till the campaign was over and then go away.

"But I knew he'd never release me. I could never get a divorce. What grounds did I have? None—none that any court could ever understand. And I knew he'd fight me—to protect his name—fight me with all his power and money, and keep me from getting a divorce. And that day, that afternoon, that night, the law itself would uphold his power over me. I was caught, trapped, in his coach, in his power, *his wife*. Tomorrow—in Edmonton, I had friends there; I could flee to them; but tomorrow, if it ever came—I'd no longer care then what happened to me. So I sat there hopeless, waiting, with no strength or courage to fight him." She paused.

From some naked pinnacle a wolf howl came wavering lonesomely. Farther away, high up on the mountain side toward the mesa, a human voice, a mere pin-point of sound in the brooding silence, rose in a halloo, twice repeated, calling Dorn's name. Joyce turned, as though to answer it; but the distance was too great.

In the darkness Jim could no longer see her face, but only the silhouette of her shapely head against the sky—proudly poised, with stars tangled in her disheveled hair. She seemed vanishing to a voice and a presence; and his clasp tightened upon her hand to keep her from vanishing altogether.

When she spoke again, it was in a new strange tone, no longer penitent, but courageous and triumphant.

"Jim, in those hours I think I must have gone down and down and touched the bottom of hopelessness, for when I couldn't sink farther, a courage gradually came to me—the fiercest kind—the courage of despair. During twilight the train entered into the mountains where I'd lived in wild freedom with Dad, and I saw them again for the first time in years, and all those

memories came back. I was mountain-born and -bred, and it was like coming home again.

"It seemed I could hear my father's voice telling me that for years I had been a parasite—the worst of things in his eyes; and had made no use of my money or my education.

"I began to plan. I felt no compunction. Carter-Snowdon had lied when he said he loved me; he had veiled his real purpose in the marriage; he'd never told me that I was to be used publicly. My marriage vow was sacred, and I swore to keep it so; and you can witness, Jim, I did—against love itself. I saw it was my duty to keep secret my separation from him and not injure him in his campaign; and you can witness—from that telegram and the newspapers—that I did want to keep it secret and did shield him from any consequences of my act. So far I felt obligated by duty and honor, but no farther.

"With all his power and money behind the hunt for me, I knew there'd be no safety in civilization. I thought of the lonely lake two hundred miles north where Dad and I had spent four happy summers. Of our cabin there, the great pines on the island, the cold blue waters and the winds blowing off the snowfields; and in my fever it was a vision of heaven to me, Jim. I prayed God I could escape somehow and make my way north and live there, beyond his ever finding me.

"In my plans I thought of old Dad Berge-lot. He would befriend me and find some way of getting me north—if only I could fight off—could save myself till we reached Titan Pass.

"Our train was still forty miles west of there when night shut down and I was left alone in the coach with—the man I had married. If he had ever known, ever suspected my thoughts, my wild plan—our compartment had locks on it, and he would have overpowered me, but he never guessed. I kept him from the faintest suspicion. I laughed with him, laughed at his coarse jokes, talked his simpering language, played coy and modest—the hunted, the elusive—and he liked that game.

"I was watching ahead for the moonlight on Titan Major. The instant I should see it, I meant to whisper that I wanted a few moments alone, out in the fresh air of the platform.

"That last half-hour was a black nightmare. I fought for every mile, for every minute; I sat on his lap and smiled at him and allowed him to run his coarse fingers through my hair. I know what hell is, Jim; I lived an eternity of it in that half-hour, fighting him. . . . But he's dead, Jim—up on that fire-blackened mesa, and only the truth remains—the blessed truth of God's mercy to me in that battle—for I won."

Chapter Fourteen

IN the chill gray of dawn Kansas Eby and old Luke Illewahwacet, stumbling in their weariness, came back down the mountain from their futile hunt for Dorn.

The *Silver Hawk* still rode at anchor a few yards out; but the canoe was gone, and Joyce was gone, and the fire they had built there on the sand as a beacon to guide Dorn, had burned to dead ashes.

They had discovered the body of the detective and given it burial in a rock cairn, and cut a lobster to mark that lonely wilderness grave. On the mountain slope south of the mesa they had found Harry Quillan. His pack-chute had failed to open till he had plunged almost into the pines; his ankle was broken, and he was cruelly battered and bruised; his life was a matter of getting him quickly to a doctor. Temporarily they had left him up at the edge of the mesa a hundred yards from the

charred plane, at the brush shelter which old Luke had built for himself when Dorn stationed him there.

The conviction had grown on Kansas that Dorn was dead, and he cursed himself as the cause of his partner's death. He saw now that he should have kept track of Dorn instead of giving his attention to Joyce and old Luke.

For the last twelve hours Kansas had cursed himself with every step he took: "I ought to have kept track of Dorn. Jim Dorn was worth an acre of girls." In his self-damnation it never occurred to him that hind-sight was easy, that he had acted as any man would have, that he had done all that lay in his power. He had risked his life, brushing low over the mesa, in that desperate attempt to make Dorn understand what old Luke had done; but still he blamed himself.

During that night he had hoped Dorn might be alive, and might have found his way down to the lake where they had left Joyce to watch for him. But when Kansas trudged out of the woods and saw the empty land-wash, his last hope flickered out.

Old Luke, with a glance at the dead ashes and a grunt of surprise at Joyce's being gone, stepped forward and searched along the sand like an old hound cold-trailing. At his sudden "Huh! Ho!" Kansas hurried over to him.

"Look!" old Luke jabbed, reading a book that was closed to his white companion. "His track! Bigger than yours. It come out of woods. He come while we gone—three, four hour ago. He sick, track wabble, no walk straight. Look, she standing by fire; she run to him; they stand here together a minute. . . . *Saghelie!* Look there—she write bug-tracks on sand for us—"

Kansas took one glance at Joyce's message, "*Jim has come.*" With a whoop, forgetting his exhaustion, he grabbed the old Indian's arm, splashed out into the icy water, shoved Luke into the rear seat, whirled the *Silver Hawk*, jumped in; and with his cold engine spluttering like sporadic machine-gun bursts, he started taxying across the lake.

DOWN the path Joyce came running to meet them as they waded ashore in the cove, and fairly ran into Kansas' arms with her news; and when he clasped her hands, Kansas had no need of asking whether Jim Dorn were in any danger of his life.

She was worn out from her long suspense and her all-night vigil; but in her happiness she seemed a different creature from the heartbroken girl Kansas had left over on the opposite shore twelve hours ago.

"Why didn't you signal us?" he asked, a little reproachfully, as they went up the path together.

"But I didn't have any gun, and I couldn't shout that far. I'd have built a fire, but till he went to sleep, just a little while ago, I had to stay with him every instant. He seemed to think that if I went away from him—he seemed to be—not entirely—"

Kansas knew what she meant to say and could not. Out of his experience with crack-ups, he was more inured to such a thing than she. It was only a couple of months ago that Dorn had dragged him out of a splintered plane, and for more than sixty hours he had been "not entirely—"

"You mean the shock upset him? I suspected. He went through enough, Jim did. Is he bad hurt otherwise?" asked Kansas.

"He's terribly burned and wounded and—but I'll let you—if you'll promise to be quiet and not disturb or talk to him—I'll let you see—"

Kansas looked askance at her proprietorship of Jim, and answered rather dryly:

"I'd like to see him. I'm some interested in him too. Dorn and I, we sort of associated together for several years."

They tiptoed into her room, where Jim lay sleeping on her bunk. She had managed to take off his coat and loosen his shirt at the throat. He was sunk into the dreamless oblivion of a man who has driven himself beyond the limit of mortal endurance.

Kansas bent over the bunk and examined him. All the "wounds" he could discover were some long ugly scratches from briar and devil's-club; and the "terrible burns" of Joyce's anxiety were a few square inches of blisters on his hands and neck. Remembering how Dorn had walked through the fire of that mesa, Kansas whispered: "We've got to be thankful he wasn't burned to death or disfigured for life. His heavy flying togs—they're all that saved him."

WHEN Joyce had gone out, Kansas softly drew up a chair and sat there beside the bunk. His eyes were misty at the sudden realization that these were his last moments alone with Jim Dorn, and that their partnership was at an end. But that was the truth; somebody infinitely closer than any partner had come into Dorn's life, and henceforth the old relationship must needs be a poor second-best. Already Joyce was speaking not of "Jim and I" but of "we"—that indissoluble we already.

With a jest to cover up the bitter ache, Kansas thought: "We've stuck together for six years, Jim, like a double-barrel shotgun, and we split our dollars when we didn't have any, and we were going to call our airline the *Dorn & Eby Pacific Airways*, and we've stood leg-to-leg and licked everything from war aces to hospital bills; but now it's *fini* between you and me, Jim. I'll go a hell of a ways before I meet your like again, but I've got to go. Two is company, and if I'd hang around, I'd be the crowd. I'll help you and Joyce get clear of this ugly fix you're in; then I'll go over to Ontario and take that job you were going to take."

Kansas knew Joyce was not thinking of the situation she and Dorn were confronted with in the death of Carter-Snowdon and the detective: This was the kind of thing which newspapers would run screaming headlines about. Kansas reasoned: "This trouble—the notoriety—they'll dread going out and facing it. They'll never be able to shake it off. Twenty years from now people will still whisper about them and point when they walk by. And all this is providing Jim hasn't got a double murder charge hanging over his head!"

He wondered whether he might not in some way cover the whole affair up. If he could, it would be his wedding present to Jim and Joyce. In those moments when he sat beside Dorn, he reflected: "Her marriage was secret. That'll help. I'll take Harry Quillan out this morning. I'll tell him that if he ever opens his mouth,—one little peep out of him,—I'll break his cowardly neck. I'll take Ace McGregory and the gunner out; they're pretty good chaps; they'll probably agree to keep quiet."

So Kansas reasoned and decided. But he did not take into account the prominence of Henry Carter-Snowdon and the hunt that would spring up for him and the inevitable discovery of his feud with Dorn and the manner of his death. And Kansas did not stop to think that by trying to cover up this whole trouble, he would make Dorn appear dead guilty in the eyes of the law; that he would be heaping damnation upon his partner's head.

PRACTICAL little soul, with tired and hungry men to care for, Joyce had breakfast ready in five minutes. Old Luke took his trout and bacon and bread on a piece of birchbark, and stalked away to a corner of the cabin.

Across the breakfast-table Joyce and Kansas talked in low tones.

She said: "Kansas, his—his trouble isn't anything physical. Don't you think an air



"The Golden Turban"

*Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,
With coral pink and ivory white
And delicate as the tints that hold
Lily and rose by pale moon-light,—
Go, fashion me with loving care
And all the skill that art can bring
A figure of my lady fair,—
A gossamer and dainty thing.*

—from a poem
dedicated to Lady Lavery

LADY LAVERY

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*The greatest beauty since
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RED-GOLD Titian hair crowning a lovely Grecian head; great amber eyes; ivory skin, "... delicate as the tints that hold lily and rose by pale moonlight,"—this is the wondrous beauty of Lady Lavery. Beauty which vividly attests that life has its masterpieces just as music has, or sculpture, or painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery, the internationally known British painter, Lady Lavery is the inspiration of many of his portraits which hang in the famous galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's gives so much to the world. To the artist—inspiration; to life—color and romance. And nothing contributes to this precious quality more delicately—more elusively than the exquisite beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible charm of her "lily and rose" complexion, Lady Lavery has considered—perhaps more than most women—the art of cultivating a beautiful skin.

ABOVE everything—she believes in a simple method of care. "For, after all," she told us with knowing conviction, "the secret of a lovely skin lies in keeping it clean. My formula is a simple one. I always use Pond's! The Two Creams, the cleansing Tissues, the Skin Freshener—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful re-

sults which cause Lady Lavery to prefer the Pond's method of care to all others—use the four products daily.

FIRST—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt. Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness. Last—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Just one treatment—and your mirror will reflect new loveliness.



*This portrait hangs in the Guildhall Gallery,
London. By Sir John Lavery.*



"Hazel in Mauve and Rose"



A priceless Venetian glass mirror—exquisite crystal candle sticks—and lovely old Chelsea Ware define the rare charm of Lady Lavery's dressing table.

On its top stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the Tonic Skin Freshener.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—for a week's supply of all four of these delightful preparations

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journey out to a city would be the worst thing in the world for him now? Don't you think he ought to stay here?"

She might have added "with me," for that was what she meant. She was pleading with Kansas to say yes, and he did agree, knowing that Jim needed utter rest and seclusion.

He arranged: "I'll fly over this lake tomorrow, and if he isn't better or if you need me, spread something white on the boulder where you and I talked that night, and I'll come down."

Joyce asked him quickly, breathlessly: "Kansas—what we talked about that night—my marriage—you told him. What did he say?"

"He didn't believe it."

"But he was forced to. Did Jim lose faith in me? Did he condemn me? Will he condemn me when he's his rational self again?"

Kansas was glad he could answer honestly. He said: "Jim defended you every step. He believed there was something left unsaid about your marriage."

He stopped.

"There was something left unsaid, Kansas. I want Jim to tell you; then you'll understand why I'm—I'm free to go to him—"

Kansas looked at her sharply. He believed he knew what she meant, but he was not sure. He said: "When I told Jim you were Carter-Snowdon's wife—you know and I know what hurt the worst with him then. Do you mean that isn't true?"

She met his eyes, and she answered him frankly: "It isn't true."

Chapter Fifteen

WITH confused emotions of happiness and troubled fears, Joyce was awaiting the visit of Kansas Eby, this sunset, a week after the tragedy of the mesa. Yesterday Kansas had dropped a note to her and Jim, stating he would come today and wanted to talk with them; and she guessed a part of what Kansas was going to say.

She and Dorn were sitting on the moss at the lower end of the island where they had full view of the south pass. The breeze from the snowfields was dying away for the evening; only an occasional puff dulled the mirrorlike surface of the Lake of the Dawn. In the brooding quiet of evening, from thicket and hidden nook came the trilling of rare warblers and the lilting cadence of the vireos.

A part of Joyce's happiness lay in Dorn's swift and complete recovery: after his tremendous sleep of nearly thirty hours, when he awoke and was himself again, she had spied upon him at chopping wood or swimming vigorously in the lake or stretching himself exultantly like a man who feels strength running in his veins again. But her chiefest happiness lay in this new understanding which had come—so new and strange and so different from all her imaginings, that she still felt shy toward him and could not meet his eyes squarely and would feel her cheeks flushing whenever she knew he was watching her.

What she dreaded was that Kansas was

going to put an end to the partnership between himself and Jim. She had felt his antagonism during that breakfast talk; he had said things which showed her that he meant to go away. She knew what a blow it would be to Jim; she realized the depth of this rugged friendship between two men who had been partners more years than she had known them weeks. Jim had told her about that hectic sky battle when he and Kansas shot the Fokker monoplane out of the air; and she saw in that an example of how they had teamed together from boyhood until now. No person, she knew, could ever take the place of his partner, Kansas Eby.

When the *Silver Hawk* winged over the mesa and glided down upon the lake, they hurried up to the cove. Kansas had returned alone; and as soon as he was upon the water, they paddled out to him.

He was reserved to their greetings; and he would not even come ashore. He guessed he'd mosey back to Titan Pass as soon as he'd talked a few things over.

He said abruptly: "I wired to Red Lake about that job you were going to take, Dorn. They wired come ahead. As soon as I can get out of service here, I'm going."

Joyce looked quickly at Jim. She understood that this meant the end of things between Kansas and him. She thought surely he would argue and try to hold his partner; but he merely said in his laconic way: "So you're leaving here. I'm sorry."

"Another thing," said Kansas, his voice softening now, "I arranged about—about Dad Bergelot. His sister down at Canoe was his only relative and that was where he was born. I had Burton take him down there in the D. H."

Dorn waited, remembering how he had promised to fly old Bergelot down to the mountain hamlet the night when Joyce came. He wanted to tell Kansas that Joyce and he had planned to take over the funeral expenses; but he did not.

Kansas fidgeted and finally broached the chief purpose of his visit:

"Jim, I tried to cover this whole thing up. I did my best, but it can't be done. There's a dozen operatives at Titan Pass right now trying to discover where you are and what happened to Carter-Snowdon. They're bound to get hold of some clue. I wanted to ask you what you think we—"

Jim said briefly: "There's only one thing to do. That's to tell the truth—from beginning to end."

"But see here: two men got killed; you were their enemy; suppose the guilt is fastened on you?"

"It won't be, can't be. You and Joyce and old Luke were witnesses to how and why that biplane crashed. That clears me there. I can swear the detective walked off a cliff. It's the truth. If they doubt about him being blinded, they can easy enough verify it. I wish, anyway, that you'd bring Inspector Oldfather up here to take my affidavit and go over the ground himself."

"But Jim, the publicity—you and Joyce—"

"We've talked that over too. We'll face it. We want to. Do you know why?"

What effect do you suppose it's going to have on this political battle when the whole story is known? Don't you see that this publicity is going to go a long way toward completing the wreck of Carter-Snowdon's party? Kansas, look here: this wilderness is my home; it's Joyce's too. I've told you I love it, hated to see it despoiled. Now when the test comes, now when we've got a colossal chance to get in a lick on the right side, we're going to stand up to it. This publicity is *our* contribution. We hope the story is echoed all over three provinces. That's that!"

Kansas presently asked: "Then you want me to give out the story when I go back?"

"Yes. The sooner the better."

"Well, then—" Kansas glanced around at

the gathering twilight and made as though to switch on ignition.

But Jim checked him with a gesture; then lifting Joyce upon the edge of the cockpit, he said: "While Joyce and I are over east, Kansas, I'm going around to the Vickers Company and order three big amphibians for that Alaska passenger-service you and I planned. I thought once I'd never want to fly again, but it's in my blood and I'm itching to have hold of a stick. I've been figuring on you throwing in with us. I thought you'd like to finish out the season here cartographing, and then next winter we could make all our preparations. But this talk about that Ontario offer—you seem to consider yourself the odd person in a crowd. You seem to think, after all you've done for us, that we'd be glad to see you pitch off."

"I sort of felt, after that Sunday morning we spent in the air together, that we were closer partners than ever. I don't want to drag you into this Alaska plan, but I wish you'd think it over. I haven't talked about this with Joyce. I wanted to iron out these other things first; but now you've forced my hand. It's her money that's making the project possible. I think she ought to invite you." Dorn turned his eyes to her. "Joyce, do you want Kansas with us?"

Then, in a breathless moment, she realized why Dorn had been so laconic a few minutes ago when Kansas had announced his going. She realized now why he had not argued or pleaded. Jim had given his partner rope to hang himself with.

There was nothing half-hearted about her invitation. To Kansas' stupefied confusion she flung her arms around his neck and made him bend to her and hugged him and kissed his unshaven cheek.

Kansas gulped; he glanced at Jim as though trying to say it was not his fault. Unexpected, staggering, the offer—and the manner of Joyce's invitation—struck him unprepared. He groped for words—to apologize, to beg forgiveness. But Jim would not listen; he lifted Joyce down and stepped into the canoe with her, and without another word he paddled back ashore.

THEY stood on the jutting boulder—Jim and Joyce—watching Kansas as he taxied out upon the lake, leaped into the air and began circling. In steep spirals he climbed above tree-line and the snow-fields and the gaunt pinnacles of the horseshoe range, till his motor was a faint whispering hum and the *Silver Hawk* glistened in the high slant rays of the setting sun as it climbed on aloft.

Dorn kept looking up at it, wondering what Kansas meant by this strange spiraling to so lofty a height. In the quickening chill of evening Joyce nestled close and her body was warm against him. He put his arm about her, and kissed her lips.

Behind them in the wildwood the golden-crowned sparrows were singing their exquisite evening song. The purple shadows of the great pines were lengthening across the lake where innumerable swallows were tilting over the water. The ineffable peace and solemnity of twilight in the mountains was swiftly shutting down.

Suddenly Jim started, and pointed upward at the *Silver Hawk*.

"Look! Notice Kansas' turns! He's starting to spell something. Joyce, he's answering our invitation!"

In gigantic, imaginary characters Kansas was penciling a message on the sky. Spelling the letters one by one, watching the airy maneuvering back and forth across the fading rainbow, they made out the words:

COUNT ME IN

And then with a final salute—a loop and a long roll and a graceful falling leaf—the plane sped south and vanished out of sight, leaving them to the twilight and hushed happiness of their beloved wilderness.

THE END

CONINGSBY DAWSON

The author of "The Kingdom Round the Corner" and "The Coast of Folly" has completed one of his strongest and most extraordinary short stories,

"Gone Native"

It will appear in an early issue of this magazine.

Mr. Sid Ward,
Advertising Writer,
Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir; I saw that ad your wife,
Ann Ward, told you to write and
I don't think much of it.

There wasn't a word about
Fels. Naptha for baby clothes and,
believe me, they take some washing.
I've raised five children and I know.
It's just wash, wash, wash! I never
found a way to make that washing

Ward,
& Company,
3rd St. and Woodland Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

as easy as reading a book, but I
did find Fels. Naptha took the dirt
out easier. I suppose that's the
"extra help" you talk about — the
"good golden soap and plenty of
naptha, working together". But what
ever you call it if I do say so, my
babies had the cleanest, whitest,
sweetest clothes I ever saw.

Another thing your wife
forgot was how handy Fels. Naptha
is for cleaning around the house. I
never found anything like it for
floors and woodwork, yet you say
nothing about such uses.

Then, too, you talk a lot

about grease. That might make someone
think Fels. Naptha is good only for
heavy washing. That's not true! If it
were I'd never have used it on my
babies' clothes. Goodness knows they're
dainty and cost enough. I use Fels-
Naptha on all my fine linens, too, and
for everything in the family wash
and I've always said how wonderful
it is for keeping colors bright and fresh.

I hope you appreciate that
this letter is in good spirit and meant to be
helpful for, though I don't know your wife,
I have always considered myself a good
friend of Fels. Naptha Soap.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Adams

Oh!

ye daughters of Eve



WHEN lovely woman ventures forth in search of beauty, what a great collection of bottles and jars does she gather on her toilette tables!

\$1 for this—\$2 for that—\$5 even for something else—all devoted to improving the complexion—to clearing blemishes from outside in! Yet there is one little jar sold for but 30c with a precious beauty secret of its own... the little bottle of Sal Hepatica.

Its beauty secret is this: Keep clean internally. Your complexion will be better, your skin finer, more translucent.

Well do fashionable women of the continent know how salines guard the complexion—how they guard the figure by never causing plumpness! The springs and spas are crowded with nobility... stars of the stage... the opera... social leaders and wealthy Americans and Argentines... freshening their complexions—improving their health by the fashionable path of drinking the saline waters.

SAL HEPATICA is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best.

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

© 1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N. Y.

WHAT IS A HUSBAND?

(Continued from page 63)

serious problem of domestic tranquillity are those couples who can play together for an entire evening without a single ripple developing over the coffee-cups next morning.

Fewer husbands would permit themselves to lose their tempers if they realized that by doing so they stamp themselves as exceedingly bad bridge-players. The expert indulges in no such exhibitions. He says nothing, because he is keenly alive to the fact that acrimonious comment is objectionable to his opponents as well as his partner. He refrains from criticism, because he understands he has no more right to utter it than he would have to protest against the table-manners of a fellow-guest at dinner. And most important, he knows what a fatal error it is to fluster your partner to the point where he or she is completely unnerved and goes to pieces for the remainder of play.

By what authority do husbands delegate themselves as critics of their wives' bridge? As between the two, I should say that the quality of the game played by the average woman is better than that of the average man. If you could go out on Fifth Avenue with a huge net and indiscriminately scoop in one hundred persons, fifty men and fifty women, it is more that likely you would find the standard of the feminine game above that of the masculine. You see the untenable situation this circumstance discloses, namely that in many instances the wives who are forced to listen to their husband's boorishness at the bridge-table are in fact better players than their critics.

Bear in mind that I am speaking of average play only. Men who apply themselves to the conventions of the game and go into it with the idea of becoming proficient seem usually to rise to greater heights.

To grasp the significance of sound bridge as an influence in the home, you need only compare the couple who have never read a book on the game, with the husband and wife who have seen the wisdom of cashing in on the dividends which capable playing offers. On the one hand you have friction and wrangling, and on the other, harmony and understanding, which is about as wide a difference as you can find. The bright side of the picture is that the unskilled couple are disappearing, driven to cover by the militant campaign of bridge education waged over the radio and in the magazines and newspapers. If this meant nothing beyond the elimination of the dictatorial, irritable husband, it would be well worth while.

Roy W. Howard

(Noted publisher of the Scripps-Howard newspapers)

WHEREIN the 1928 model of husband differs most conspicuously from his predecessors is in the fact that he is coming to recognize he is a partner in a firm, instead of supreme boss in a single-headed enterprise. In the up-to-the-minute home, this intricate business of married life is being conducted by a board of directors consisting of two members, the husband having elected his wife to a seat at the council table. For the first time in history we have a real fifty-fifty domestic existence.

After plodding along from time immemorial in a rut of reaction, the world has suddenly jumped ahead a thousand years. Husbands, showing commendable prowess as social athletes, have jumped with it, and upon recapitulation we find they have, with something to spare, cleared the old bar sinister of the household status. Man has learned (amazing!) that woman (unbelievable!) has brains (impossible!). Great heavens, what next!

How did this unprecedented thing happen? It seems to me the news of the day

casts some light on the subject. Between its lines you will read that the habit of thinking independently has developed into one of our great national pastimes. Humanity is getting wise to itself. It prefers cutting out its own pattern of life to accepting supinely the tailor-made opinions of our forebears. We're not letting some intolerant old hypocrite of the past do our thinking for us; we're doing it on our own account and a lot better than we ever did.

The 1928 model of husband comes closer to being the *model* husband than any the great sisterhood of wives has ever known. Out of hypocrisy and intolerance have emerged reason and understanding; out of an abysmal brute has evolved a regular fellow. Of all the people on earth who ought to be pleased that we no longer place any faith in the theory that what was good enough for our fathers is plenty good enough for us, I take it that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown must be the most jubilant.

Frankness and truthfulness furnish the one infallible basis for harmonious relationship between the sexes. Mrs. Howard and I were of this mind when we were first married, if I may be excused for the personal allusion. We talked a great deal about veracity, but in a not too serious sense. One day, in a jocular mood, she offered to bet that I would lie to her before she lied to me. I took up the challenge and the bet was made—a box of cigars against a box of gloves, which was about as even as a bet between a man and a woman can be.

As the years went on, this trifling incident magnified itself into one of the outstanding bases of our companionship. It became the solemn covenant we had entered into to be truthful to each other. And being an extremely human and definite thing, it has helped to keep alive the consciousness that our honor was at stake not to lie. A falsehood between us is the most taboo item on our list of inhibitions. So we have confidence, instead of suspicion; frankness, instead of the third degree. And in the course of nearly twenty-two years of married life, and in the course of traveling together over more than two hundred thousand miles of the earth's surface, neither of us has yet won the bet.

Life in general flows on far more sanely for everybody under this new order of things by which each party to the marriage contract has specific rights. The husband has lost nothing and the wife has gained much. Most wives in their emancipation from serfdom, it seems to me, take a practical view of the situation and prefer to look upon their own contribution to the success of the family corporation as a different thing from that which their husbands supply. Their part is comparable to that of a chief engineer of a great ship, who keeps the machinery going below deck, but leaves it to the skipper on the bridge to sound the signals and chart the vessel's course. The husband is still the captain, and the wife is now the chief engineer. Formerly he was the entire crew.

I have never known of an instance in which a wife made her husband a success, nor one in which a husband made his wife a failure. Turn this statement around, and it also holds good. While it is true that coöperation in the home smooths the path to success, it is equally true that the element which counts most in the final analysis is the perseverance and ability of the individual. Husbands and wives frequently get there in spite of each other.

My apologies to your readers for this sudden rush of opinions to the head. I can hear more than one of them say: "What is a husband? Um—he seems to be an opinionated boor."



Clara Bow
Paramount



Billie Dove
First National



Marion Davies



Mary Philbin
Universal



Merna Kennedy
United Artists



Eleanor Boardman
M. G. M.



Maria Corda



June Collyer
Fox Films



Sue Carol



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Lois Wilson Dorothy Gulliver Lina Basquette
Anita Stewart Mary Brian
Blanche Sweet Betty Bronson
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The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkle or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for your skin and complexion to retain youth's freshness and charm.

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"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an entrancing, bewitching appearance that will not rub off, streak, spot or show signs of moisture. It gives to your complexion that subtle, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive attractiveness.

The highly astringent properties of Gauraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. It's antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.

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WITHOUT A CLUE

(Continued from page 51)

"If you're really so poisonously frank, just how much do you know?"

"Miss Hoskins, in the words of more than one good melodrama, I know all."

"About me?"

"About Mr. Beresford and about you."

"Then what are we doing here now—and I, I mean?"

"We are here for several reasons. The most important one is that I am sure you will find your future more happily disposed if you plan to enjoy it at Akron. I should be sincerely glad, Miss Hoskins, were you to consider the suggestion seriously."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Furliman, that anyone might think you rather—funny?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I've often been thought of as funny, but I'm not, really, you know. You are intuitive enough to recognize the truth, but you demand convincing. Miss Hoskins, shall I convince you?"

"Do."

"Then I'll start in with a compliment by admitting that Mr. Beresford's scheme is amusingly clever—and always has been, in its infinite variations. He buys his diamonds and takes passage for the States. He and his luggage are minutely searched upon arrival, and what have we? Presto—not a single stone is found. Nor has he arranged with anyone aboard ship to carry them ashore. His every move on shipboard has been watched. His contact with every passenger and member of the ship's personnel has been observed and weighed. You have no idea, Miss Hoskins, of the number of innocent people who have been scandalously searched for the simple reason that Mr. Beresford was seen to brush against them. The complaints have been frightful. Furthermore, the very stewards who attended him during passage have been our own agents. For the past eight consecutive trips he has been subjected to a similar surveillance. It was possible, you see, that for one time—two times—there might have been a slip, some specially fortuitous opportunity when he could have passed the diamonds to his confederate unobserved. But eight times running? No."

Miss Hoskins' smile still contained a comfortable amount of assurance. She politely echoed Mr. Furliman's emphatic "No."

"Now, Miss Hoskins, an impartial critic might suggest that the diamonds never accompanied Mr. Beresford onto the boat at all—that the transfer was accomplished before he and his unknown confederate went on board. But no—and need I tell you why?"

Miss Hoskins firmly maintained her pretense for the necessity.

"Because," said Mr. Furliman, "Mr. Beresford has had the peculiar pleasantry of permitting the diamonds to be seen, at some moment during the voyage, by the observer whose duty it was to watch him through the peephole concealed in the partition of the adjoining cabin. Now, why do you suppose Mr. Beresford would do that?"

"You tell," said Miss Hoskins.

"He would do it," said Mr. Furliman, "so that there would exist no doubt whatsoever in the minds of the authorities but that the diamonds were there."

"And then," said Miss Hoskins, with a not unmetallic pleasantness, "they would search Mr. Beresford upon landing, and everyone would wake up and realize that it was just a happy, happy dream."

"Except for the fact that two weeks later the diamonds had a methodical habit of appearing—without a clue or a shred of evidence attached to them—in the possession of a gentleman who may or may not be a mutual acquaintance of ours, but who assuredly is one of Mr. Beresford's and mine."

"As if," supplemented Miss Hoskins, "by magic."

"And now shall I tell you why, during the various searches, the diamonds were never found?"

"If you would."

"Because," said Mr. Furliman succinctly, "they had never left the boat."

Miss Hoskins completed her third sip of champagne without any visible trace of emotion before setting the glass down. And all that she then said was, "No?"

"No. They remained on board in whatever particular place of concealment Mr. Beresford had selected for that special voyage, and which place he had carefully designated to his confederate before sailing. And then, Miss Hoskins, on the ship's next trip to the States, that same confederate would find them there, and not being under suspicion, could contrive in any number of ways to carry them successfully ashore. For Mr. Beresford, you see, represents not only the brains of his flourishing little concern, but its principal large red herring as well."

"I sha'n't yawn," said Miss Hoskins, "or pretend to be either outraged or bored. I really, dear Mr. Furliman, am too clever for that. In fact, my only comment can be—what a pity it is that you can't prove a single thing."

"Nor can I," said Mr. Furliman, glancing at his watch and noting that the hour was a quarter to nine, "as yet."

"I think that you and Mr. Beresford and I shall have many pleasant little meetings in Paris," said Miss Hoskins.

"And I, to my genuine sorrow, think not. You see, what we're going to do from now on," said Mr. Furliman, who hadn't the slightest intention of doing anything remotely of the sort, "is to confront Mr. Beresford in his cabin as soon as he shows his diamonds. He will then be forced to declare them. Yes, from now on he will be forced to declare them, unless he could evolve some other scheme. I am sadly afraid that we shall make an honest man of him yet."

"You won't mind my telling him all this tomorrow?"

Mr. Furliman's glance was a model of reproach. "You strip me to A-B-C's," he said. "At four on the Bois he instructed you as to where the diamonds would be concealed on board the *Carina*, in order that you might so instruct the confederate who will make the voyage to the States on the *Carina*'s return trip. That is the cog you represent—the go-between for Mr. Beresford and his confederate. Miss Hoskins, we both know that Mr. Beresford has already left Paris on the boat-train. And at breakfast tomorrow morning," he concluded, as they rose, "he shall be agreeably charmed by finding that the fellow-passenger confronting him across the table is myself."

Mr. Furliman both bowed and smiled pleasant farewells as he handed Miss Hoskins into a taxicab. His watch recorded the stroke of nine as he entered the Daimler—appropriately painted a mysterious gray—that waited for him at the curb.

THE motor trip to the coast was unpleasantly uneventful. Assault and violence were, Mr. Furliman reflected, remarkably absent from the affairs of life.

When the steward had installed him in his cabin, he noted that the minute but efficient peephole giving into Oscar's adjoining one had already been bored. Having a flair for privacy, he promptly softened a piece of gum by chewing on it and plugged it up. Peepholes, as a varied experience had shown him, were endowed with an inflexible ability for working two ways.

He then held a brief conference with the



*"Teeth no longer dingy,
gums hard and healthy,"*

writes M. A. Stuart
of New York City

Gentlemen:

No matter how carefully I watched my diet, my teeth seemed to form a yellowish film, which often turned greenish near the gums. A friend recommended Pebeco.

A visit to my dentist put my mouth in perfect condition. Then I began the use of Pebeco.

For more than three years now I have used it daily. My teeth are no longer dingy, but sparkling white, my gums hard and healthy, my breath sweet and always there is the sense of cleanliness, freshness and sweetness in my mouth.

The knowledge that my teeth are always attractive makes me smile oftener and enjoy life more.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) M. A. STUART



*Smiles—gayly reveal
pretty teeth*

Its cooling tang keeps your mouth healthy

THE clean salty tang of Pebeco . . . To thousands of people it has come to mean assurance of a sweet, fresh mouth, sound shining teeth firmly set in hard healthy gums.

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A famous physician originated Pebeco's formula, because he found that the greatest cause of tooth troubles was the slowing up of these protecting fluids. The morning brushing wakens the mouth fluids and keeps them active and your mouth refreshed for hours. The bedtime brushing protects your teeth through the night.

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THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST, 1929

Pipe Smoker Pines As He Awaits Loved One

Favorite tobacco comforts him
as he bares his heart
in verse

When a man gets to thinking of someone
very dear to him—one who is far away—he
often wants to be alone with his thoughts
—and his pipe.

Recently, one such pipe smoker, as he
sat puffing and dreaming dreams, opened
his heart and penned the following verse:

Jamesburg, N. J.,
December 2, 1927.

Jest a-sittin', smokin' Edgeworth
An' a-thinkin', dear of you;
An' a candle's burnin' brightly,
An' it says your love is true,
For the days are long, of waitin',
An' the nights are longer still,
An' sometimes (Always smokin')
I pick up this old quill—
An' try to write some poetry
To tell you of my love.
As poetry it ain't much good,
But—holy days above—
It's jest the best I can, an' so
You'll find me, when I'm through,
Jest a-sittin', smokin' Edgeworth,
An' a-thinkin', dear, of you.
"J"



There's only one way
to find out whether
Edgeworth is *your* tobacco. That is—try
it. Find out for yourself
what makes smokers
sit down and write
its praises—men who
have become
friends of Edgeworth
through its likable quality,
and just can't help
telling of the enjoyment
it gives them.

So that you and
Edgeworth may get acquainted, we make
this offer:

If you have never lighted this tobacco in
your favorite pipe, let us send you some
free samples. Your name and address, sent
to Larus & Brother Company, 8 S. 21st
Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you samples
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Then, if Edgeworth suits your taste, you
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You can buy it everywhere—either Edgeworth
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[On Your Radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.]
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purser, which resulted in his carrying two
telegrams back to his cabin, where he studied
them intently before burning them and going
to bed. Both of the wires were addressed
to Mr. Oscar Beresford, and both
of them were signed "Anne."
He slept.

"GOOD morning," said Mr. Furliman,
cherishing the slight start that Oscar
gave as he joined Oscar at breakfast. "I am
told that all indications point to a clear and
perfect crossing. I was told so by an old
sea-dog whom I met on B Deck while he
was mopping up around dawn."

"Oh," said Oscar. "Good morning."
"As a result of the prophecy, we shall
probably be lashed to our beds for the rest
of the trip."

"Mmmn, mmmn," said Oscar, into his
bloater.

"You've caught it from the Belgians, but
if you're strong-minded enough about it,
you can stamp it out."

"Stamp what out?"
"Their unspeakable language. And I do
hope you won't be too hard on Madame for
not keeping me in Paris."

"Why should I want you kept in Paris?
There are enough people being kept in
Paris."

"I see you're angry, because you're starting
to make puns. It isn't nice, especially
as we're going to be so close to each other
until we part in New York."

Oscar was beginning to feel peevish. His
smile did not extend to his eyes. "Must we
part," he said, "even in New York?"

"I'm afraid we must. You see, we're going
to different places."

Oscar arose. "You'll excuse me?" he said.
"Perhaps you'll join me later on deck."

"I'm afraid not this morning. You must
realize, of course, that my westbound trips
will be fairly well occupied with business."

"Naturally." Oscar hesitated for a minute
before leaving. "You'll put things back carefully,
won't you—especially in my trunk?"

Mr. Furliman laughed good-naturedly. "I
always do."

But Mr. Furliman did not bother at all
with Oscar's trunk. He held no intention
of inspecting Oscar's cabin whatever. The
diamonds, he imagined, were already safely
installed in their place of concealment—an
infinitesimal package hidden somewhere in
the vastness of the ship. How simpler by
far, he sighed, the needle in its proverbial
stack of hay! He presented himself, instead,
to the captain, and held an interesting
conversation behind a carefully locked
door.

"The day before we land," he said as he
prepared to take his leave, "will be best."

"You are an admirable student of psychology,
Mr. Furliman."

"From an extensive reading of humanity,
Captain Quain, rather than of textbooks."

"By far the more positive system."

"It is kind of you to accede to my request."

"I am doing a service to my ship, as well
as to your Government."

"Then if you will be so kind as to request
your officers to endure my society at
the stated times?"

"They will consider it a pleasure, sir."

"And our other little comedy we will attend
to later."

MR. FURLIMAN'S next business involved
the perusal of a radiogram which—as had
been the wires of the night before—was
addressed to Mr. Oscar Beresford and signed
by Anne. It read:

"WHY NO RESPONSE TO MY WIRES STOP
AM FRANTIC"

Miss Hoskins, Mr. Furliman decided,
would be permitted to stay frantic. He was
a strong believer in the salutary results to

be obtained from letting people stew in their
own juice. A slight parboiling, he figured,
would be sufficient in the case of Miss Hoskins
to send her back to Akron with her
still rather mildish past.

That day, and the next, and the one after,
he made a practice of inviting one or another
of the ship's officers to his cabir for tea.
An agreeable half-hour or so would be
mutually enjoyed. A variety of interesting
things would be discussed, and Mr. Furliman
would tell about some of his more interesting
cases. And that was all.

And then, at the end of the fourth day,
at the appropriate hour of midnight, Mr.
Furliman found what he had been hoping
for. It was cleverly concealed, the dictaphone,
behind the medicine-case hanging upon
the wall of his bathroom—upon the wall
which, in turn, served the bathroom
connected with Oscar's cabin.

On the following afternoon—their last day
at sea—it was Captain Quain himself who
awarded the rather unusual honor to Mr.
Furliman of taking tea with him in his
cabin at five. Mr. Furliman at once, upon
closing the cabin door, began to do an extraordinary
thing, and one which caused the captain
of the *Carina* a modest amount of amusement.
Mr. Furliman began to talk like two persons—like, in fact, himself
and the silent Captain Quain.

For the next ten minutes or so Captain
Quain had the pleasure of hearing himself
discuss a variety of subjects charmingly,
over the whole range of transatlantic travel.
He then heard himself becoming localized
as to topic in the *Carina*. The *Carina*, he
said through the lips of Mr. Furliman, was
going to be laid up in New York for quite
a while. She would, in fact, be completely
overhauled and reconditioned. He admitted
it was unusual that such a procedure
should occur on sudden notice—but could
one ever plumb the intricacies of the
minds of men who lived on shore? No, he
stated, one couldn't. He expanded as to
reasons: competition was growing inordinately
keen, especially among the crack liners;
there were the usual innumerable rumors,
and it did seem that this time their
smoke arose from a reasonable source of
fire. For example, take the four-day
express-service that was in the air—and,
while dealing with the air, one could not
neglect the writing being done upon the wall
by aviation. Lindbergh—ah! And then
Captain Quain found himself off on a
panegyric which, through gentle stages,
descended to the point where he was taking
his leave.

Mr. Furliman then very shortly took up
a lounging position against the rail and did
his best to look as little as possible like a
happy cat who is on the eve of swallowing
a desirable canary.

"AND so you see," Mr. Furliman said to
Joe, when they were seated on the following
evening at their favorite table on the
shallow balcony of the Ritz, "I do possess
a conscience, after all. I could have
sniped any number of pleasant trips out of
Oscar."

"If it hadn't been for your pride," Joe
pointed out placidly and with pleasant
brutalness. "It gives you much more pleasure
to be a smarty than it does to have us pay
for your trips to Paris, which you can afford
perfectly well yourself in any case. As it is,
you're grafting this dinner on the thin
excuse that you simply can't disclose the
finale to the case except in that atmosphere
of luxury to which—heavens knows how—you've
become accustomed."

"More things than virtue," sighed Mr.
Furliman, "are their own reward."

"Nonsense! Your expense-account while
in Paris has made the entire Treasury shudder.
There's some talk about asking a special
appropriation from Congress."

Mr. Furliman was able to employ the

"So Flattering to the Hands!"

they say delightedly . . . these women of talent,
beauty and able charm . . .



Helen Dryden, famous illustrator, Osa Johnson and many others—use the New Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

HOW do they overcome the problem of grubby nails—these women who have such interesting, able hands?

All say it is because they use the New Cutex Liquid Polish—a gay, flattering brilliance that gives surprising, new personality to the hands. Applied once a week, it stays on day after day in spite of wear or water. Stains or dirt that usually cling to the nails disappear, simply by a thorough soap-and-water washing. The brilliance remains—flattering, fashionable, exquisitely dainty!

Helen Dryden's clever hands kept chic and brilliant with *New Cutex Liquid Polish*

"You should see what my nails look like after I've been painting all day," says Helen Dryden, well-known artist and illustrator. "Before I used the New Cutex Liquid Polish they were always such a problem. Now, it's amazing how quickly I can make my hands look respectable. Just a thorough washing—and the nails come out smart and

shining. The polish protects against stains and—miracle of miracles—it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands.

"I also think there's something about this shining new nail polish that flatters even the plainest hand. Like make-up for one's face—it adds character and *chic*."

How to "Make Up" your dancing hands



"When one dances, one's hands should look all gay and sparkly, too," says Hannah Gawthrop, pretty New York debutante.

"For evening, I always finish my nails with the New Cutex Liquid Polish.

It gives them the loveliest, dancingest look. And it's so very flattering to the hands—adds a smart, modern accent that's very captivating and distinctive."

"Wonderful protection for the nails when 'Roughing It'"—Mrs. Martin Johnson



Off for a canter in Africa!

Even though she's in South Africa hunting lions (or riding horseback on a zebra as in the illustration) Mrs. Martin Johnson, intrepid lady explorer, insists on being charming and totally feminine. "Whenever it's at all possible," said Mrs. Johnson, in an interview recently, "I insist on having the comforts of life. I have certain toilet things sent me regularly—among them Cutex preparations. These are a wonderful help—I can give myself a pleasant manicure right on the shores of Paradise Lake. Using Cutex Cuticle Remover and the marvelous Cutex Cuticle Cream keeps the cuticle smooth and clean. And if I want to feel very much 'dressed up,' I use Cutex Liquid Polish. It's so delightfully flattering to the hands, and wonderful protection for the nails when 'roughing it'."

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of
FRAGRANCE

LE JADE
FLEURS d'AMOUR
PAVOTS d'ARGENT
"SILVER POPPIES"

ROGER & Gallet

PARIS NEW YORK

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smile of a man who is thoroughly contented with the outcome of his work and who is at peace. He had come ashore from Quarantine, and had left Oscar with his perplexing troubles still aboard the *Carina*. They were going to search Oscar when the *Carina* docked, and the results of that search were going to be sent by special messenger to Joe and to Mr. Furliman at the Ritz.

Mr. Furliman, who had the rare ability both to eat and to talk exceptionally well at one and the same time, led Joe by pleasant steps through his deductions and reflections of the trip. "And so," he concluded, "poor Oscar is faced with his dilemma. He either has to declare his diamonds and lose them through inability to pay the duty involved,—and he can't do that as his entire capital is tied up in the purchase of the stones,—or else he must contrive to get them ashore. If he doesn't, you see, he'll think they'll be discovered or stolen when the *Carina*, as he supposes, is refitted and overhauled. It isn't a choice, really."

"The search will tell."

THE search almost instantly did. A folded slip of paper was handed to Mr. Joseph "Brown" by the head waiter. Joe began, after reading it, to laugh immoderately, and handed it weakly across the table to Mr. Furliman through his tears.

"Search of suspect and his luggage drastic and complete," read the message. "No contraband found."

Mr. Furliman permitted a politely bored expression to occupy his face until Joe, with a good deal of wiping of eyes, began to subside.

"I haven't laughed so heartily," said Joe, "in years. I'm glad I've got it out of my system now, as I'd never be able to face the Secretary and look serious otherwise."

"I'm glad you have, too. I've never heard such a remarkable noise in my life. And I do hope it's all out, because for the space of about ten minutes, at some time during this evening, you'll have to stay so still that you'll even have to control your breathing."

"I couldn't. I know what you're doing, of course—you're leading up to another climax, the real climax; but I'd be thinking of it always as a possible wash-out, like the search, and I'd have a fit."

But Joe didn't have a fit when he found himself, two hours later, concealed behind the draperies that masked one of the windows of Mr. Furliman's apartment in the east Fifties. Mr. Furliman, placidly all but holding his breath, stood in the shallow recess beside him.

It was a pleasant and not inexpensive apartment in a remodeled house. The house was agreeably lacking in a doorman, and contained an automatic electric lift, both features being considered requisite by Mr. Furliman for the desirable perfection of privacy.

The apartment was, at the moment, presumably empty. The telephone-bell had rung ten minutes previously, and had been permitted to ring itself untended into silence. The signal bell from the entrance door downstairs had then rung about two minutes before. This too had received no notice at all.

And now the door to the hallway was quietly opening, and Oscar was coming in.

Mr. Furliman raised his eyebrows slightly as he noted the gun in Oscar's hand. He had thought better of Oscar than that. But it didn't surprise him very much or for long, as his experience with the wicked had shown him that, for genuine unreliability of behavior, the average criminal had competently removed the championship belt from woman. He hoped, however, that the gun wasn't loaded, and then immediately dismissed the idea as absurd; Oscar was not

the sort of young gentleman to indulge in props.

In Oscar's other hand was the key with which he had unlocked the door, and which had been fashioned from its model on the ring of keys which Mr. Furliman had left exposed with such neglectful carelessness on the dresser in his cabin on the *Carina* the night before. Oscar put the key in his pocket. He faced the darkened room—the only light in which came from the open doorway behind him. He closed the door, and the room was as dark as night.

The fitful sliver of Oscar's electric torch came to rest on a shaded lamp, the cord of which Oscar pulled, and then stood with attentive quietness for a moment feeling the shadowed atmosphere of the room. His approach to the door of Mr. Furliman's bedroom was an illuminating forecast of what would have happened to any occupant who might have been found inside. But there was no one inside, and Oscar came back and headed directly for Mr. Furliman's luggage, which was neatly piled in a corner and in the unpacked condition in which it had been delivered from the *Carina*.

Oscar unhesitatingly selected a travel-worn pigskin bag. He adroitly unlocked it, without the formality of using a key, and threw back its cover. It was a fitted bag, and its compartments gleamed with silver. He removed that charming and most generally useless of articles, the soap-container, and from it a cake of soap which he broke, disclosing his diamonds wrapped in tissue.

"My soap," said Mr. Furliman chidingly, as he stepped from behind the grapes, "costs a dollar a cake, and you've gone and ruined that one completely."

Oscar's expression, as he stared from behind his gun at Mr. Furliman, was not a pleasant one.

"I know the price of glory," he said, with a well-developed bitterness. "Do you know the price of being too smart?"

Mr. Furliman watched Oscar as he backed in a cautious circle towards the door.

"Hold it," said Mr. Furliman softly, "just where you are. You're being covered, you see, from behind."

"Yes?" said Oscar as disagreeably as possible, and succeeding very well. "Now I'll tell one."

"But, Mr. Beresford," said Joe, stepping forward and placing a rigid fingertip in the center of Oscar's back, "it's really true. Thank you."

WITH his other hand, Joe relieved Oscar of his gun, and with competent casualness satisfied himself there was no other.

"I promised you that you'd meet Joe," said Mr. Furliman, "but you didn't trust me. It's downright surprising, the low market value that's placed on genuine candor. Though you see," Mr. Furliman continued to Joe, "he did me the honor to select me as the messenger to carry his diamonds ashore."

"And now, Mr. Beresford," said Joe, "isn't there something you'd like to say?"

"Lots," said Oscar, and his mouth imitated a closing clam.

"Indeed there is, Joe," said Mr. Furliman, "for Oscar is going to confess."

Oscar's laugh was not a hearty one. It verged on a snort.

"Yes," went on Mr. Furliman quietly, as he put on his hat and coat, "Mr. Beresford is going to confess that he is a smuggler, and then he is going to be the guest of our nation for a little while; and then, if he's sensible, he's going to turn over a brand new leaf. We're sorry, of course," he said gently, "about your record in the war, which was the average fine one of our brave young men, and we're sorry that you belong to the small minority of youngsters whom demobilization made embittered. I have always entertained a peculiar and un-



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proven theory about the veterans who have turned to crime as an easy means of collecting the debt which, in ordinary grandiloquence, society is claimed to owe—or else who have turned to crime either through the reputedly brutalizing effects of war, or through the lingering passion for excitement war is presumed to have aroused. My theory, Mr. Beresford, is this: that the war owes nothing to men like you, because when the army enlisted you, it was you who owed the army a debt—a debt which you bravely paid by your subsequent service. But the slate is clear, because I firmly believe that in the first place you joined the service as a refuge and an escape—that it gave you the shelter and immunity you required. I won't specify from actual crime, but from any number of compelling causes, —mental, moral, physical unrest—intolerable conditions of some nature that were bothering you in private life—whatever it was, the army offered you a quick and certain release. And when it and you had mutually served your several purposes, what, Mr. Beresford, have you done?"

"That," said Joe, "is what we are waiting to hear."

"I have nothing to say."

"Mr. Beresford," said Mr. Furliman, "just how conversant are you with the penal law of the State of New York?"

"What's that got to do with this?" said Oscar. "You're charging me on a Federal offense."

"Why, not at all," said Mr. Furliman. "We haven't charged you with anything whatever, as yet. I am going to quote for you Section 400 of the penal law of our State. It deals with definitions. In it, if I remember correctly, the word 'break' includes 'opening, for the purposes of entering therein, by any means whatever, any outer door of a building, or of any apartment or set of apartments therein separately used or occupied—' et cetera. The term 'dwelling-house' is further defined as 'a building, any part of which is usually occupied by a person lodging therein at night, is, for the purposes of this article deemed

a dwelling-house.' We now, Mr. Beresford, pass to the definition of the word 'enter,' which, in conjunction with its predecessor 'break,' comprises the act of burglary. 'The word "enter," as used in this article, includes the entrance of the offender into such building or apartment, or the insertion therein of any part of his body or of any instrument or weapon held in his hand, and used, or intended to be used, to threaten or intimidate the inmates, or to detach or remove property.'

"We skip, thereupon, to Section 402, which deals with burglary in the first degree and the pertinent parts of which—pertinent to you, Mr. Beresford—say: 'a person, who, with intent to commit some crime therein, breaks and enters, in the night time, the dwelling-house of another, in which there is at the time a human being: 1st. Being armed with a dangerous weapon . . . is guilty of burglary in the first degree.' And the punishment for burglary in the first degree is imprisonment in a State prison for not less than ten years. I repeat, Mr. Beresford, you have not as yet been charged."

"YOU have no idea," said Oscar, as he accompanied Joe and Mr. Furliman to the door, "how much I will have to say. We go downtown, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Joe and I are wretched at taking dictation."

Oscar earnestly inspected the hardwood floor as they waited for the temperamentally rising lift. "I should like, Mr.—"

"Brown," said Joe.

"Mr. Brown, to have the pleasure of meeting you again when I come out."

"I was going to suggest that very thing myself," said Joe.

"I'm not completely bad, you know."

"Mr. Furliman is painfully sure of that, and so am I."

"Therefore," said Oscar, "if you could see your way clear—"

"But of course," said Joe. "It will be a relief to have a man under me who can reform some of the crooks in my employ."

THE BULL IS THE BUNK

(Continued from page 47)

"What happens if I don't?" demands Emerson.

"I asked Ortega the same thing," I replies, "and while he didn't say so in so many words, he intimated you'd be likely to find a stiletto among your floating ribs. What would you rather do—take a chance of being pinked in a gentlemanly duel or of being bumped off in a back alley by a hired assassin?"

That slows Breeze up some. He pours himself a long Johnny Walker and drinks it down on the hoof. I have a tough job keeping up my undertaker's-assistant front, but I get away with it.

"Don't worry," says I soothingly. "Duels nowadays don't amount to much. One guy gets a scratch, and both go into a clinch for a kiss. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Who's afraid?" yelps the hooch in Emerson, jumping to its feet. "You won't be able to tell that wop from a pincushion when I get through with him. We licked those bandanas at Manila, didn't we? We licked 'em in Cuba, didn't we? Well, I'll make it three in a row at Seville. Why," he suggests brilliantly, "don't you pick a row with Ortega? Then we can clean 'em both up."

"Not me," says I hastily. "My motto is—always a second but never a first. Come on. Let's go to dinner."

Chérie's already in the salon when we arrives, laid out in a snappy black costume. Any guy that wouldn't stare at her is cheating his eyes out of a holiday.

"How," she inquires of me, "do you like me in black?"

"Very much," says I. "I'd like to see you wearing black all the time. Wouldn't you, Breeze?"

Emerson mutters something and shoots a stealthy glance at the neighboring table. Our boy friends are not there, much to his relief.

"I wonder," remarks Chérie, after a bit, "where that lovely Spanish man is tonight? He's so handsome I can hardly take my eyes off of him."

WE snails up the Guadalquivir to Seville without having any further contact with Gongala or Ortega, but later at the hotel I find a card from Pedro. Just a gentle reminder of the little deal in steel that we have on.

Emerson, who's got that kind of a disposition, sheds all worry about the duel and buzzes about the burg with all the joyousness of a bluebird that's just come in for a large fortune. On the other hand, I'm the one that's beginning to get nervous. What if Breeze insisted on going through with the Gongala date?

He's the sort of sap who thinks there's nothing he can't do better than the next guy, and it wouldn't surprise me any if he'd already sold himself the idea that he was a great duelist—just from having seen Douglas Fairbanks do his staircase stuff in the movies. The fact that Gongala may have been born with a silver sword in his mouth would make no difference to him.

Then there's another angle. Of course, I'd been kidding Emerson about the danger of being beaten up in a back alley should he refuse to fight, but I'm not so sure now that I wasn't kidding on the square. What's more natural than that Gongala should want to get even for the lacing Breeze had slipped him on the boat? Seville is the Spaniard's stamping ground, and I don't imagine he'd have much trouble getting together a bunch of his "we boys" to take Emerson to the cleaners. It'd just be my luck to be along about that time, too.

"How about leaving Sunday night right after the bullfight?" I suggests, after we'd been watching religious parades for nearly a week.

"No can do," returns Breeze. "I got some business for Pommefrite to finish up, and besides, according to my engagement-book, I have a duel on next Monday or Tuesday."

"That," says I, "is the very reason you should leave Sunday."

"What's the idea?" frowns Emerson. "I thought you were the guy that wanted me to fight."

"I did," I admits, "as long as I thought you had a chance, but I've got some inside stuff on Gongala. They tell me he's one of the best sword-slingers in Spain."

"Maybe," shrugs Breeze; "but Spain isn't such a big place. Slicing up a lot of tamales around here and standing up before a sturdy *Americano* are two different things."

"Why the sudden change?" I asks. "On the scow you weren't so keen to—"

"I got hold of a book on fencing," cuts in Emerson, "and I don't mind telling you I've got the game in my lap. I feel like I ought to handicap Gongala a few strokes."

"You haven't been reading up on golf by mistake, have you?" I inquires, sarcastic.

For a while I figures on tipping off the stuff to Chérie, who'd crab it quick enough, but I hesitates about dragging her into the affair even to that extent. I finally decides to do nothing until a date is actually set for the battle and then, in a pinch, to make a yelp to the police or the American consul.

SUNDAY afternoon Breeze and I wend our way to the Arena de Toros together with twenty thousand other come-ons. Ever been to a bullfight? No? Well, dry your eyes and smile for papa. You haven't missed a thing. Apart from the color and the flash, you can have just as snappy a time at the Chicago stockyards.

To call it a sport is a joke. In a sport there is supposed to be some suspense, some gamble as to the winner, but there's nothing like that in a bullfight. The bull always loses. Even if he eludes the unskillful thrust of the matador, he is bled to exhaustion and hacked to death by the "finishers" on the side-lines.

If the toreador were to be sent up against a fresh bull,—as the Roman gladiators were sent up against a fresh lion,—there might be a real element of danger in the game, but such is not the case. For a half-hour before the sword-play begins, the beast is run ragged all around the arena with darts and spear-thrusts sapping his strength. When the time for his *congé* comes, he's half blinded, breathless and sagging at the knees. Yes, the boys of the *cuadrilla* have to be fast on their dogs, but I can't imagine any better insurance risks than matadors, picadors, bandilleros and the rest of the butcher boys. More people are killed in Spain every year by the collapse of Minnesota dance-halls than are killed in bullfights.

The first round on the Seville program turns out to be a bloomer. The toreador misses his first thrust completely; his second is shy of a vital spot and so's the third. Finally, amidst the jeers of the mob, the bull decides to fall dead on his own.

The baby that comes up for the second tussle must have been the Babe Ruth of

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Spain, from the hand he gets. The bull they deal him looks like a tough customer, and he is. After lifting a few horses on his horns and taking everything the *cuadrilla* has to give him, he still seems fairly fresh when the bell rings for the matador to do his stuff.

HE'S a graceful lad, and in a few minutes he's got the bull with his feet together and his head down—the position you have to set him into for the fatal stroke. Freeing his sword from the cloth that's covered it, the matador poises himself on his toes and lets go. Right up to the hilt and through the heart. The bull lunges forward a few steps and drops to his knees. *Fin!*

It's a home run in the ninth inning with the bases filled. The crowd yells itself hoarse, and hundreds of hats go hurtling from the stands onto the sand. Killing a bull with one thrust is the cat's weskit in Spain, the matador getting a thousand dollars extra for the trick and the nomination for president if he wants it.

Follows a parade of the *cuadrilla* around the arena, led by the hero of the hour. As he stops in front of our section, waving his hat, I notice something familiar in the features. Then for the first time I get jerry to what the fans are yelling:

"El Gongala! El Gongala!"

It's our boy friend from the boat!

I glance toward Breeze. His face is a study in plain and fancy bewilderment.

"That," says I, "is the gent you're going to duel with this week."

"What of it?" snaps Emerson. "The bull didn't have a sword, did he?"

"I don't know," I grin. "I'm a stranger here myself, but did you notice Gongala drive his snickersnee right through the heart?"

Breeze shrugs that off, but he grows strangely silent and thoughtful as the bouts progress. For the fourth bull Gongala is again at bat.

"Now," says I, "we'll see if he can do it twice in the same place."

He can't. Gongala gets the brute in the proper position, but, just as he thrusts, the bull jerks its head, and the sword rips down into the muscles of the shoulder. Not so good. There are even a few jeers from the patrons of the game. Gongala appears downcast, but not for long. He's got some other tricks in his bag.

Getting the bull stirred up again with his red rag, he weaves gracefully in and out between the sharp horns. This fetches him a hand, but Gongala's not satisfied. Suddenly he sinks to his knees, and in that position torments the bull and evades the plunges.

"The bunk," snorts Breeze. "That cow's too blind to see him and too tired to gore him."

Which is probably true, but the mob doesn't feel that way about it. There must have been a thousand hats hurled into the ring. The *chapeau* gag is usually saved for the "kill," but this is an extraordinary occasion. Not satisfied with skimming his own headpiece over the barrier, an enthusiastic lad grabs Emerson's new Panama and adds it to the collection out on the sand.

WE'RE sitting in the first row. Without hesitation Breeze leaps over the railing.

"Stop him!" I yell, but I might as well have been a deaf-mute talking to myself in a boiler factory. Between the arena and the seats is another fence. In full career Emerson hauls himself over that and dashes for his *chapeau*.

What happens then makes me feel like I'm looking at two motion-picture shows at the same time. On one screen, Breeze's headed for the top-piece; on the other Gongala is poised between the bull's horns for another thrust. There's a flash of steel, and the next thing I know the toreador is on his back in the dust with the animal's head lowered for a gore.

LEANDER CLICKS

(Continued from page 79)

back, and two lengths behind these two, Lead Pipe. A length back of Lead Pipe ran Thunder Cloud, and back of him the field.

Thus they rounded into the back stretch, and thus the first four horses ran to the far turn with the field gradually dropping back.

Coming out of the back-stretch, the boy on Lead Pipe made his move. He loosed his hold on the colt, and Lead Pipe moved up rapidly on the leaders. Picture Kid and Street Rat went just a trifle wide on the turn into the home-stretch, and Lead Pipe, running strong, slipped through on the inside and took the lead.

It looked like a three-horse race, then, with Lead Pipe a cinch for first place. He was running easily and drawing away while Picture Kid and Street Rat were driving. Thunder Cloud was fourth on the rail by a good four lengths.

As Lead Pipe passed the sixteenth pole, just galloping, the boy on Thunder Cloud went to the bat, and the black colt flashed a burst of speed that set the stands roaring. The jock on Lead Pipe was looking back on the outside, grinning, watching the futile efforts of Picture Kid and Street Rat. He missed seeing Thunder Cloud racing up on the rail. Thousands roared him a warning but he took it for acclaim. Even the shrill maniacal yell of Leander Dilldock, a high wailing violin note of anguish that could be heard above all, failed to reach him. Only when a scant dozen lengths from the finish did he hear the rushing thunder of hoofs on the inside, turn and catch a flash of the flying menace. Startled, he went to the whip, but he was just a split second late. The two horses were exactly even as they passed the finishing post, but

Lead Pipe's nose was up and Thunder Cloud's muzzle was down. Thunder Cloud thus was on top by inches.

"Where'd you come from?" the boy on Lead Pipe snarled at Thunder Cloud's jock as they pulled up together in the back stretch. "You lucky stiff! I had a ton run left in this thing."

"Do your sleepin' nights," the boy on Thunder Cloud advised, grinning.

"I didn't see him comin', boss," Lead Pipe's jockey protested to the trainer when he had ridden back to the judges' stand and dismounted.

"Yah! You're one o' them garrison birds!" the trainer snarled. "Had the race in your lap an' you spilled it. You could 'a' win goin' away if you'd ridden him out."

"Sure," said the jock. "I thought I was in, boss. I didn't see that Thunder Cloud comin' at all."

"Get out o' my sight 'fore I break you in two!" the trainer snapped. "Boy! You cost me plenty today!"

UP in the stand Leander sat dazed, white-lipped, gulping, staring at one hundred eighty-five dollars' worth of mutual tickets that were worth exactly nothing—one hundred and eighty-five dollars' worth of tickets that would have been worth better than two thousand dollars if Lead Pipe's nose had been six inches farther ahead at the finish.

"Leander," said Mrs. Dilldock at dinner that night, "still has a headache."

"Did you find out a horse for us to bet on, Mr. Tyler?" Margaret asked brightly.

The Whining Kid took a chance. "I got one for you for tomorrow," he confided. "In the fourth race. Big Cannon."

At that moment Emerson must have come within range of the bull's vision. It suddenly shies from the prostrate figure on the ground and lumbers off toward the boy friend.

Breeze, who's just scooped for his hat, straightens up and gazes dumbly at the beast. He's rooted to the spot—too fascinated by fright to move. The *cuadrilla* makes desperate efforts to flag the bull's attention, but their luck is nothing to cable home about.

Straight for Emerson the cow's husband comes on in a sort of staggering, swaying gait, the two sword hilts protruding from his heaving shoulders. Instinctively Breeze puts out his hands. One of 'em seems to graze a horn. At the touch, if any, the bull's knees buckle under him, and he rolls over at Emerson's feet—dead from loss of blood!

Well, you'd imagine the fat-head had broken the neck of the brute bare-handed to hear the whoops that go up from the stands. He's still standing dazed by his "kill" when Gongala rushes up to him and starts spluttering violently. Of course, I can't hear what's said.

Emerson's assisted ceremoniously over the fence, and I meets him in the gangway between the two barriers. He's still dopy and talking ragtime.

"Damn it," he mumbles. "You can't go anywhere around here without having a bull die on your hat."

"What was Gongala spilling?" I inquires, when I gets Breeze outside and calmed down some.

"Said he couldn't fight a duel with a man who'd saved his life," returns Emerson. "Wanted me to accept his apology for—"

"Did you?" I cuts in.

"Think I ought to?" comes back the cuckoo. "I suppose I have. But what makes me sore," grumbles Emerson, as we leave, "is that I've learned all about fencing, but what use am I going to make of it now?"

"Big Cannon!" Mrs. Dilldock breathed.

"It's like this," said the Whining Kid. "He aint goin' to pay such a fat price. He'll maybe be about even money, but the point is he's sure to win."

"That's it," Mrs. Dilldock agreed. "That's the point."

"You can double your money on this baby an' take practically no chance o' losin'."

"You're pretty sure he wont lose, huh?"

"Certain," the Whining Kid declared, deciding to go the whole distance. "I know the people runnin' this horse, an' all the jocks ridin' in the race. It's all fixed for Big Cannon to win. He can't lose."

"Now that's what I call business," Mrs. Dilldock declared. "When Leander used to bet on horses, he was just guessin' which would win. O' course he used to guess right sometimes, but he never knew for sure what was goin' to happen. I always told him there was some way o' findin' out for certain which horse was goin' to win, but he wouldn't believe it. Big Cannon! Well, that's fine. I'll just go out there tomorrow an' show that husband of mine how to make money at the track without takin' any risks."

"Want to gimme the money an' lemme bet it for you?" the Whining Kid asked hopefully.

"No," Mrs. Dilldock declined. "I'm much obliged, but I guess I'll go an' take Margaret with me. The outing'll do us good."

They were still at their coffee when the door-bell rang. Mrs. Dilldock answered it. "It's that big lummoxy Cy Magnus," she said scornfully to Margaret when she returned. "What you see in him!"

Cy waited for Margaret on the porch. "How's your pa?" he asked solicitously.

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H A V E A

C A M E L



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KOTEX



"He's got a headache," said Margaret. "I've had a kind of a headache all day too," Cy said lugubriously. "Listen, Margaret—he hasn't bet the money yet, has he?"

"Course not," said Margaret. "He'd tell us if he had, wouldn't he? Maybe he's goin' to bet it tomorrow. There's a horse goin' to win then. I found out about him tonight. Mr. Tyler told us all about it. I'm goin' out with Ma, an' we're goin' to bet on it. Be funny if that was the same horse Pa was goin' to bet on too, wouldn't it?"

"I guess so," Cy said without enthusiasm. "It don't sound very funny to me. I got a kind of a headache myself!"

Again Margaret rapped at her father's door, and again he reluctantly opened it a crack.

"Pa, I found out a horse that's goin' to win tomorrow," she whispered eagerly.

"What do you mean?"

"Big Cannon. In the fourth race. Mr. Tyler told us."

"Big Cannon!" Leander said scornfully. "He'll be a favorite at even money or less. Can't make any money bettin' on that kind."

"Ma's goin' to," Margaret told him.

"What?" Leander exclaimed. "Your ma's goin' to bet? You're crazy!"

"She's goin' to," Margaret insisted. "Honest. She says it aint really bettin', because she knows beforehand this horse is goin' to win."

Leander groaned. "Goin' to bet on Big Cannon! He'll prob'ly lose, an' she won't get anything for him if he does win! Listen, Margaret, couldn't you talk your Ma into lettin' me handle whatever money she's goin' to bet? Couldn't you? Listen, Margaret, I could take it an' make plenty. Honest, I could. Aint I done it before? Why, Margaret I had a horse today that—that—" He stopped and gulped. "Can't you, Margaret?" He finished. "Don't you think you could?"

"You know Ma," Margaret said.

Leander groaned again.

"When are you goin' to bet the money for Cy?" Margaret asked.

"I dunno," Leander mumbled. "When the time's ripe. This headache an' all's got me kind o' off balance. How much is your Ma goin' to bet?"

"I dunno," said Margaret. "She didn't say. I'm goin' to the track with her. Will you be there tomorrow?"

"I dunno," said Leander. "I guess not. Go on now. I got to be quiet an' think!"

HE shut the door and resumed his walking up and down the room, twisting his fingers and trying to think. For the hundredth time he emptied his pockets and counted over his money. Eleven dollars and eighty-six cents! With that, and what he could pinch from his salary week by week, he must manage to win back Cy's money and stab again for the two thousand.

He had been right in betting on Lead Pipe. That was the cruel part of it. No man is so alone in this world as one who has made a good bet that didn't cash. To the winner, no matter how dumb he may be, belongs not only the spoils but all the credit for being smart. To the loser goes the dunce-cap decorated with the wreath of wild raspberries, no matter what the circumstances.

Tense and perspiring, Leander at last got out his entries for the morrow and his dope-sheets. He ran through the first race without finding anything he liked. So with the second; so also with the third. In the fourth, a mile-and-an-eighth affair for three-year-olds and up, he found a horse called Mexican Dandy.

Mexican Dandy was an eight-year-old black gelding who had been away from the races for more than a year. He had been a good performer in his time. This was his first out since he had pulled up lame at Jefferson Park the previous winter. The handicappers gave him no chance in the following

day's race, and the probable odds quoted on him were thirty to one.

Leander dug through the dope-sheets and became enthusiastic.

"If he's sound, he can win it." That was his decision. "Yes sir, if he's in good shape, he can beat all those. He's got class, an' he's in there with nothin' but a feather on him. Thirty to one! If I just had some money! Well, I'll have to bet my eleven bucks on him an' then pyramid my winnings. I've got to make good for Cy an' Margaret!"

LEANDER was absent from both breakfast and lunch the following day. His head was worse. He was still in bed in his room when Margaret and her mother left for the track. He called to them through the door that he might get up later and make himself a cup of coffee.

"How much you goin' to bet, Ma?" Margaret asked as they started for the track.

"You wait an' see," Mrs. Dilldock said, smiling. "You just wait an' see, Margaret."

They were seated in the grandstand before the running of the first race. When the odds went up for the fourth event, Mrs. Dilldock rose and bade Margaret follow her. "I'm goin' to show you now how to make a real business out o' makin' money on races," she explained as she led the way toward the seller's window in the mutuel ring. "You know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to bet two hundred dollars."

"Ma!" Margaret gasped.

"Why not?" Mrs. Dilldock asked. "I thought it all over. I thought first I'd just bet two dollars, an' then I got to thinkin' that if I did that I'd only win two dollars. Then I thought I'd bet ten, but then I got to thinkin' that if I did that I'd only win ten. Then it come to me all of a sudden that if I bet two hundred dollars, I'd win two hundred dollars. Aint that sense?"

"But Ma," Margaret gasped, "s'pose you lose?"

"That's just it," Mrs. Dilldock said. "If this horse wins, I can't lose, can I? Well! It's goin' to win, isn't it? Didn't Mr. Tyler say it was all fixed? He knows all the jockeys an' everybody, don't he? Well, then! I'm goin' to make two hundred dollars just for the fun o' comin' out here an' settin' in the sun. Aint that real business?"

They made their way to one of the ten-dollar windows, and there Mrs. Dilldock paused and opened her hand-bag. She fumbled for a moment in the litter therein contained and brought forth a small black purse. This she snapped open. Then she screamed.

"Margaret! My money's gone!"

"Ma!" Margaret gasped. "Did somebody steal it?"

"Oh, my Lord!" Mrs. Dilldock exclaimed, starting to run. "I left it on my dressin'-table, Margaret! I was so flustered thinkin' about comin' an' all, I left it on the dressin'-table. Two hundred dollars. Somebody'll bust in an' steal it, sure!"

"Pa's home," Margaret reminded her.

"Oh, my Lord!" Mrs. Dilldock exclaimed in a yet more startled voice. She ran the faster. "Hurry, Margaret! Two hundred dollars!"

THEY reached home to find that Mrs. Dilldock's fears were well grounded. The money was gone! As soon as Mrs. Dilldock verified this, she rushed to her husband's room. Leander too was gone, headache and all!

"It's a judgment!" Mrs. Dilldock moaned to her daughter. "It's a judgment on me, Margaret, for bein' tempted to bet on a horse-race. I always heard tell it was a sin, an' now I know it. It's a judgment, Margaret! I been punished an' I deserve it, but you just wait till I get a-hold o' your father!"

"Maybe he's been kidnaped or somethin',"

Margaret whimpered. "Maybe the robbers took him!"

"You're your father's own child," Mrs. Dilldock said sadly. "That's just the kind of a story he'd think up. Well, you listen to me: he better have evidence when he shows up. That's all. He better have evidence!"

A few minutes later the phone rang. It was Leander.

"Did you leave some money layin' on the dresser in your room?" he asked his wife.

"Yes!" she screeched.

"I thought it must be yours," he said calmly. "I went out to the track to give it to you, but I couldn't find you no place."

"Have you got the money?" she asked anxiously.

"Sure I've got it," he said. "I'm careful about money, I am."

"You bring it home," she urged. "Bring it right home now and give it to me."

"Sure," Leander agreed. "Be home in ten minutes. I'm phoinin' from a restaurant just outside the track."

WITHIN a few minutes Leander sauntered in and handed Mrs. Dilldock the money. "You ought to be more careful," he warned her.

She counted the bills and drew a long breath. "It's all here," she admitted reluctantly. There was a bewildered expression on her face. She counted the money again. "Where'd this fifty come from? I had all twenties an' tens."

"You're cuckoo," Leander told her. "If you can't remember to take your money with you, how'd you expect to remember what kind o' bills you had?"

Mrs. Dilldock wilted and wept. "I don't know what's comin' over me, Leander," she wailed. "I must be showin' my age, I guess."

"You ought to leave money matters to me," Leander said loftily. "They aint a woman's business anyhow."

"Maybe you're right, Leander," Mrs. Dilldock said meekly. "I'll never feel like trustin' myself again after this. I could 'a' swore I didn't have anything but twenties an' tens!"

"I wonder who won the race?" Margaret said.

"What race?" Leander asked.

"The fourth," said Margaret. "The one where Mr. Tyler told us to bet on Big Cannon."

Leander smiled. "Maybe you women'll wake up some day an' find out that I know as much an' maybe more than any Tom, Dick an' Harry that happens to come around," he said. "Big Cannon run fourth in that race. I was there lookin' for you an' your ma, an' saw it. He run fourth."

"He lost?" Mrs. Dilldock said. "Oh, what a mercy o' providence I left that money home. Why, I'd 'a' lost it all! Oh! You just wait till I get hold of that little shrimp Tyler! You just wait!"

"What horse won, Pa?" Margaret asked.

"What horse?" Leander repeated. "Oh, you mean what won the fourth? Lemme see. It was a horse with a kind of a funny name. Now, lemme think. Oh, yes, I remember now. A horse by the name o'

ELSIE JANIS and GENE MARKEY

tell another conspicuously amusing tale of *Al West* and *Margie*—and of two newcomers—in

"CLOSE HARMONY"
in an early issue of this magazine.



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IS there any ONE cause back of skin blemishes and faults?" a prominent skin specialist was recently asked. The answer he gave means a new hope to thousands.

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And then he went on: "If one cannot change these conditions of daily life, one must at least use some corrective to start the skin again acting normally, and keep it so."

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Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice your complexion has become finer, smoother, ruddier. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

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RESINOL OINTMENT has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

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Mexican Dandy won it. He was thirty-five to one, too.

"Anybody had two hundred on that horse would 'a' won seven thousand dollars. What d'you think o' that? Seven thousand dollars! Well, I got to run along. Got some stuff to see to downtown."

AT four o'clock that hectic afternoon Cy Magnus called at the Dilldock home. He was wearing a grin that looked like a large slice of watermelon painted across his face.

"Where's your ma, Margaret?" he asked. "I guess I got somethin' to say that'll interest her. I went an' bought that auto laundry this afternoon. Got the bill-o'-sale right here in my pocket."

At five o'clock the Whining Kid appeared. Mrs. Dilldock met him at the front door.

"If you're lookin' for dinner, you can look elsewhere," she said icily. "If you're lookin' for a place to sleep, try the police station. I hear they take in tramps there. If you're lookin' for your suitcase an' things, you can have 'em when you pay your back room an' board."

"Keep the suitcase an' grow flowers in it," the Whining Kid suggested. "That's all it's good for. I paid six bits for it in a hockshop on Seventh Avenue in New York just 'fore I left, an' I got stung. You can keep the things in it too. Both of 'em. They're a pair o' socks that'd be as good as new if you'd darn 'em an' wash 'em an' find somebody they'd fit. Just keep the stuff an' call it square."

At five-thirty Leander appeared. He carried his head high and walked with an air. His surprise at hearing that Cy had bought out the auto laundry was extreme. He agreed readily that the wedding should be within the week.

After dinner Cy and Margaret went to a

show. It was a warm clear night. Leander and Mrs. Dilldock sat on the porch.

"Nice night," Leander said, a trace of sentiment in his tone.

"Be lonesome with Margaret gone," Mrs. Dilldock said, sighing.

Leander reached out and took her hand. "Seem kind o' like when we was first married, bein' alone together, wont it?" he said.

"I guess so," she said chokily. She hunched her chair close to his, put her head on his shoulder and wept. He stroked her hair.

"Tell you what, Ma," he said. "When the kids get hitched, let's you an' me go on a vacation down to South America an' around on one o' them fruit boats. Take about six weeks. How'd you like that?"

"Aw, Leander, we couldn't afford it," Mrs. Dilldock protested.

"Yes, we can," Leander assured her. "I tell you, Ma, I got a little money saved up you don't know nothin' about. I got pretty near five thousand dollars."

"Leander!"

"Yep—fact! What d'you say we take that trip, huh?"

"That'd be grand," she agreed.

"I'll get the tickets an' deposit that money to our joint account tomorrow," Leander said. "It's really as much yours as it is mine."

"You're awful good, Leander," she said humbly. "I'm sorry I been kind o' hard with you about money, but you know what? I was always afraid you'd go crazy about horse-racin' an' lose everything."

"I'm through with horse-racin'," Leander said fervently. "Yes, indeed! It aint only chancy, Ma. It's hard on the nerves. Yes sirree. It sure does shake a man's nerves! Six weeks on a fruit-boat wont do me a bit o' harm."

COME ALONE!

(Continued from page 69)

if I flashed them, and told how you came to me on your wedding night, and cut your bachelor supper to do it, you'd have a hard time making any judge or jury believe you'd ever really given me up. So you may as well pass those bills over. I'll do the counting; and if the amount isn't right, you'll have to make it up."

But Kirk paused to take in the full savor of the situation. The clogging weight that had hampered his freedom of action was gone. Hitherto, Beatrice had held the advantage, because she had nothing to lose. Now the tables were turned. It was he who had nothing to lose; all that had meant anything to him was swept away.

"You had the game in your own hands to-night, Mickey," he said, "if you'd only had the sense to see it. Let me show you how easily it could all have been managed—and then weep."

"Why, when I started here this evening in answer to your S. O. S. call, I was all the boy scout, so keen on doing my good deed for the day that I could hardly wait to get here. You had kept up a wonderful pose with me in our talk over the telephone, and I swallowed every word you said, hook, line and sinker. Actually, I was fool enough to be thankful that I had in my pocket the wherewithal to relieve your worries."

"And that was when you made your big mistake, Mickey. If you'd only played up to your part, and have let me find you all broken up by your troubles—I was so happy that I wanted to scatter my money along the road."

"But you had been to the pictures once too often; so you dolled yourself up, and tried the well-known feminine lure. Couldn't you understand that whatever I gave would not really have been given to you? Beatrice Owen was scarcely more than

a name to me; but you stood as a sort of symbol of the old days in Chelsea when I was a friendless newcomer in New York."

"But now? After the delightful entertainment you've given me, I sha'n't insult you by trying to pay for it." He picked up his book of traveler's checks and the sheaf of bills and restored them to his pocket. "You want get one cent out of me—not one damned—cent."

"If either of you attempt any further blackmail against me or Miss Norris, I will spend not only what I have here, but every dollar I have in the world to send you both to state's prison."

Beatrice's arms hung down rigidly, her fingers clutching and unclutching the folds of her frock. Her voice rose shrill with the hysteria she tried uselessly to control.

"All right for you!" she cried. "You're just begging for the fireworks, aren't you?"

Kirk stood waiting as if to see what she would do, then picked up his hat.

But at this Fanning flung himself in front of the door with arms outstretched.

"Hold on, Sargent!" he stammered excitedly. "I've got to speak to you before you go. And this isn't to threaten you, or any of that bunk. This is—well, this is a sort of proposition I want to put up to you."

"Not interested," Kirk said brusquely. "Stand aside."

BUT Fanning held stubbornly to his position.

"Oh, for God's sake!" he pleaded. "Wont you just give me a chance? I can show you an easy way out—nothing more for you or Miss Norris to bother about. And you'll keep quiet." He nodded to Beatrice.

"We will listen to you," Marjorie spoke unexpectedly.

The man was so sincerely, desperately in

earnest that even Beatrice looked at him with apprehensive curiosity.

"What I'm trying to get at is this, Mr. Sargent," Fanning said. "You don't want a thing like what she planned hanging over you, and neither does Miss Norris, with people like us apt to spill the beans at any time. So suppose we give you a letter—you can make it as strong as you please—signed by Beatrice and myself, confessing that we framed you, telling the whole story, and then she'll give you back your letters."

"Yes, she will!" Beatrice shrieked.

"You will," he flung her a rapid aside, "when you know the reason why!"

"I'm doing this, Mr. Sargent,"—he swung back to Kirk,—"because I've got to go away, get out of New York at once; and I want you to loan me the money to do it. You and Miss Norris will be safe from us for good, and it's only five hundred dollars I'm asking. I'll pay you back; I swear I will. I—"

"What's back of this?" Beatrice had sprung at him, and was beating his shoulder with her fist. "There's something. Now you tell me what it is."

"I'm leaving New York, got to get away tonight. That's all." He gave her a furtive, panicky glance.

"But why? Why? What have you done now?"

"I've done nothing!"—sullenly.

"Well, Mr. Sargent?" He was looking at Kirk with a breathless intensity; his hands were shaking.

"The proposition doesn't interest me," Kirk repeated inflexibly. "I told you I wouldn't give either of you a cent, and I mean it."

Fanning stretched out his hands in appeal to Marjorie.

"Miss Norris, can't you get him to listen?" He was abject, imploring. "I know you haven't got any use for us, either of you. But for the baby's sake, Miss Norris! You saved her once tonight; won't you save her again? She hasn't done anything. Won't you keep her from being branded all her life?"

Marjorie took a step nearer him.

"I can't help you," she said, "unless I know what the trouble is. What is it that you are afraid of?"

He clutched at the doorpost as if for support. He was like a building with its walls collapsing inward.

"It's Sing Sing," he muttered. "Maybe—worse!"

KIRK'S mind clicked back to the vacant apartment up the block, with its pool of clotted blood on the living-room floor—gruesome evidence of the murder so recently committed there. All his vague, earlier suspicions of Beatrice's husband as a factor in that crime returned at the trembling admission, and hardened into a positive conviction.

He did not really believe that anyone so wavering and futile as Fanning was capable of planning or participating in a cold-blooded killing, or a hot-blooded one either; yet since the fellow had a pistol, he might in some clumsy, chuckleheaded fashion have discharged it accidentally, or while rattled, just as in his superexcitement and panic he had pulled the trigger at Kirk.

At any rate, Jess was unquestionably implicated. The locket with the monogram and inscription, found in the dead man's pocket, established a connection with the affair, even without this last definite acknowledgment.

But whatever part Fanning had taken, Kirk was certain from Beatrice's manner that she had been in no way mixed up in what had happened, or was even cognizant of it.

"He's crazy!" she declared in a piercing whisper. "You jolted something in his head when you knocked him down, Kirk Sargent; and he's all wrong."

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Kirk ignored her. "You mean," he demanded of Fanning, "that you are wanted for that murder across the street?"

Fanning nodded, unable to speak. Groping his way to a seat, he slumped down in it, his head sunk on his chest, sobbing unrestrainedly.

"Murder!" Beatrice repeated, still in that high, unnatural whisper. "What are you talking about?" Sargent's mention of the affair when they met at the corner had evidently made so slight an impression on her that it had entirely slipped her memory. There was no attempt at acting on her part now. Her astonishment was unfeigned.

KIRK pointed to the newspaper on the table; and she ran to it, and held it close under the lamp to read it. The sheets shook and crackled in her hands. Marjorie had followed her, and leaning over her shoulder, was scanning with her the brief, unilluminating account of the tragedy.

He crossed over to her quickly. "Come," he said peremptorily; "we will go."

Marjorie shook her head, without looking at him.

"Not yet." She was drawing her gloves back and forth through her fingers. "We have been here so long now that it will not make much difference if we wait a bit longer."

Was this just another show of perversity to prove to him his loss of influence over her, or could she really wish to stay? The jarring idea struck him that possibly Marjorie might be a thrill-seeker, relishing this sordid drama because it afforded a contrast to anything in her previous rose-strewn experience.

"Very well." His tone was formal. "I shall wait of course—if you enjoy this atmosphere. I can't say that I do."

He wondered if Marjorie had ever had a good shaking. If either of her parents had been there to administer one, he would not have interfered.

She let her gloves rest and looked up at him.

"I have been thinking since we have been here, that you and I have known each other only in fair weather. I have been interested in watching the way you take a storm."

He could hardly keep back the bitter retort: "Yes; and the moment we struck foul weather, you took to the lifeboat."

She must have caught his thought, however, for the color ran up over her face.

She started to say something—possibly in reply to his unspoken reproach—but checked herself, as Beatrice flung down the newspaper she had been reading, and turned excitedly to Fanning.

"Jess!" She pounced at him with a sudden, startled conviction. "It says here, an unknown man. Who was it? The landlord?"

"No." He stopped his snuffing for a moment to stare at her. "Good God! What ever put that in your head? Why, anyone on the West Side, most, could have identified old Kaplan."

"Well, you told me yesterday afternoon you were going to have it out with him, and I thought maybe—"

"No," he repeated impatiently. "This was somebody you didn't know at all. Fellow by the name of Clive Barry who'd only been in the neighborhood a week or so and—"

Kirk lost the rest of the explanation, his attention swerving swiftly at a queer sound from Marjorie—a sort of choking cry, as if she had tried to stifle it, and had strangled.

She dropped to a chair and as he wheeled toward her, all his recent resentment changed to solicitude, she began groping blindly on the floor for her gloves. Her fingers touched them, but she seemed for the moment incapable of grasping them.

"Marjorie! What is it? Are you ill?" He bent over her, catching her cold hands, chafing them.

Her head fell back against the chair; her pallor frightened him.

"It's nothing—really nothing," she protested faintly; and then in a stronger voice: "I dropped my gloves, and as I stooped for them, the chair arm pressed into my side and hurt me."

"Oh, do come away from here," Kirk begged. "Let me go down and order a car for you. If you prefer it so, I will stay here, and do anything you wish. But don't you see how much easier you will make it for me, if I know that you are safely at home? Please, please, do as I ask."

"Please, please, let me alone." She made a fluttering gesture of dissent; but her tone had in it more of the old intimacy, the old understanding, than she had shown since she had come to the apartment. "I am quite all right. You remember, I broke a rib last winter skating, and the chair arm reminded me of it rather painfully. Merely a bad twinge, and it is over now."

SHE was gazing past him at Beatrice and Fanning, who were talking earnestly together over on the couch; and at the moment the two rose and came toward them, Beatrice pulling Fanning forward by the sleeve.

"Jess didn't have anything to do with it, Kirk," she cried eagerly. "Really, he didn't. I can tell when he's lying quicker than anybody else, and I know he's telling the truth now."

"I'm innocent; I swear I am, Mr. Sargent." Fanning's mouth and chin were quivering like a rabbit's. "But I can't prove it. Everything's against me. The case is a mystery as it stands, and if the cops ever get their hands on me—good night! I know 'em. They aren't going to waste time digging around for the truth, when they've got some one to hang it on as easy as they can hang it on me. With a stake of five hundred, though, I can—"

Kirk stopped him with a blunt refusal. "Funny system you've got, Fanning," he said. "First try to bluff a man with a pistol, blackmail, badger game, anything that comes handy; and then, if he doesn't come through, beg him for the money to get you under cover. Well, I'm not so soft."

"And I'll tell you something else, which is a piece of good advice you don't deserve. The best thing you can do is to go right over to the station house, and give yourself up. You haven't got the wits or the sand to make a get-away. You're certain to fozzle it somehow, and you'll only be caught and dragged back, which will be the worse for you in the end."

"But, Kirk, this is your wedding day!" Beatrice clutched at his arm. "Do you want to remember it all your life as the day when you let an innocent man go to the chair because you wouldn't part with a measly five hundred dollars?"

His wedding day! Kirk seemed to hear again the striking of the clock, and see Marjorie's shrinking gesture of recoil; and felt once more the stab of pain, the surge of anger against the injustice of it.

"You'd get value received for your money all right, Mr. Sargent," cried Fanning, "a great big five hundred dollars' worth. Why, look! Suppose I'm caught, what happens then? All this has got to come out, don't it—about us getting you up here, and everything? And who's going to believe there wasn't something between you and Beatrice?"

"That's the yellowest dodge you've tried yet, Fanning."

"You didn't get me right, Mr. Sargent. I wasn't threatening to talk about tonight. It's what happened before, that I'd have to tell the police if they catch me."

Kirk braced himself against a sudden sense of shock.

"Look here," he said; "if I understand you at all, there's something behind this matter that hasn't yet come out. Now you tell me the whole story, and tell it straight, do you hear? No cooked-up version; nothing held back."

"All right!"—sullenly. "That's what I've been trying to do—tell you."

Kirk motioned him to a chair beside the table where the light fell full on his face, and seated himself opposite.

"Before you begin," he said, "answer me this. Did you by accident or design kill that man?" He put the question abruptly, hoping to catch Fanning off guard.

Fanning did not flinch.

"No," he said strongly.

"Did you have an argument or quarrel with him?"

"No."

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"Well, yes and no. I'd only known him a few days. Pretty nice fellow, I thought. Struck up an acquaintance with him at the cigar-store on the corner, talking about the new football rules."

"What was his business?"

"He didn't have any so far as I could find out. Down on his luck, like me. He was a good talker. I thought he was telling a lot about himself; but it's funny, now that you're asking me questions, there isn't anything he said that I can pin on to him."

"Do you think he was a crook, or a gunman, or anything like that?"

FANNING owlishly considered this.

"Didn't strike me that way; and yet—Well, he was afraid of something; nervous, if you get what I mean, always edging out of sight when a cop came around, and giving every stranger the once-over, sort of out of the corner of his eye."

"Tell you what I think." Jess pursed up his lips reflectively. "He wasn't a regular crook, but a guy that had got caught in a jam of some kind same's I am, and was anxious to make a get-away—most anywhere, so it was far enough off from New York. That was what we mostly talked about, places you could go to, and what you could do after you got there. He'd been around the world a good bit, sort of rolling stone I guess; and listening to him tell about the chances for a smart fellow to make good at some of those foreign places got me kind of fired with the idea of going too. Only trouble was, we were both broke, and there didn't seem any way of raising the dough."

"Well, Beatrice, she—" He broke off with a side-glance at his wife.

"What about Beatrice?" she asked tartly. "Go on, spill it."

"Nothing," he mumbled. "Only, you were after me all the time to help you get a wad off of Mr. Sargent here; and it struck me maybe this bird, Barry, could figure out some way of handling the deal without too much risk to it. He was well educated, you understand; and he'd kind of hinted—well, that he was willing to pull off most anything to raise a stake, if I'd go into it with him."

"So I sounded him out on it," Jess went on, "not using any names, just putting it up to him as a sort of hypodermic question, as the lawyers say. But he tumbled right away that it was me and Beatrice I was talking about. He'd been away down before that—awful blue—said he'd had a letter that upset him; but as soon as he got a line on the stuff I was handing him, he began to get excited, and started coaxing me to let him in."

"I put him off, though." Jess cocked his swollen eye with an assumption of shrewdness. "Way he talked, he sounded kind of—kind of visionary to me. What I mean, I didn't take so much stock in him."

"A dope-fiend?" Kirk inquired.



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"Oh, no; nothing like that. It was more this way." Fanning struggled with his limited vocabulary. "More like he was working up his nerve to tackle something he hadn't really tried before, and was pretending he had; kind of talking big and swagging, don't you know?"

Kirk nodded. He was keeping a tight rein on his patience; for he felt that if he tried to hurry Fanning, he would simply confuse him.

Beatrice, he noticed, was following every word, and he was sure from the tenseness of her attitude and expression that in the brief, low-toned conversation she had held with her husband a few moments before, he had acquainted her only with a bare outline of his predicament. The story he was telling now was new to her. She was hearing of Jess' meeting with this stranger, and their subsequent dealings for the first time.

Marjorie, too, was giving Fanning an absorbed attention, listening with her elbow propped on the arm of her chair, and her chin on her hand. Her delicate eyebrows were drawn together, and a little vertical crease showed in her forehead.

"That was day before yesterday," Fanning paused as if to make certain of the point. "Yes; day before yesterday when I spoke to him first, and meanwhile Beatrice kept hounding me all the time to play ball."

"Then this afternoon Barry came hunting me up all in a lather, and told me he had a plan worked out, about Beatrice getting you up here like she did, calling you on the telephone, and all. But it was hard to talk things over there—we were at the cigar-store—talk confidential, I mean, and not be overheard."

"I didn't want to bring him up here 'count of Beatrice, and at his place—he had a furnished room over in the next block on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street—he was afraid his landlady might come snooping around, and get an earful at the keyhole."

"Then, while we were casting around where to go, in breezes a lady friend of Beatrice's to buy some cigarettes, and she sights me and calls me over to her. This Mrs. Lacoste,—that's the lady,—she says she's in an awful hurry to catch a train, and would I do her a favor, and get the keys of her apartment from Beatrice, and turn them over to the janitor for her."

BEATRICE broke in with a quick nod of corroboration.

"She had an apartment at 212," she explained, "but she sold her furniture and moved away about two weeks ago. But her month wasn't up yet, and she left her keys with me; she didn't like to trust the janitor, she said, because she had some liquor hidden in a closet there, that she had to be careful about getting out."

"That's what she told me," Jess assented; "but she said her stuff was all moved now, and she was paid up, and there was nothing more to do but turn over the keys before the first of the month. She'd had a sudden call out of town, though, and didn't have time to attend to it herself; so if I'd get the keys and take them in to the janitor at 212 for her, she'd be tremendously obliged."

"I told her, sure; and went off to get them. And when I came back downstairs, I found Barry waiting for me at the doorstep."

"Getting those keys, he said, was just about right—an answer to prayer, he called it. Instead of turning them in right away, we'd go up to the apartment, and work out the details of our scheme."

"So we went there, and talked it all over; and then about five o'clock I left him to go home to supper. Baby hadn't been well, and I was feeling sort of anxious about her. Barry, he said he'd stay in the apartment for a while longer—there wasn't any place else for him to go. Then when he got ready to leave, he'd lock the place up and give the

keys to the janitor. And he said, he'd wait for me on the corner at seven o'clock."

"I did that, went out to meet him," Fanning gave an involuntary shiver. "And then—I heard about it."

"Did you learn how it was discovered?" Kirk asked.

"They said the janitor was on that floor, showing some people the apartments, and noticed that the door was open. He thought it was funny because Mrs. Lacoste had always been so careful to keep the place locked, so he went in to look around. The cops are after Mrs. Lacoste now of course, trying to locate her. Nothing to that; she can prove easy enough that she didn't have anything to do with it. But she'll tell sure that she gave me the keys, and the cigar-store crowd all know I was with Barry; and that'll hook me right up with it."

"After you left Barry, did you tell anyone that he was still in the apartment?" questioned Kirk.

"No—I didn't see anybody I knew. I came straight home."

"Do you think you were followed when you went to the place, or spied on after you got there?"

"If we were, I didn't notice it. And why should anybody choose just that time if they wanted to do any spying? We'd been to get a good deal for about a week."

"What sort of a person was this woman who had the apartment?" Kirk shifted his attention to Beatrice.

"Mrs. Lacoste?" She twisted her head about, avoiding his eyes, and he thought he discerned a momentary, secret apprehension in hers, but this was so fleeting that he dismissed the idea, especially as she went on frankly, even volubly. "She is something my style, only more so, if you get what I mean. I got to speaking to her through her always stopping to make a fuss over Baby when she met us out together; she was friendly too, not like the old meanies around here."

"She'd beg me to bring little Bee to see her, and I did once or twice when she had some little present for her, open-handed as could be, and then she would show me her evening clothes and wraps and things. I'll say they were good! And her diamonds, all solitaires; no chopped ice for her, she said. I wondered why she lived in this locality, but she certainly didn't mope around here much, according to her; theaters, night-clubs, and all that. Oh, she knew the town—nothing got by her. They say she had some pretty wild parties in that place of hers too. I don't know. I wasn't included in the invitations."

"I guess, though,"—the envy dying out of her voice—"that it wasn't all smooth sailing toward the last. She got awfully blue and seemed mad about something. I heard too, that she didn't give up the apartment, but was ordered out on account of a terrible fight she had with her husband. I don't know anything about that. All she said to me was that she was leaving, and she asked me to keep the keys until she could move out some hooch she had there."

"Do you think," Kirk inquired now, of Fanning, "that she might have engineered it to get Barry up there, so as to give some one a chance at him?"

JESS was eager to catch at any straw, but this was too flimsy a one.

"No," he muttered. "It was me she spoke to, I tell you. She didn't know Barry; I doubt if she even saw him there. Besides, how could Mrs. Lacoste or anybody else guess that he and I would go up into the apartment? All she asked me to do was to get the keys; and take them around and give them to the janitor."

"No; it's just as I say," Fanning shook his head glumly. "I'm the only one they can fasten it on, and they won't take time to look any further. They'll railroad me—"

Kirk cut across his bleating protestations. "What about Beatrice's heart-shaped locket?" he asked.

Chapter Five

FANNING'S puffy lids lifted. He shot a flustered look at Sargent.

"Beatrice's locket?" he repeated. "How did you know anything about that? Oh!"—scowling at his wife. "You've been shooting off your mouth?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?" Beatrice bristled. "Kirk asked me a little while after he came in, if I'd kept that locket, and I said, yes. But when he wanted to see it, I had to tell him it was gone; you must have swiped it, and carried it off to the pawnshop."

"Well, I didn't," Fanning denied sulkily. "I took it all right, but 'twasn't to hock it. 'Twas to show it to Barry as proof that I wasn't just talking through my hat, but had the real goods on Sargent, with his picture in it, and, 'To the Only Girl,' on the back and with his initials underneath."

"And you gave it to him?" Beatrice demanded.

"Gave it to him? Not on your life."

"Where is it now, then?"

"Don't worry. I've got it right with me."

"Good Lord!" cried Kirk. "Can't you show ordinary intelligence? You're the sort of a man that would lie to his lawyer. That locket, Fanning, and you know it as well as I do, was found in the pocket of your so-called partner, the man who was killed."

The effect on Fanning was instantaneous. He sat upright, his eyes bulging, and fingered in his vest pocket; then began to search wildly through all his pockets. As he hunted unavailingly, the color in his face slowly receded, leaving it gray.

"I haven't got it!" he exclaimed, his consternation so realistic, so artless in its way, that Kirk's shaken belief in him as a booby was strengthened and upheld. "And as sure as I sit here, I put it back after I showed it to him. It must have dropped out, and he must have picked it up after I was gone. But how could it fall on the bare floor without my hearing it? Oh, my God!" He put his head down in his hands. "That ties me right up to it. The cops have got a straight clue. How do you know they found it on him?"

"It says so in the paper there," Kirk motioned toward the table.

"I might have known you'd tangle yourself up in the flypaper, if there was any around." Beatrice stamped her foot in exasperation.

Fanning paid no attention to her. "Barry must've grabbed it," he muttered as if to himself, "when he told me we could go to hell with our blackmailing plans."

Marjorie leaned forward abruptly, breaking the still pose she had held unchanged since Fanning commenced his recital.

"You say," she interrupted, "that—that this man would have nothing to do with your plans—after he saw the locket?" There was a quaver in her voice, an eagerness that Kirk could not understand.

"No, ma'am. No, Miss Norris," Jess assured her. "Fact is, he turned plumb against it, though him and I had been figuring on a scheme for slipping off to Canada. He'd heard me say I knew a place up there where a fellow could lie low indefinite; and he was after me hot and heavy to steer him to it. He was keen to beat it out of New York; but he said it would have to be managed on the dead q. t., on account of certain parties who might try to stop him, if they knew it."

"We were both dead broke; but he was sure he could borrow from a friend down town, if he could only manage to see him; but he'd have to be awful careful about it, on account of the danger of being spotted or maybe tipping off what he was up to."



COMPARE the tread under pressure in the picture below with the tread at the left.



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"Yesterday morning, though, he calls me out of the cigar-store and tells me he's found out that this friend he is banking on is out of town and won't be back for six months. I went home, and Beatrice, she started in on her same old line. Was I going to help her get money out of Sargent, or wasn't I? Then the idea came to me that here was a way to raise what Barry and I needed for the trip. I decided to put it up to him, and see what he thought of it. He was better informed'n me, and I figured he could probably give me some pointers on how to handle it. So I went back to the corner to try and find him; and I hadn't hardly got there before he came dodging in, all out of breath, and looking like he'd seen a ghost.

"He grabbed my arm, and pulled me over to the back of the store.

"Fanning," he says in a kind of shaky voice, 'I've got to be leaving this town right away, now. Surely there's some way to get the little money we need. I'm desperate, I tell you,' he says.

"What better opening could I ask than that?" Fanning went on aggressively. "I told him I had a plan in mind that was pretty sure to produce results.

"How soon?" he wanted to know.

"Tonight," I told him. "It's got to be tonight, or never. But don't forget we're taking a chance," I warned him. "This is no piker play. It's for important money, and we're stacking up against one of the biggest men on Wall Street. There's bound to be some risk to it."

"He didn't care, he said; he was game for anything, so long as it promised quick action. Just go ahead and let him know what was wanted, and I could count on him. Better be in jail, he said, than in the fix he was. Something had come up that—well, he couldn't stick around where he was any longer. So I needn't talk any more about risks or chances, but tip him what I had up my sleeve.

"Well, just as I told you before, while we were wondering where we could go and have a private chat, in breezes this Lacoste dame for a package of cigarettes; and with my jinx still working overtime, she sees me and calls me over to her."

"DID she see Barry, too?" interrupted Kirk.

"Maybe. I couldn't say. But, if so, she didn't pay any attention to him. 'Twas me she was interested in, 'count of wanting me to get her keys from Beatrice, like I said, and turn them over to the janitor for her. Barry, he'd probably ducked back into the corner, same's he did when anybody else came in the store."

"Go on," Kirk nodded.

"Well, it struck me right away when she told about the apartment, that here was a place where we could talk quiet without being interrupted; so I gave Barry the office to stay there, I'd be right back, and I hustled off home to get the keys.

"Then, after Beatrice had handed them to me, and had gone back to the kitchen, I copped the locket out of her drawer and a picture supplement she had all about the wedding, so as to show Barry I wasn't just shooting hot air, and I put them in my pocket along with the keys. There was a card fastened to the keys too, with the apartment number and the address on it; but that was too big to crowd into my pocket, so I tore it off and threw it on the table.

"Then I went out to get Barry. But when I got down stairs, I found him parked in the vestibule waiting for me. He'd heard Mrs. Lacoste ask me to turn over her keys, and the same idea had struck him as me, that this empty apartment'd be just the place we needed to have our talk. By the time we reached the apartment, he was quite chirked up, and all on edge to listen to my scheme.

"But, gee, soon's I spread the lay-out to

him, his face changed. He grabbed the supplement out of my hand and studied over it a long time, and then he made me show him the locket and tell him what there really was between you and Beatrice. After that, he started raising objections. He seemed to have got cold feet all of a sudden. I don't know what it was that turned him; but he sure was off of having anything at all to do with it.

"He says: 'It won't do, Fanning; you've got to drop this.' The play was too dangerous, too tricky, he said. In a big, prominent wedding like that, they always had a mess of detectives around to watch the presents and so forth; and even if Mr. Sargent came to Beatrice, which wasn't at all likely, chances were he'd bring one of those dicks with him, or else he'd certainly tell some one, Miss Norris or somebody, where he was going, and if he didn't show up pretty prompt, they'd send the dicks after him.

"He kept on like that. It most knocked me off my pins, crazy as he was for money to make a get-away and everything."

AN interruption that sounded something like a smothered sob caused Kirk again to turn quickly to Marjorie; but as before, she waved aside his importunities.

"Believe me, I am perfectly all right," she insisted, although her continuing pallor and the strained lines about her mouth belied her words. "Tell him to go on, please."

"I couldn't change Barry, and hearing him go on that way, my own feet got kind of cold," continued Fanning. "I left him then; and that's the last I ever saw of him."

"When I got here, I didn't tell Beatrice I'd been talking to anybody; but I set up all the objections Barry had made, like I'd thought 'em out myself. She's pretty cute on anything like that, you know, and I wanted to see how his ideas'd hit her. But she just brushed them out of the way.

"The rest was just like I told you, Mr. Sargent. I swear before God, I haven't held one thing back on you this time."

Kirk, considering the whole story, had little doubt that Fanning was telling the truth; he could not help believing that the dispute had terminated as bloodlessly as Fanning claimed. Jess was of a type far more likely to be influenced by the negative suggestions of his companion than the positive ones; and his whole story confirmed this. He had virtually given up his blackmailing plans when he came home to Beatrice; and the affair would have ended before it began, if she had not played the part of *Lady Macbeth*, and announced her intention of wielding the daggers herself.

"Fanning,"—Kirk made his decision,— "rightly or wrongly I believe what you've told me, and I am going to help you get out of reach for a while. Wait!"—as both Beatrice and Jess broke into exclamations of relieved gratitude. "You're not gone yet, and even after you start, there's a chance that you may be overhauled and brought back. If that happens, I'll agree to supply you with a good lawyer, and stand by you; but only on condition that under no circumstances do you give a hint to the police of this game you attempted here.

"If it would assist them in finding the real murderer, or throw any light on the situation, I would not ask you to hold back anything. But it would be of no advantage to them whatever; on the other hand, it would probably serve only to confuse and muddle them."

"But what am I going to tell 'em Barry and I were doing up in that empty apartment, and what we were talking about all that time?" whined Fanning. "Suppose somebody saw us go in, and somebody else saw me come out alone? They'll know I was there the best part of the afternoon."

"You will tell them," Kirk instructed, "the exact story of your meeting with this man just as you gave it to me. And then you

will say that you were drawn together because you were both in the same boat. You were out of a job, and hadn't been able to find another. You and he went up to this apartment to look over the place in the hope that the Lacoste woman, when she moved her liquor, might have overlooked a stray bottle; and as it was a warm afternoon, and you had nowhere else to go, you stayed there talking. Now can you stick to that?"

"Easy." Fanning brightened perceptibly. "Because that's just what we did talk about when I first met him, before we got confidential. But say!" He lapsed into misgivings again, as he caught sight of himself in a mirror across the room. "What am I going to tell them, when they come at me about the looks of my face? Those cops'll take one squint at me, and say that Barry beat me up and I shot him."

"H'm!" Kirk wondered at himself for having overlooked so obvious a point. "Where did you get the stuff you drank to-night?"

"Speakeasy."

"Say, then, that when you came out, you lurched against a man. He gave you a shove, and you had some words with him, and he socked you. Not so good, but the best I can think up at the moment; so stick to that."

"After all," he added more cheerfully, "we're hoping that none of this will be necessary, but that you'll make a get-away. You will need money, but just as little as possible. If you are caught, and any considerable amount is found on you, the police, knowing that you have been out of a job and broke, will be apt to suspect robbery as a motive for the killing of Barry."

"What about her and the baby?" Fanning asked. "How are they going to get along?"

"That's what I want to know!" Beatrice broke in aggressively.

"They'll not suffer. My lawyer will look after them. Now, Fanning, what do you need to take you to Canada?" Kirk began to calculate probable expenses. Intent on this, and looking straight before him, his eye caught the glint of the revolver lying under the table, where it had fallen when he knocked it from Fanning's hand in their scuffle.

"That shouldn't be left lying about." He walked over to it, picked it up, and stood balancing it in his hand, wondering what to do with it. If the apartment was searched for a weapon, and this was found, it would be an ugly piece of evidence against Fanning.

With a grimace, he shoved it into his hip pocket. He could find some way to dispose of it later; at present, his mind was taken up with more pressing requirements.

CCROSSING back to his place, he stopped for a moment beside Marjorie.

"We will be out of this in a minute or two now," he murmured reassuringly. "Are you certain you are all right?"

"Quite." She gave him a faint, heart-warming smile. "And so grateful to you for the way you have handled everything."

"Now, Fanning—" Kirk's hand was on the bills in his breast pocket, when there came a loud, imperative peal at the bell.

"The cops!" Fanning said in a hoarse, breathless whisper.

Kirk motioned to Beatrice.

"You go," he said. "If it is the police, show surprise but no fear. And Fanning, let me do the talking. Answer when you are spoken to, that's all." He seated himself, assuming an easy attitude.

They heard Beatrice open the door, a deep voice asking for Fanning, the heavy tread of men along the hall.

The police had arrived.

The forthcoming chapters of Mrs. Woodrow's fine novel are even more dramatic—in the next, the September, issue.



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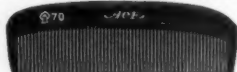
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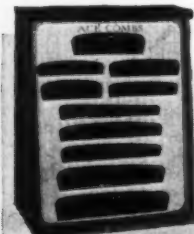
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"YOU'VE LIED YO'R LAST LIE!"

(Continued from page 95)

employee, taking off her hat. "C'n I set heah close to you while I l'arns mo' 'bout yo' bus'n's?"

"Not nowhars else!" conceded Ipecac. "You set right heah an' l'arn de fu'n'ture bus'n's from de man whut invented fixin' fu'n'ture."

After which Mr. Ingalls took a big breath and a fresh slant at the furniture business. Now that he had got rid of Cash Money and his foolish sign-making, things were just right—and they weren't. As long as it had been a strictly stag affair, his business arrangements had been excellent. Now they didn't look so good. Suddenly reorganization was in order. Cash Money was the trouble and getting more so. He might fix furniture all right, but he never had had any luck in keeping his mouth shut around Susie. And Ipecac perceived his new vulnerability should Susie learn his address and call while this good-looking admirer of cave-men was learning the furniture business under his tutelage. Indeed, such a call was something Mr. Ingalls could not contemplate without the aid of anesthetics.

Following an hour's deep thought—with his mind on Susie and his eyes on Effie the new shorthand queen—Ipecac sighed and put on his hat. What the white folks were all the time saying about blood being thicker than water didn't apply to flat-footed nigger in-laws. On which basis, Ipecac foresaw an early expansion in his business—costly, but cheaper than hospital bills.

SHORTLY thereafter Fourth Avenue again saw him—Fourth Avenue and the office of one Calhoun Pond, the eminent colored realtor.

"Pos'tively dat roof aint leak, an' de lease aint canc'l'able!" the latter greeted him on sight. Folks that rented that Tittisville store always came back to see Calhoun right after the first rain.

But, "Roof suits me fine," declared Ipecac startlingly. "Aint but one thing wrong wid dat sto'—"

"Whut dat?"

"Taint big 'nough fo' my business."

"Dawggone! Bus'n's must be growin'. I gits you better location," returned Calhoun in relieved admiration.

"Ne'mind. Leave hit like 'tis. All I needs is 'nother place too—closer to West End, whar at I c'n move my repa'r department to so as I aint have dat Cash Money nigger hammerin' round de sto' no mo'. Aint no class to place wid nigger all time hammerin'. Stenog'pher can't heah me when I indicates."

"Aint hit de truth, Mist' Ingalls! Stenog'phers gittin' mo' triflin' all de time, too. But I has jes' whut you craves—right spang at de West End railroad crossin' an' 'bout two miles from whar at you is. Dat too fur?"

"Jes' is fur 'nough. When c'n I move in wid him?"

"Aint nothin' but twenty-five dollars 'tween you an' movin' him right now."

Ipecac dug up some more of his greenbacks. Lodge dues were getting low, but it was worth it. Whoever said three was a crowd knew their numbers.

"Sho is glad to see you branchin' out so fas'," Calhoun congratulated him as he pocketed the rent money.

"You aint never seen no branchin' out twel now," Ipecac intimated broadly. "Watch my smoke!"

On his return to what had suddenly become the main store, Cash Money was Mr. Ingalls' first stop. "Cash Money, you starts work in a diff'rent place in de mawnin'," he instructed coldly. "All de rough work gwine be done at de West End branch from now on, on Christopher Street—an' heah de key.

Me an' Miss Effie 'tends to de classy trade round Tittisville heah from now on. You fixes fu'n'ture in West End an' cain't remember whar de main sto' is when you's round Susie. Git dat las' straight, if you balls up ev'rything else."

"I heahs you," mumbled his relative sullenly. "An' jes' fo' dat, I keeps my mouth shet 'bout some'n else dat got heap to do wid keepin' you from bein' cross-eyed in both feet befo' de week out. You done run by de signals: dat's all I got say, nigger; you done run by de signals I made you."

THE following morning Ipecac aroused himself early upon the rehabilitated sofa that was serving him for a bed until he sold it. Gladly he looked forward to a new day of instructing the new help in the intricacies of the secondhand furniture business. If his overhead had doubled, so had his chances to make a favorable impression, undisturbed, upon his new employee. And better have the overhead high than himself low—underground. Ipecac's idea of trouble was two women under one roof—one of them Susie. And it wasn't any of his business to wonder why all those Fourth Avenue colored boys had let a girl like Effie stay single. True, she wasn't warming up to him the way Willie's advance notices had indicated he might expect, but she was on record that she liked them wild. And with Cash Money removed, Mr. Ingalls foresaw a distinct improvement in his technique. Effie suited him, and cave-man tactics would do the rest—now that he knew she admired them. Wasn't a thing then to stand between him and hunting up a preacher and a "pair of licenses" with Effie's name on them. Effie was what divorces were for. Susie didn't count, anyway—as long as she didn't have his address.

Ipecac hadn't felt so good since his feet first took him out of reach of that white lady's big chauffeur. Things were just right: Cash Money absent, Effie present, and Susie ignorant of his address. Being a business man was twice as good as it was cracked up to be, and getting better every minute. As soon as he could think of somebody to write to, he was going to dictate a letter to Effie and have his shoes shined at the same time, same as white folks. During which operations Class was liable to get as thick around the establishment as niggers around a fried-fish stand.

By noon he was so inflated as to feel impelled to venture forth to inspect his branch house. Watching another colored boy work was Ipecac's notion of the way to cure that tired feeling. And if the other boy happened to be a brother-in-law, the kick was accentuated to the nth degree. Ipecac hung his hat nonchalantly on the southeast corner of his knobby head and flipped aboard a westbound Avenue F bus in the state of mind that has been accurately described as going before a fall.

The fall was plural and of the hurry-up variety. Mr. Ingalls found his branch closed—also empty, in so far as Cash Money Willie was concerned. Signs of speedy departure, property damage, and public excitement lay visibly about. Even the way the neighborhood negroes began emerging and descending from various safety zones was alarming. Ipecac had a sickening feeling that the signs and symptoms were familiar. They clicked alarmingly with his own past marital experience.

"Is you seen flat-foot' nigger whut run dis place?" he inquired feebly of the first arrival.

"Cain't say nothin' 'bout he feet—he usin' 'em too fas'. All I knows, fat collud lady come to de do' an' look in. Den she bust hit in. After dat, all us seen wuz jes' whar dat lil' manager-nigger wuz. He travel so

fas' hit take two to see him! An' yellin' all time 'bout *de main sto' in Tittisville*—"

Ipecac stood petrified and watched his business getting into a jam. Now his wife had his address—and Effie was at it! Susie would get all steamed up and start for it. After which would come anxious moments for the directors of the burial society to which Ipecac belonged, while the doctors were deciding whether he was eligible for death benefits or merely the accident kind.

Regretfully Mr. Ingalls looked back upon the soft and simple life that had been his up until the time he left that white lady's chauffeur making all those murderous motions beside the wreckage of her sedan and his truck. Stenography was all right, but stenographers sure gummed up a married boy's business. Cash Money had made a heap of fool talk about signals but Ipecac couldn't place them. Everything looked good until now. And now—

Ipecac decided to indulge what remaining regrets he had while on the hoof. Weak as he felt, he'd be weaker still if Susie arrived first at his Tittisville establishment. Firing Effie before Susie found her was the only move left him. In which connection time was becoming more valuable than radium. Busses were running, but they weren't running fast enough. They made regular stops—and Ipecac wasn't making any. He took to the parkway of the Avenue F boulevard, and the shrubbery began to go by.

EIGHTEEN minutes later Mr. Ingalls galloped within sight of his place of business short on breath and long on perspiration. Once there, he paused far off to listen. Following which, faint hopes arose. If Susie were within, he would have noticed it before now. When she was on the warpath, the crash of falling walls usually sent warnings for blocks around.

Cautiously Ipecac crept toward the establishment that had been his pride. Continuing to hear nothing alarming, he straightened his collar and tie, and ventured to poke a valiant head within the doorway. His eyes were gladdened once more by the sight of Effie. Effie had a customer in tow, too. Which was more than Cash Money had ever had. Ipecac looked hurriedly behind him and grew braver. Tittisville was a large place, and Susie might miss him after all. In which case it would be foolish to fire Effie: the one to fire was Cash Money. One thing he couldn't stand was a blab-mouthed nigger with flat feet going about telling folks' addresses. . . . And it was about time Susie got told her place, anyway—especially as she was nowhere in sight.

Effie's customer looked familiar, too. And despite her aptness, she was liable to need help in closing the deal with him: he didn't look quite sold in the rear view Ipecac had of him.

Thus it came about that Mr. Ingalls, looking carefully behind him once more, dismissed his fears and entered his place of business so wrapped in his own importance that he overlooked two vital elements in the situation—that his store had no back door, and that Susie had just rounded the nearest corner, headed his way. And serious as these oversights were, there suddenly developed a greater—one which overshadowed them all. Too late, Ipecac saw—first in the terrified face of Effie, then with his own eyes—the nature of his doom!

FROM the colored ward in the City Hospital went forth word to page one Cash Money Willie Thomas. Mr. Thomas' presence, it was related, was anxiously desired by an accident case there. And to Cash Money, snug beneath a house in the rear-most outskirts of Tittisville, the African grapevine telegraph bore the word. There was an urgency about it that its recipient could not ignore.

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The original "Stuft" confections—often imitated but never equalled



So, cap in hand, Cash Money at length was led perspiring through hospital corridors, to be shoved through a door and left pop-eyed and shaky beside a high and narrow bed from which issued voluminous groans. Before him a black and bullet-shaped head contrasted sharply with the white sheets and bandages—lots of bandages. "You sent fo' me, Ip'cac?" inquired Cash Money in dry-mouthed awe. "Is you daid?"

THE bedridden one moved feebly. The last question was hard to answer off-hand, anyway. "If I aint, 'taint yo' fault!" he snapped irascibly. "Whut you go tellin' Susie whar at my place wuz, fo'?" "She skeered hit out of me. 'Sides, I aint know she gwine beat you up so bad." "Susie aint beat nobody up: she aint git dar in time."

Twin amazements fought in Cash Money's muddled mind. Somebody's signals were mixed again; something wasn't according to Hoyle.

SELLING SALLY

(Continued from page 83)

why, I guess so. It's sort of like what Cor—what a lady wears that he admires."

"It isn't the kind of rig you wore when he fell for you, though, Sally—now, is it?" "Why, no."

"Well, first thing you do, baby, is toddle down and buy a bushel or so of the old kind," Oscar instructed. "I gotta have my star dress the part. Then you send me a list of your social doings. This'll be a pipe! Right now you're the best copy I ever handled."

So Oscar had another job, and Sally had a personal press-agent and high hopes, and eventually Peter had a sheaf of bills from Fifth Avenue shops that astounded him.

It was the sort of job into which Oscar could put his heart, and did. If the Van Rylettes were too dumb to appreciate Sally, he'd use the inky god of the press to tell 'em!

His first step in the campaign was to drop into Peter's ecclesiastical-looking office and talk of Sally. He considered this sort of power-of-suggestion work the crowning jewel of his profession.

"She's a wonderful girl," Oscar began sociably.

"I thought so, or I shouldn't have married her," Peter replied stiffly.

"You'd ought to know the managers that were crazy about her."

"Yes?"

"Say, she'd 'a' been bigger than any of 'em. She's got looks, personality, talent. You couldn't 'a' stopped her, only she went and fell for you. What have any of 'em got more than she has? I know for a fact, only you mustn't mention it—"

"I want!" Peter promised definitely.

"Well, I know Ziegfeld would 'a' starred her like *that*!" Oscar snapped his fingers to point his information. "Look at some of these others! Maybe they got along more'n our Sally, but they always have somebody back of them. Well! Who's our Sally got?" He paused impressively.

"Her husband!" Peter boomed unexpectedly.

"Yeah, that's right," Oscar admitted, slightly disconcerted. His question had been purely rhetorical. "Well, glad to 'a' seen you, Mr. Van Rylette. I've always been interested in this baby, you know. Always thought I'd 'a' liked help 'make' her. Ran into her the other day, and she looked prettier'n a movie." And Mr. O'Shae took himself contentedly off. He considered he had done a very good day's work.

"He's always been 'interested.' Always wanted to 'make' her," Peter repeated bitterly. He remembered the words when Sally put on the first of the new dresses,

"*Dawggone!*" he ejaculated bewilderedly. "Whut happen, den? Ol' train run over you? Is you want me tell dat yeller gal, Effie, nothin' fo' you?"

"*Naw!* I's off dat nigger gal fo' good an' all!"

Cash Money endeavored further to believe his ears. True, Ipecac had ignored his signals when he had tried to tell him that it wasn't the yellow girl, Effie, but another who had been so smitten with Ipecac's cave-manly charms; but even that was no explanation for the man-made ruins upon the narrow bed before him now.

"Huccome?" demanded Willie weakly. "Whut come 'tween you an' Effie?"

"*Her husband!*" groaned Ipecac. "He's dar wid her when I comes back to de Tittisville sto'. An' why aint you make dem signals plainer when I hired her if you knowed dat yeller gal Effie wuz married?"

"Ma'ied?"

"Yeah, *ma'ied*—to de chauffeur fo' de white lady whut's car I wrecks!"

the same night Oscar's first paragraph had trickled into the first evening editions.

"You're wonderful," he admired. It upset him slightly to recall that Oscar had said she was "prettier'n a movie," so he repeated "Wonderful," again.

"Do you honestly like it, Petah?" she preened. "Look! There isn't much of it, but what there is—"

"You're adorable." He meant it. A hot little wave of satisfaction shot through her. How right she and Oscar had been!

"It's true," she thought happily. "Already it's begun to work. There's nothing like publicity."

As a matter of fact, Peter had not seen the paper, and after dinner he was neatly shepherded into his mother's room and silently handed one with the paragraph uppermost. Mrs. Van Rylette watched him as he read with tight lips.

"Never," declared that stately lady, "never has our name appeared in a vulgar society column before. Does your wife realize we never condescend to notice the press, Peter?"

"We noticed this," Peter pointed out, "and after all, Mother, it isn't Sally's fault if they praise her."

"Do you enjoy having the virtues of your wife called to the attention of the world?" Mr. Van Rylette demanded pompously.

"No," Peter admitted, "I don't. But what I mean is, this isn't Sally's fault. And you'll see; it wont happen again."

"I should hope not," his mother replied fervently. "And where did she get that terrible frock she wore tonight? Just as I was beginning to think we were about to have some effect on her! She was becoming quieter; her wardrobe, under my selection, was getting to look like that of a lady's instead of a—a—" She pressed the frail cambric of her handkerchief to lips that could not say "chorus girl" even for climax.

PETER went upstairs, to find Sally snuggled in a *chaise-longue* with a cigarette. For the life of him he couldn't agree with his mother about the gown. It was on the tip of his tongue to say something about the troublesome paragraph, but he argued that perhaps she wouldn't see it, and what was the use of bothering her? Anyhow, he'd heard enough about it for one evening.

A few days later there was another paragraph. Two weeks later she was in a Sunday edition: a two-column cut with perfectly beautiful squiggles framing it, and twice that week she was flatteringly mentioned again.

The effect on the Van Rylette ménage was

terrific. Mr. Van Rylette became frozen. Mrs. Van Rylette resorted to *sal volatile*. Peter was exceedingly concerned, less at the notices than because of another visit from the loquacious Oscar. In family conference it was agreed to keep Sally in the dark; it was suspected she knew nothing of the notoriety being thrust upon her, because she made no reference to it; the family had reason to believe by past performances that Sally had lines for every situation of which she was aware. So if she was silent regarding this, they argued, it was because she did not know.

O'Shae had decided it was high time to do a bit more of the power-of-suggestion work. "And how's our little Sally?" he had opened his second call upon Peter.

"Very well, thank you." Peter's voice was like chilled tomatoes.

"Great little beauty you have there," Oscar told him, as if Peter's bride had been on exhibit. "Yes, Sally could 'a' been 'Miss America' if handled right."

"Handled?" Peter repeated vaguely.

"With the right sort of publicity, I mean. I could 'a' put her over, believe me."

"Oh—er—thank you so much. I'm sure Mrs. Van Rylette would be grateful for your—er—interest. But naturally the stage—everything connected with the stage, is now, of course, of no interest to my wife."

Oscar regarded him deeply. This was the time to bring psychology to bear. He leaned over and advised in a hoarse whisper: "Don't you be too sure!" Even his whisper was somber and provocative. Peter actually started.

O'Shae swaggered out with honest pride. Get Peter thinking Sally wanted to go back to the theater, and increase the love-interest and suspense at a single stroke!

AND Peter, provided with violets and a troubled soul, returned to Sally three minutes after she had put away her scrap-book so rapidly filling with beautiful notices. "What have you been doing today, darling?" he inquired tenderly.

"Oh, just things to make you love me."

"As if I needed anything!"

"Don't you, Petah? Oh, what divine violets!" She buried her small nose in them. One of the recently pasted clippings had told the world—and Peter: "Young Mrs. Van Rylette at the Flower Show Beside Her Favorite Flowers." Sally had posed before the violets because they had been handiest, but of course all girls of the stage really prefer orchids.

"You're happy here, darling, aren't you?" Peter asked just a bit wistfully. "You never miss the stage, do you?" He took the plunge.

She looked up, startled. She had an instinctive "feel" this was her cue to say something to further the campaign, but what?

"Of course I was in the theater so long," Sally said slowly. "And my mother and father and my grandmother and grandfather and everyone," she went on. "I suppose not one of them ever would understand how ever I could leave it. They'd all think I threw myself away," she ended with an inspiration that gave her as much pride as Oscar's own.

"I never thought of it like that," said Peter musingly.

It made her a little low to see him so sad. But wasn't the inky god doing wonders for her? "Now, if only the old folks could be sold on me. I wish I could get them to subscribe to a clipping-bureau! Maybe they're not seeing my notices the way Petah must be."

That night, with the violets in a frail low bowl beside her bed, and the sound of Peter's breathing coming to her across the narrow strip between their four-posters, she thought over the evening. "The poppa's getting more frozen every second," she rumi-



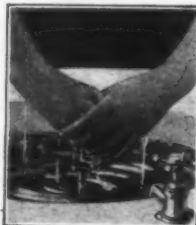
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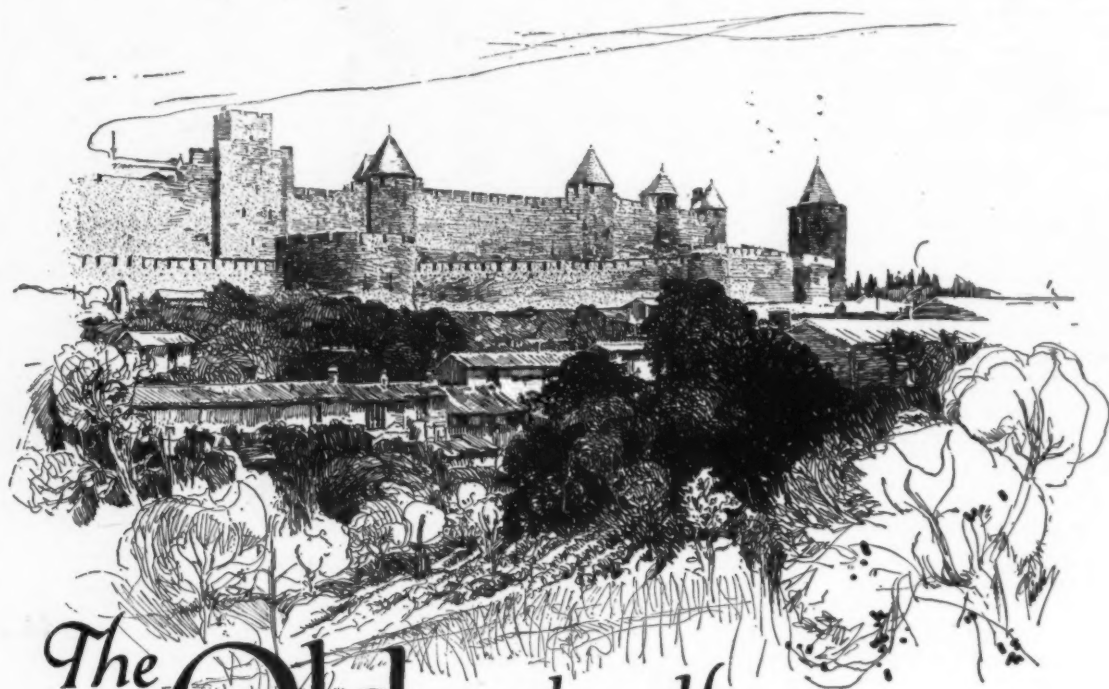


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The Old and the New

"HE who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day." So must have mused His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Edward of England, on the occasion of his arrival in the sunlit valley of the Aude, in Southern France, on a day some six hundred years ago.

Sitting astride a magnificent charger, he studied his present objective, the walled city of Carcassonne. There it stood on a rocky hilltop, its mighty towers and battlements piled high. Two solid walls, one within the other, encircled a tangle of narrow streets and steep-roofed houses. Keen-eyed fighting men were massed on the ramparts. The ancient city of warriors was ready for his attack.

As a matter of fact, the Black Prince, as Edward was called, did not fight that day; neither did he *run* away. He turned to an aide beside him.

"That city, now—it will be a hard nut to crack," he said reflectively.

The other agreed. "And if you succeed in cracking it," he reminded the Prince, "there is a bitter kernel within to chew upon." And he pointed to the battlements and towers where the sunlight glittered on the weapons of Carcassonne's defenders.

So, for the first time in his career, the Black Prince acknowledged himself outdone. He led his army on past, to pillage and burn in less formidable quarters. Thus Carcassonne added a bloodless victory to her long series of successful encounters, dating back to the days of the Visigoths, and remained "the city that never was taken."

Today Carcassonne still stands, impregnable upon

its heights. The "New Town," founded soon after the episode of the

Black Prince, is joined to the ancient city by a twelfth-century bridge. The massive ramparts loom gray and forbidding on the banks of the river, with the peaks of the Pyrenees gleaming in the distance. The clusters of slate-roofed towers, the crenellated castle, the fortress church, seem to embody in unchanging stone the turbulent, colorful era of feudal warfare. Throughout the varying tides of history, the rise and fall of conquerors and kings, and the development of a great nation, Old Carcassonne has remained the same medieval city. Just as it resisted its countless besiegers for a thousand years, Carcassonne has resisted time, and preserved the romance and charm of the past, a priceless gift to the modern world.

To cross the bridge from the thriving modern town to the fortified city is to step back into the storied days of knights, crusaders and feudal barons, of jousts and tournaments, of swordsmiths and armor-makers. Here in this peaceful and fruitful valley, the distant yesterday and the vital present dwell side by side, in vivid contrast.

As Carcassonne typifies the indomitable spirit of France, so every country has landmarks of its own, which interpret and symbolize its past. Travel is the enemy of provincial narrowness and prejudice. It sheds new light on the variegated canvas of history and creates friendship and understanding between men and nations.

nated. "Some night he's simply going to *frappée* the soup. And what was it the *grande dame* said? 'How well de-ah Cornelia looked at tea! You should have seen her, my son. She *awsked* about you.'" In the dark Sally pulled down her lips with an accurate mimicry the managers had never seen.

"I'll tell you," said Oscar brightly the next day at their teashop rendezvous. "It's time now to pull off something dramatic in the papers. These little paragraphs aren't the best that's in me, Sally, and don't you think it. A smash, see? A front-page break for you." This is the constant dream of the press-agent; his idea of heaven is a place where the angels go around carrying extras under their wings with his story in headlines.

"We'll cook up something good," Oscar thought aloud. "Let's see. I won't have you taking milk baths; that was old stuff when Anna Held did it. You can't lose your jewelry; the gals in Lillian Russell's day about did for that, and anyhow it's more a grand-opera stunt now. What about having you put out of a hotel—for some pure reason?" he added hastily.

"I don't think that would do any good, Oscar. The Family,"—she always said it in capitals,—*"the Family"* would be so wrought up about me being put out, they might never get to the reason.

"Yeah, that's prob'ly true. Let me think." He thought. Then, "I've got it!" and the forgotten teacups danced as he brought down his fist on the painted table.

"What? Oh, tell me quick, Oscar. What? Will I make the first page?"

"Will you? You stick to me, baby, and I'll make you! Listen. You're going to be lost!" He beamed.

"Lost?"

"Lost!" confirmed Oscar, leaping at the God-sent idea with delight. "Lost to the world—to everyone—for three days!"

"Lost how? Where?" gasped Sally.

"From an airplane," announced Oscar impressively. "The best possible way. The papers and the public eat airplane stuff—before, after and with all meals, and on the radio before retiring. 'The beautiful young bride of Peter Van Rylette plunged into the sea—probably,'" improvised Oscar heartily. "Or perhaps crashed into a mountain forest." The Catskills got lots of forest, haven't they? A hunt for you all through the Catskills! Or maybe the White Mountains—"

"But, Oscar, I don't understand."

"Of course you don't, baby. It's never been done before—or it's never been done right. I'll rustle out some lonely old house on Long Island—if you're going to be lost at sea—or in the Catskills, for you to hide in for three days—or maybe four—"

"Four days?" asked Sally. "Away from Peter?"

"Baby, you got to leave him—to get him. He's the big smash on this end of the story. And he's not even to know. Listen: 'Beautiful and Beloved Bride Lost!'" Oscar emotionally anticipated his headlines.

"Beautiful and beloved," she quoted softly.

"Husband Desperate. Family Bowed in Grief," Oscar trilled. "Baby, you got to do it. Publicity pays." And he repeated her family motto. "Get the papers plugging for you, and you're made."

It roused old faiths within her. "Oscar, do you honestly think if I do it, and we get a good break in the papers, I'll go over with the Family and Petah?"

"Think?" reiterated Oscar disdainfully. "I know. Say, when these Van Rylettes, up to and including your Petah, think you're lost and have the sympathy and story of it by the press before 'em, they'll be so sorry they've upstaged you that when you finally turn up they'll put in a page ad of public thanks."

"Well, all right. I'll think it over."



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"Don't you think; that's what you're paying me for. All you have to do is make up your mind what day'll suit you to be lost." She considered. "I couldn't do it Tuesday. That's our sixth anniversary."

"Sixth?"

"Sixth month, silly. But,"—a lightning thought struck her,—"Oscar, I believe that's the very day, after all. Cornelia and her father are coming for dinner that night. I'd just like to ruin that dinner party."

SALLY left the Park Avenue house on Tuesday morning with only a vanity case to see her through. "I'm scared stiff," she told Oscar, who waited with a closed motor. "Flying's safe enough," he assured her. "I've got you the best pilot out of the war." "It's not the flying," trembled Sally. "It's Petah—if we're wrong."

"Wrong?" Oscar dismissed the thought. "I can't be wrong. If anything, I underestimated the space we'll get. Baby, it'll push everything else off the presses."

In this, for once in his life, he scarcely exaggerated.

Peter received, at his office, the first hint of the approaching cataclysm. Early in the afternoon a reporter imperatively hastened in. "We have heard, Mr. Van Rylette, that your wife is lost."

Whereupon Peter went into the expected (by Oscar) panic. He lived ages during the moments required to complete a phone-call to his mother. "Where is Sally?" he demanded frantically.

"I am sure I cannot tell you. Peter, newspaper people are storming the house. She left at ten with the expectation, on my part, that she would return for luncheon. It is now three o'clock, and no word from her—except the alarming rumors these people bring. Something will have to be done about your wife, Peter!"

"I should say so! They say she's—lost!" "Or left you, Mr. Van Rylette!" the reporter at his side put in hopefully. "That's what I came to ask you. Do you think she's leaving you—or is she lost?"

"Leaving me?" gasped Peter, with his heart leaping half at the hope of her safety which this idea held, and thumping with redoubled violence at the new dismay it contained.

"These impertinent people here, Peter," said his mother's voice, "are asking—"

"Yes," said Peter, "one is just asking me." And he hung up, not before he heard his mother's prophecy: "It is sure to be in the wretched press!"

Mrs. Van Rylette, Sr., was entirely accurate. The evening editions blazed with it. Oscar had come into his own.

THE senior Van Rylettes had gone into seclusion, acting as always in an emergency through the best paid and most reputable agents of information and investigation; they refused to see anyone at all. Peter was everywhere and nowhere—phoning his home every few minutes—reporting no progress, receiving no encouraging word. Sally certainly was lost.

Whether accidentally or intentionally, no one knew. She had taken an airplane flight in the forenoon with a pilot named Emmet, who would fly near or far according to the wishes of his passenger. Emmet and his airplane, along with Sally, had disappeared.

Crashed? Had little Sally employed Emmet merely to take her up for the delight and thrill of an hour's flight on that fine morning; and was she now lying dead—or injured, perhaps, and at this moment dying—in the wreck of the airplane fallen in some forest up the Hudson? Or might she be flying safe and sound but by her own will and wish flying far north or west or south to fly away from her husband? Peter alternated, desperately, between the two fates.

In the silent and servant-guarded home,

Mrs. Van Rylette caught herself listening wistfully for a certain cheerful whistle. Mr. Van Rylette remembered with something like a pang a slim little girl looking at him brightly as he gave careful tidbits of his day's adventures. He regretted mightily he had cut her short with a look the night before when she had asked the meaning of spectrobolometer. Both of them looked at Cornelia, who had come after the manner of one paying a visit of condolence, with menace, and they considered her for the first time as something of a scarecrow.

Peter returned only a little before dawn. He wandered dolefully into Sally's room, looking at the little things that spelled her: tall bottles of scent, the silken jumble in her bureau drawers, the *chaise-longue* so lonely without her. Her desk, between its high windows, was littered with this and that. The darling! How untidy she was! He stood looking down at the gay mauve and whiteness that fluttered on the little desk, his eye resting at length on her check-book with its golden monogram on its crushed leather cover. How dear, how funny she had been when he gave it to her. . . .

He played with the stubs until inadvertently he fastened on one: "O O'S \$100," he read. Not quite conscious of what he thought, he flipped to others. At dates a week apart, for many weeks, he found the same entry: "O O'S \$100."

It was a sickening moment.

No telling himself he didn't know whose initials those were; no telling himself that the thought, taking possession of him, didn't drive him wild. That crude, proprietary press-agent, her friend in her former life, somehow had held a claim upon her. That was the only thing that these repeated payments to Oscar O'Shae could mean, at that moment, to Peter Van Rylette; unless they meant—in fatuation for Oscar O'Shae. That this idea seized Peter is, perhaps, the best index of his mental state after his long suspense and terror. He thought, if she had run away, that it was with "O. O. S."

MR. O'SHAЕ held the faith that six A. M. was made for sleep. He rested now like a man with duty done beneath a sheaf of newspapers, the chief story in each of which was a personal triumph. The telephone bell ringing crazily into his pleasant dreams hardly feazed him for the first two minutes. At last it brought him up with a start. He shuffled the precious papers from his bed and reached a hasty hand.

"Do you know where my wife is?" Oscar knew instantly that voice.

"Why—" he stuttered.

"Is she with you?" Peter demanded.

Oscar was never so relieved as when he could say: "No."

"Do you know where she is?"

"Why—why—"

"If you don't tell me everything you know about this, I'll choke it out of you!" Peter thundered.

"I—I'll come over there, Mr. Van Rylette," Oscar weakened. He realized that, for once at least, he had succeeded even beyond prognostications; for once, indeed, the extent of his success alarmed him. "I'm coming right over," he repeated, and very promptly he was on the street, where an early morning paper bearing the black headline "Bride Still Missing," though his own work, somehow failed to thrill him. He paused, after he reached the street, for only one errand—a telegram to an obscure station in the Catskills which was addressed to a name agreed upon with Sally and which read: "No need to wait any longer. Come in now." After dispatching this, Oscar applied himself—or rather reapplied himself—to the most urgent requirement of the immediate future, which was what to say to Peter.

The ensuing expert celebrations, and also the forethought of the telegram, were

doomed to be wasted; for Sally had not awaited the message; she had not awaited even the dawn before starting for home. She reached the house before Oscar, who was so far away that he barely recognized her as she stood at the door, not at all relishing the early morning sun in all its novelty. Her husband opened the door.

"Oh, Petah!" And strong, sure arms caught her and drew her into the house and held her close.

For several minutes neither paid any attention to the arrival of Oscar. Peter was busy saying wonderful things to his bride. "I never knew half how I loved you. . . . I never guessed half how I had to have you. Father and Mother found what you meant to us too. . . . And I—oh, Sally!"

Sally snuggled closer into his embrace. Mr. O'Shae stood by, having shoved open and then shut behind him the front door which Peter had left ajar; and he beamed with the benison of a job well done. Sally, he overheard, was sparing him the burden of confession; to Peter, she was telling, between sobs and laughs, all the truth. But Oscar found some use for his prepared story that Sally, having gone for a flight with Emmet, had come down in the Catskills in a forced landing. She was unhurt; but Emmet, though only slightly injured, had been pinned in the wreck; and she had watched beside him for hours before she got help; and

then—she ought to have sent word but she didn't but hurried home as fast as she could. Such was the official version supplied the elders.

"You have friends on the press?" Mr. Van Rylette suddenly demanded of the startled Oscar.

"Well—er—some," Oscar admitted weakly.

"Be good enough to extend my thanks to them," Papa Van Rylette commanded, and tearfully Mamma Van Rylette looked up and murmured: "I had no idea that papers could be sympathetic."

"Their interest," the senior Van Rylette went on, "and desire to help the family through this sad affair—"

"Sad!" Oscar exploded in injured pride.

"Sad! Why, say, this has been the greatest pub—"

"Good-by, Oscar," Sally interrupted firmly.

He caught her meaning in mid-air. "Oh, yeah, sure," he muttered, and took himself off.

On the street Oscar O'Shae was visibly depressed. "Isn't that always the way?" he inquired of the world at large. "I put 'em over, and what credit do I get?" He was doleful until he had finished breakfast, when he dropped around to a producer he knew to find out whether that gentleman didn't have a show requiring his expert publicity services.

HARD AS NAILS

(Continued from page 61)

eyes, a little too alert, a little too wise-looking, to be consistent with the wide wondering stare they carried. Then too, there had been Mrs. Joyce's curt, businesslike way of inquiring about the kashara ensemble. The girls who were really as helpless as Mrs. Joyce looked to be had to be shown eighty sport-coats and forty evening wraps before it could be pried out of them that they had come to inquire about the black velvet dress in the window.

Mrs. Joyce said: "I'd like to see the ensemble at close range." Terse, to-the-point phrases coming crisply from small, pink lips. No wonder she had landed Ralph Joyce if he was the man she had wanted. An unbeatable, guileless-looking combine.

Lucette went into the show-window and got out the kashara ensemble. Mrs. Joyce looked it over we'l. She examined the seams. She dreamed over the lining. She turned the sleeve halfway inside out. At last she condescended to try it on.

Ralph Joyce sat down on a chair which Miss Hazel brought him while his wife repaired with Lucette to the fitting-room. Somehow Lucette wished that she had let Miss Hazel wait on the Joyces. The girl with the honey-colored hair had departed with her strawberry georgette frock, and Miss Hazel was free to talk to Ralph Joyce if she liked.

And they were talking; Lucette could hear them.

"May I smoke in here?" Ralph was asking. "Certainly," said Miss Hazel; "sometimes the ladies do. Miss Lucette would sooner let a man smoke, though. Ladies are so careless. One dropped a cigarette on a maline dress one day. It burned a big hole."

"Did she pay for it?" asked Ralph. "Oh, I guess she could have been made to," said Miss Hazel, "but Lucette didn't ask her to. She was a good customer, and it wasn't a terribly expensive dress."

"I guess Miss Lucette's insurance covered the loss anyhow," Lucette heard Ralph say. "Maybe it did."

"It would, of course. Fire insurance is a great thing. I suppose every store in the world carries some."

"Do they?" asked Miss Hazel.

"Crazy if they don't."

Lucette was amazed at his friendliness. Quite chatty with Miss Hazel. Talking over her business, and yet there was darn little he ever had to say to Miss Hazel's employer!

LUCETTE turned her attention to Mrs. Joyce's lingerie. Very smart. Expensive stuff. She never bought that on what the bookshop brought in. Probably her troussseau was still serving. They had been married about a year, Lucette figured.

Yes, a year, Lucette decided when Mrs. Joyce stepped out of the fitting-room wearing the ensemble. After a year husbands didn't greet their wives' entrances with such a kindling of lovelight in their eyes and such unquestioning, unreasoning admiration.

"Of course," said Mrs. Joyce, "the skirt will need shortening."

Lucette went to get some pins. It was poor business not to show the customer at once how the skirt would look when it was shortened.

She saw Mrs. Joyce whispering to Ralph. She saw him look startled and shake his head. Mrs. Joyce's lips then registered scorn. Her whisper came hissing its way to Lucette's ears.

"It wouldn't hurt to ask her. People often give discounts to other business people in the same neighborhood. You ask her, Ralph."

Lucette came hustling back with the pins. Ralph Joyce was admiring his wife in the jaunty ensemble, but there was an expression in his eyes that said, "Thirty-nine ninety-eight, and tomorrow's the first of the month!"

Lucette gave him a lead. "Downtown they sell this for sixty dollars," she said.

Mrs. Joyce cast a swift look at her husband. He met her eyes pleadingly, then looked away.

"It will be ready for you at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning," said Lucette, deftly inserting the last pin. "With the discount I give the wives of merchants on this block, the ensemble will come to twenty-five dollars. Fair enough, Mr. Joyce?"

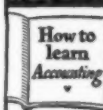
He didn't say anything. He just nodded, but Lucette didn't think him unappreciative, because she had seen the look in his eyes. She also saw the self-satisfied, I-told-you-so glance which Mrs. Joyce wore.

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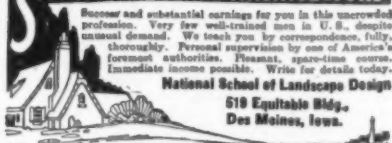
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When they had gone from the shop, Lucette took down a fifteen-dollar dress and put a new tag on it. The tag read "twenty-two-fifty." Miss Hazel had never seen Lucette do such a thing before.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"It's bum business not to at least break even," Lucette replied, but Miss Hazel didn't understand even then.

AFTER that night Ralph Joyce and Lucette became better friends. She knew that this was not because he had paid any extra attention to Lucette, but because he was impressed by the prosperity of her shop and respectful of her ability to have built up the business. She did not care what it was that had suddenly caused him to talk to her in an easy, interested manner. It was just nice to fall into the habit of calling him Ralph, and to surprise him once in a while with an intelligent criticism on a book.

She was reading the books now. It wasn't business, she told herself, not to get her money's worth. She was paying for the books; why not read them? Besides, Ralph must think her an awful dumb-bell.

Their conversations were curious. Ralph Joyce had been schooled to believe that there were ladies and wantons in the world. If a female wasn't a wanton, she was a lady. Lucette was obviously not a wanton. She must be a lady, then. Still, her casual way of handling life's problems amazed him—oftentimes revolted him....

"Got no kid, have you?" she asked one day.

He shook his head.

"Going to have one?" she persisted.

"That rests with the fates," said Ralph.

"Horse-radish!" replied Lucette. "Nowadays a person states their intentions."

"Possibly in private," he rebuked her.

But most times they understood each other. Once on a winter's afternoon, Lucette and Ralph were alone in the bookshop. The first heavy snow of the year was falling outside, and Fordham Road was deserted and grim. It was cheerful in the bookshop. Lucette was having her lunch there with Ralph. The delicatessen store sent him two sandwiches each noon, but for this day Lucette had canceled his order and had brought in dainty sandwiches and pastry from the French shop.

"It's my birthday," she said to him, smiling up at him over her bundles, "and I didn't want lunch in a restaurant or back of my store with Hazel and Alice."

He had agreed to lunch with her, but not without misgivings. He had never seen, but he could imagine Helen in a high state of jealousy. Somehow in the course of their conversation he grew less worried. Lucette was an amusing type, he thought.

"Another birthday," she said. "I'd better stop having them soon."

"May I ask—"

"Twenty-eight," said Lucette.

"I'm thirty-two," he told her, "and I'm still floundering around aimlessly."

His head was a trifle bent. Now was the moment when a person sitting as near to him as she was sitting could smooth down his rumpled hair. It would be a gesture of tenderness and understanding, Lucette thought. It was a perfect moment for such a gesture if there was a woman sitting there who wasn't hard and who cared about the failure of a grave-eyed man in his little bookshop. Lucette caught her breath hard.

"I'll probably be saying the same thing when I'm forty-two," he said after a moment.

His hand was very close to hers. He was fumbling idly with a pencil. A soft woman could lay her hand gently upon his and assure him that life for a man was just begun at thirty-two. A soft woman could do that. Lucette walked away from him and stood with her dusky slowness against the wall. She didn't want to stay close to

him. Suppose somebody should come in? It wasn't good business to cause gossip.

"I guess you think I'm pretty sorry for myself," he said. "It isn't entirely self-pity. I'm sorry for Helen. She deserves more than a three-room apartment on Morris Avenue. She's used to pretty things. I'm not the man she should have married."

"No, she should have had the Prince of Wales," said Lucette, sharply. "Nobody else."

"She and I were too hasty, I guess," he went on. "Not that I regret it, except where she's concerned. I hate to see her doing without a maid. Housework is hard for her."

"I work twelve hours in the shop," said Lucette, "and then go home and do my housework. Women aren't as weak as nice men think they are, Ralph."

"But Helen had so much," said Ralph. "Her people own a huge business in California."

"Why didn't she stay there?"

"I'm a New Yorker. I had a silly idea that here was my best chance in life, so I exposed Helen to three rooms on Morris Avenue and the life of any uptown, middle-class woman."

"Most of them find it a pleasant-enough life," Lucette said. "They have children and help their husbands save money, and if their husbands own stores, they frequently take charge of them three or four hours a day."

"I wish for Helen's sake I'd stayed in California," Ralph said. "Her father offered me a nice position there. I was too full of my own ideas to take it. I still would rather be here in my own starving shop than work for my father-in-law, but it's not right for Helen to be having nothing out of life."

LUCETTE moved away from the wall. She went to the bookshelves and looked at them hard. Suppose they were gone? Suppose there was a "For Rent" sign in the window of what had been the Uptown Library? She shook herself. A blot on Fordham Road, she said to herself, an empty store where somebody had failed.

"Why," she asked, "don't you go back to California and take the job?"

He looked around the shop. His gaze was drearily explanatory. "Every cent I have is here," he said. "Can I sell this shop? Who would buy it? Can I go back to Helen's people without a nickel? Can I take Helen back without a decent amount of good clothes and say: 'For heaven's sake give me that job quick?' No, my dear child, there is still pride left."

Lucette turned then and looked at him. Her blue eyes were ablaze with light. Her words caught in her throat.

"Keep your pride," she said. "Don't pocket it for anybody. Fight, and you'll come out on top. Just hold on. People will come. You'll see!"

"Yes; but in the meanwhile Helen will have grown tired of waiting. She will go back to her father."

"Oh," Lucette was staggered at the pettiness of the woman Ralph loved. "Has she said that she would do that?"

He did not meet Lucette's eyes. "You can't blame her," he said. "She is having a harder time than I. She loves pretty clothes and good times. I haven't been able to give them to her. I've missed up somehow on my duty."

"Oh, Ralph, would she really leave you?"

"She's only within her rights if she does," he said. "A husband is supposed to provide a reasonable amount of comfort for his wife. Helen knows her rights. She will be in California before long, if your delightful Fordham doesn't get a little excited over having all the latest fiction at its command for such a small rate."

"But you could go with her."

"Yes, I have my choice between seeing Helen leave me or crawling back utterly whipped, with my wife dressed in almost the same things she left California with. To tell the truth, I don't know which alternative offers the least pain—losing Helen, or going back to the in-laws penniless."

"If you had Helen all smartly dressed and a few hundred besides, you could go back with dignity, couldn't you, Ralph?"

"Of course, then I could—" he began, but stopped suddenly and looked at Lucette with cold, hard eyes. "It is easier to go back broke, though," he said, "than to borrow money from a woman."

"I'm not a woman; I'm the proprietor of the Lucette Shop, Ralph. Some day you could pay me back at—let us say six per cent interest. You could mail me a check from your office three thousand miles from Fordham. I'd make money on the deal."

"Sorry." He snapped the word at her, and a strange wave of exultation leaped within Lucette's breast.

JUST then a customer came into the shop, and Lucette departed hurriedly. In her own place Miss Hazel and Miss Alice were playing checkers in the fitting-room. Nobody was shopping for frocks on a day like this. Lucette prowled up and down the shop. Miss Hazel saw her bite her nails. Lucette never bit her elegant long nails. Something was wrong. The girls hardly dared speak to her.

It had stopped snowing the next day. There was sunlight glittering on the high white banks in the street. Fordham Road was agog with cheerful sounds and hurrying women. Mrs. Joyce was the first visitor to the Lucette Shop.

"Good morning," she said to Lucette. "How much is the little pale green dress down near the corner?"

"Nineteen-fifty," said Lucette; "fourteen dollars to you."

"Let me try it on."

Lucette took the dress from the window. Mrs. Joyce tried it on. It was lovely on her. Lucette knew how Ralph's eyes would gleam at this charming vision in pale green.

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Joyce, "but Mr. Joyce is a little short of cash today. Would you mind charging it?"

"Not at all," said Lucette.

Mrs. Joyce left the shop with her package. It was a pretty package. Lucette didn't believe in ordinary gray cardboard boxes. Hers were black and orange stripes, with "Lucette" inscribed upon them in gold. She watched Mrs. Joyce cross the street and enter the library. She sighed and turned from the window.

Presently Mrs. Joyce came in again. She looked slightly agitated. She threw the pretty box with ungracious carelessness upon a chair.

"It seems," she said, "that Mr. Joyce never heard of charging a dress before. Don't they do that in New York?"

She was gone before Lucette could answer her. Once again she crossed the street, and Lucette could see her standing against the bookshelves talking, talking, talking.

Lucette slipped into her coat and picked up the box which held the pale green frock. She crossed the street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Joyce did not see her enter the bookshop. Ralph was sitting at the desk with his head in his hands. Mrs. Joyce had all her attention leveled at his bent head. Lucette closed the door quietly.

"And my father would die if he thought I couldn't have an insignificant fourteen-dollar dress. So upright you are, you wouldn't charge it because you can't afford to pay for it at once. You don't care, though, that I haven't a stitch to wear—"

Lucette turned and banged the door. The Joyces looked up at her.

"Does it displease you," she asked of

Ralph, "that Mrs. Joyce has opened an account in my shop? I assure you that the best people have them. There is no disgrace attached to a charge-account."

"There is," Ralph thundered, "when you can't meet the bills."

"You could meet bills if you weren't so obstinate!" interjected his wife. "If you cared a hoot about me, you wouldn't be letting me wear clothes out of a cheap, uptown dress-shop! That's neither here nor there now." She turned to Lucette. "You needn't bother your head about a charge-account for me." She brushed by Lucette and was out of the shop in a flash.

Ralph stared after her. "Now," he said, and there was the slightest ghost of a bitter smile upon his lips, "is the moment when I must decide whether to lose her or go back beaten and broke to her parents."

"Be hard, Ralph. It saves wear and tear on the heart."

"Be hard when you love somebody as I love that girl?"

Lucette nodded. "It's an armor," she said, "and an opiate. Try it."

"I'm afraid I can't. I think today will see the passing of the Uptown Library. I ought to be able to get the fare to California out of it anyhow, and the old man will give us enough to start living when we get there."

"Oh, Ralph."

"Do me a favor, Lucette. Lend me one of your girls to watch the shop for just a few minutes while I run over to the house and tell Helen that I'll go with her. She's probably packing. She didn't wire home for money yet. I saw her make a straight dash for the apartment."

Lucette went back to the shop and sent Hazel over. She stood at her window and watched Ralph come out. He walked quickly, but there was a story in the droop of his shoulders. Lucette failed to make a sale to a customer who was actually eager to buy an evening dress. She bit another fingernail. She thought of Hazel sitting across the street in the little shop. It was good that she had sent Hazel and had not stayed there herself. Had she stayed she might have— Well, she might have spilled the ink.

Ralph came in. He stood in the doorway talking to Lucette.

"She's going back," he said. "I couldn't say I'd go, Lucette. At the last minute I couldn't see myself crawling back absolutely licked to her father. God, what will I do without her?"

Lucette could not speak. It was a terrible moment. Ralph stumbled from her shop—a man whom Fate had coming and going.

EVENING came and bent languorously over Fordham Road. Lights were lit in the shops. Couples came out to stroll. Lucette stood at the window of her shop looking across the street—watching. Nine o'clock. The big light in the window of the Uptown Library went out. Lucette saw Ralph reach for his hat and coat. She went into the back of her store and got something. With it in her hand she ran across Fordham Road. She caught Ralph just as he was locking the door.

"Oh, Ralph, let me get that mystery everybody's talking about. I know just where it is."

She rushed past him to the bookshelves and grabbed a book before he was fully aware of her presence. What she held in her hand she dropped into his wastebasket. She was back at his side. He had not moved from the threshold.

"Good night," she said, abruptly.

She ran back to her shop, and he turned toward Morris Avenue. She attended to her own closing for the night then. Mechanically she went about it. Through the window she could see a little inferior sort of man with a black mustache waiting for her.



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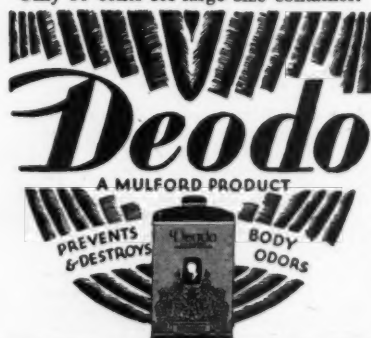
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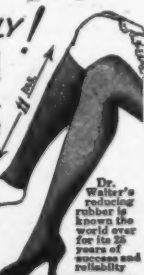
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She slowly, thoughtfully, powdered her nose and put on her hat. From the fitting-room she could hear a sudden noise in the street. Fire engines. A deafening clang.

"My God," cried Miss Hazel. "Look at that. It's right across the street."

"Don't bother me," said Lucette. "I have a date."

She went out to meet the little man. He was gazing enraptured at the flames.

"Look at that," he said. "The fire's got a nice play. It's a windy night. I hope all those storekeepers have fire insurance. It'll probably take the whole row."

"Oh, I guess most of them have insurance," said Lucette. "It isn't a devil of a lot, but it'll save a person from looking like a pauper. The hell with them and their fire, anyhow."

Let's get good and drunk tonight. What do I care for other people's fires?"

"Gee, you're hard as nails," said the inferior little man.

There are only a few more lines to recount. Mrs. Hoffman of Loring Place said one day to Mrs. Gerber, also of Loring Place: "Say, do you think that there Lucette who runs that dress-shop is as refined as she seems?"

"Yeh. Why?" Mrs. Gerber's tone showed that she was open to conviction.

"Well, I saw her outside her store—I don't just remember which night—and she was standing right on the pavement, mind you, with a cigarette in her hand. She crossed the street with it bold as anything. Is that nice, I ask you, Mrs. Gerber?"

THE ROMANTIC SOLDIER

(Continued from page 57)

whom I had reported, I was conducted to the room in which General Scott received official visitors. Addressing me, the General said: "We have had the assistance of quite a number of you young men from the Academy, drilling volunteers, etc. Now what can I do for you? Would you prefer to be ordered to report to General Mansfield to aid in this work, or is your desire for something more active?"

"I ventured to stammer out that I earnestly desired to be ordered to at once join my company, then with General McDowell, as I was eager to see active service. 'A very commendable resolution, young man. Go and provide yourself with a horse if possible, and call here at seven this evening. I desire to send some dispatches to General McDowell, and you can be the bearer of them.'

"It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we" (Custer and a mounted soldier) "reached the army near Centerville. The men had already breakfasted, and many of the regiments had been formed in column in the roads ready to resume the march; but owing to delays in starting, most of the men were lying on the ground, endeavoring to catch a few minutes more of sleep; others were sitting or standing in small groups, smoking or chatting. So filled did I find the road with soldiers that it was with difficulty my horse could pick his way among the sleeping bodies without disturbing them. But for my companion I should have had considerable difficulty in finding my way to headquarters; but he seemed familiar with the localities even in the darkness, and soon conducted me to a group of tents near which a large log fire was blazing, throwing out a bright light over the entire scene for some distance around.

"Three days after I had quitted school at West Point I was about to witness the first grand struggle in open battle between the Union and the secession armies."

DURING this disastrous day at Bull Run, Custer and his cavalry unit had little actual fighting to do. When the battle was over and the demoralized and frightened troops of the North had thrown away their arms and were scurrying back toward Washington, even the regulars were forced to join them. Custer's company of cavalry and a section of Arnold's battery were the last organized troops to leave the field, but the guns had to be abandoned at Cub Run, because the passageway was blocked by broken vehicles.

Following a few days at Arlington, the troop of the Second Cavalry, to which Custer was assigned, was transferred down the Potomac to Alexandria, where it soon was placed under the command of Brigadier-General Phil Kearny. Kearny, a hard old soldier, had no aide, and taking a fancy to this young West Pointer, he asked for him. An order prohibiting regular army officers

from serving as aides to generals commanding volunteer troops, however, shortly sent Custer back to his cavalry outfit.

Later that fall he was sent to his half-sister's home in Monroe, Michigan, on sick leave, and returning in the winter joined the gallant Fifth Regular Cavalry, an outfit which probably furnished more high officers to both armies than any other single regiment in existence.

WITH the coming of spring, 1862, General McClellan, who had replaced the venerable General Scott as head of the army after the disaster of Bull Run, moved his great Army of the Potomac to the peninsula between the James and York rivers, where he was to attack and capture Richmond. Custer, temporarily assigned to the engineer corps, did balloon reconnoitering, built redoubts, drew maps, led raids against the enemy outpost, and on his own initiative took part in the desperate fight at Fort Magrider when General Hancock lost seventeen hundred good Union soldiers.

A few days later Custer in company with General Barnard, the Chief Engineer of the army, made a risky reconnaissance on the Chickahominy in search of a good ford to be later used by the troops. Coming to the attention of McClellan, he was at once made an aide, with the rank of captain.

To the boy soldier in those stirring days in front of Richmond, McClellan was the knight commander for whom he was only too anxious to do and to die. As a fighting aide he wandered up and down the lines, eager to take part in any engagement and always ready to lead a sortie into the enemy positions. In a letter to his sister under date of August 18, 1862, he describes with great gusto one of these mad dashes whose object was to cut off a regiment of rebel cavalry.

"During the chase I became separated from all the command except Lieutenant Byrnes, of my regiment, myself and about ten men. We had not gone far until we saw an officer and fifteen or twenty men riding toward us with the intention of cutting their way through and joining their main body. When they saw us coming toward them, however, they wheeled suddenly to the left, and attempted to gallop around us. Byrnes called out, 'Custer, you take the right hand and I will take the left hand,' which we did, and then followed the most exciting sport I ever engaged in. My pistol was fresh loaded. I recognized the rebel officer by his uniform. He rode in front of his men and was mounted on a splendid horse. I selected him as my game, and gave my black the spur and rein.

"If I had been compelled to follow behind him, I could never have overtaken him, but instead of doing so, I turned off with the intention of heading him. By this means I came very close to him. I could have fired at him then, but seeing a stout rail

fence in front of him, I concluded to try him at it. I reasoned that he might attempt to leap it and be thrown, or if he could clear it, so could I. The chase was now exciting in the extreme. I saw as he neared the fence that he was preparing for a leap, and what was more, I soon saw that the confidence that he had in his horse was not misplaced; he cleared the fence handsomely.

"Now came my turn. I saw him look around just as I reached the fence, but he certainly derived no satisfaction by so doing, as my black seemed determined not to be outdone by the rebel, and cleared the fence as well as I could wish. By avoiding some soft ground which I saw was retarding him, I was able to get close upon him, when I called upon him to surrender or I would shoot him. He paid no attention, and I fired, taking as good aim as was possible on horseback. If I struck him, he gave no indication of it; he pushed on. I again called on him to surrender, but received no reply. I took deliberate aim at his body and fired. He sat for a moment in his saddle, reeled and fell to the ground. His horse ran on and mine also. I stopped as soon as possible, but by this time Byrnes and his party were around me, firing right and left.

"I joined with them and captured another rebel who had leaped from his horse and endeavored to escape in the woods. We were now some distance from the main body; the Colonel became alarmed for our safety and caused the bugler to sound the 'rally,' when we were compelled to join the main body. Before the 'rally' was sounded, however, I saw the horse of the officer I had shot but a short distance from me. I recognized him by a red morocco breast-strap which I had noticed during the chase. Four other riderless horses were with him. I rode up to them and selecting him from the rest, led him off, while the others were taken possession of by others of my party. He is a blooded horse, as is evident by his appearance. I have him yet and intend to keep him. The saddle which I also retained, is a splendid one, covered with black morocco and ornamented with silver nails. The sword of the officer was fastened to the saddle, so that altogether it was a pleasant trophy."

CUSTER named this horse Don Juan, and many times rode him in battle. The sword he wore until his death. It was a long straight Toledo blade and bore the Spanish inscription: "*No mi tires sin rason, No mi envaines sin honra.*" "Draw me not without cause. Sheath me not without honor."

Great days, these, for the young Captain. With the campaign over and his beloved chief in temporary retirement, Custer was put on leave and repaired to Monroe, Michigan, on a long visit to his half-sister with whom he had lived as a child.

The winter before, as a gay and dashing young cavalry blade, he had spent his leave at her home and given the good citizens of Monroe plenty to talk about for the rest of the season. Until the war, Custer had bothered very little with liquor; but in the long, uneasy, fitful weeks around Washington following the battle of Bull Run, he had played the part of the typical young subaltern of the period, and now on leave he proceeded to enliven the peaceful and drab little village of Monroe.

One afternoon when he returned in broad daylight from a rip-roaring party, his half-sister cornered him in his own room, and before she left, Custer had pledged himself never to take another drink. During all the rest of his life he kept the full letter of his pledge—and, except for short and diplomatic puffs at foul and distasteful Indian pipes of peace, he never smoked.

Joining General Pleasanton's staff, he took part in several brilliant engagements, and then, in the middle of June, found

himself hot in the battle of Aldie, fighting against the indomitable Jeb Stuart and his Confederate cavalry. Checked and on the verge of rout, Colonel Kilpatrick, the brigade commander, and Colonel Douty of the First Maine cavalry, dashed to the front, calling for the men to charge. Staff Captain Custer coming up at that moment needed no special invitation. Galloping to the very lead, he called on the troopers to follow him and led the terrific charge. Kilpatrick a moment later went down, his horse shot under him. Douty fell mortally wounded, but Custer charged on, and the day was won. A hundred prisoners and one battle-flag were captured.

THE following day Custer was recommended for promotion to the rank of brigadier general. He had won his star.

A brigadier general at twenty-three, the youngest in the Union army! A "general" with long blond curls that touched his shoulders—a boy with hardly his full growth.

A year before, he had applied unsuccessfully to the Governor of Michigan for the colonelcy of a Michigan cavalry regiment. Now the whole Michigan cavalry brigade of four regiments was to be his. Immediately he was ordered to join it and take command.

A kid general outranking tough, fighting volunteer colonels who were old enough to be his father! It was preposterous!

"Damn it all! We won't stand for such an insult," the old colonels swore to each other. "Who is this new general we are to have? Did you say he was that Custer brat from Monroe? We'll run him out soon enough! They tell me he has curls. Bah!"

But Custer, with his long blond curls, was barely started. Before he reported to take over his new command, he concocted a uniform that was for a time the stock joke of the army—but only for a time. The coat was a short affair made of black velvet, and the trousers, stuck in great cavalry boots, were of the same fantastic material. In place of the ordinary shoulder-straps denoting his rank, Custer invented gold lace chevrons that ran along his sleeves from his elbows to his wrists. Then he added a wide-brimmed hat that he had taken from a captured Confederate officer, a navy blue shirt with a broad collar adorned with gold stars, and a wide flowing scarlet necktie.

Not only was he going to be the youngest and most dashing cavalry general in the entire army, but he was going to be the most prominent and picturesque one. He was going to be seen and heard; he was going to make his men know him.

So it was that this fearless and swash-buckling boy general rode into his Michigan brigade and asked for headquarters. He had no staff, no friends, no standing—and there was desperate fighting to be done.

Swearing under their breaths, the officers filed into the young general's tent.

"Damn' whippersnapper from West Point," they snarled. "Giving us a boy to lead us, when tomorrow the very Union may be lost! Great God! What fools our generals are!"

That night there was little sleep for the Army of the Potomac. Lee the invincible—Lee the ever-victorious—had crossed the Pennsylvania border and was actually invading the North. Washington was threatened. The whole North was trembling with fear. Again and again with hopes revived, great armies had been built up, and sent against Lee and his indomitable Army of Northern Virginia—and again and again the Union armies had been defeated, and their generals superseded.

And now at the last hour, with Lee making his first, and only, great thrust into the heart of the North, Meade had been suddenly given this Army of the Potomac and ordered to fight Lee.

"What's the use? Bobby Lee will only lick us again," ten thousand blue-clad soldiers murmured that last night of June.



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In the Michigan cavalry brigade they not only faced the dismal fact that a new commanding general had been thrown into the fearful situation, but they themselves had to accept a twenty-three-old dude general, who wore long curls and a velvet suit. Within forty-eight hours it would be all over—the Union armies would again be defeated. Only this time it might be the end itself; Lee was actually on Northern soil, and a victory now might win him Washington and the war.

Thousands of Northern men had fought and died while their leaders had floundered in indecision, bad generalship and what appeared almost treasonable incompetency. Only the idealism and high courage of Lincoln and the plain people of the North—both in and out of the army—had given them the steel and blood to withstand defeat after defeat at the hands of the great Lee.

That last day of June, 1863, when Custer rode in to take over his brigade, he knew that the days to follow were pregnant with awful possibilities. The very life of the Union hung on the slender chance that Meade could defeat Lee; and, barring Antietam, Lee had never been defeated.

ON July 1st, the great battle of Gettysburg opened. The Third Cavalry Division under Kilpatrick, with Custer's Michigan Brigade in advance, moved toward the epic battlefield. Suddenly Wade Hampton's Confederate cavalry attacked Kilpatrick in the rear. Custer, swinging his brigade about-face, galloped to the sound of the guns. Quickly and surely he ordered his four regiments into position. Hampton's cavalry retired. There was little fighting for Custer that day—but his disgruntled officers and men saw that he knew his business.

That night word drifted in that the Union army had suffered terrible losses and had retired from their early position to high ground near the village of Gettysburg. The next day would tell the story.

"We can lick Lee—if we don't lose our nerve," Custer told his officers.

That day of July 2nd, the Confederate infantry charged stubbornly against the entrenched Yankees on Cemetery Ridge and were repulsed. Way off on the right flank of the Union army, Custer led a spirited saber charge of the Sixth Michigan, but it was of no great importance.

Both armies were tightening their belts for the terrific and immortal test that was to come the following day. If Lee could break through, the Confederate States could write their own victorious terms in Northern territory. It was the high moment of the war. For the first time Union troops were fighting on their own precious soil.

At an early hour Custer's division commander, General Kilpatrick, of the Third Division, ordered him to move his four regiments on the road from Two Taverns to Gettysburg. With column formed, Custer started to carry out his orders.

Suddenly came the word that the flower of the Confederate cavalry—under the plumed knight of the South, the great Jeb Stuart, and his dashing lieutenants Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee—were preparing to charge the Union right, break through and capture Meade's ammunition train and cut off his reserves.

Desperate and determined, the clear-thinking Robert E. Lee had started Stuart to drive into the Federal right while Pickett's men went to death and eternal fame in the Union center.

It was a brilliant attempt; if Stuart succeeded in breaking through, the tide of battle might be turned and engulf the Union forces.

General Gregg, fine old soldier that he was, sensed the grave danger, and without authority ordered Custer and his brigade, belonging to another division, to hold their position on the extreme right of the Union line on the pike from Hanover to Gettysburg.

Custer needed no second invitation. Throwing his men across the path of the dauntless Stuart, he prepared to defend himself in the finest cavalry tradition—by a mounted charge.

Drawing his long saber, he galloped to the front of his Seventh Michigan—a new and untried regiment.

"Come on, you Wolverines!" he shouted, and led off.

Straight into the teeth of the enemy dashed Custer and his gallant regiment. At a high stone fence, behind which the gray troopers were posted, the charging horses of the blue-clad soldiers piled up in the wildest confusion. In a minute the line had broken, and the Seventh was forced to retire.

Meanwhile Custer's artillery, the famous Pennington Battery of regulars, poured so deadly and accurate a fire into Grimes' guns that they were put out of action. Still Stuart's brave men came on.

Custer now rode up to the experienced old First Michigan and called for the men to follow him. With sabers gleaming in the sunlight and cheers breaking from their lips, the Michiganders moved forward to meet the oncoming attack—first at a trot and now at a gallop, they hurled themselves at the gray line. For a moment it held fast. Steel struck steel. Then from the very fury of the attack the Southern men were seen to yield—then give way completely in retreat back into the sheltering woods.

Over to the left in the Union center, Pickett's great and undying charge had failed. Here on the far-flung Union right Custer had swept back the desperate attack of Stuart and saved the flank.

The impossible had happened—Lee had been whipped. The invasion of the North was over. Washington was saved. The magic of Lee's name was broken forever. Never again was he "Lee the Invincible"—"Lee the Ever-victorious."

Up to this day Jeb Stuart and his Confederate cavalry, too, had been invincible. But this 3rd day of July, 1863, Custer, the boy general, had defeated him—and never again was the name of Jeb Stuart to be uttered with dread by Northern cavalrymen.

That day Custer had led a matchless cavalry charge, and the exalted and battle-mad Union cavalrymen pointed to the boyish figure, with scarlet tie and golden curls tossing in the breeze, and cheered. Two horses had been shot from under him, and he had showed superb courage and leadership.

He was their general now—their hero. They were eager to fight and die for him. They bought bolts of red cloth and made flowing ties for themselves. They let their hair grow long and prayed for the flashing curls of their chief.

They had found a leader to follow and love and grumble over. They spread his fame throughout the whole army. "A wild boy named Custer," they made him famous forever.

What if he was a bit of a showman with long curls and a velvet suit—a swashbuckler with a flare for publicity and the public eye? He was their boy general—Custer the Gallant—Custer the Fighter.

And this boy of twenty-three reveled in it all. The papers wrote him up—old generals slapped him on the back and were proud of him. Almost overnight he became all but a legendary figure. Michigan adopted him as her own.

THE story of Custer's war days is a swift-moving picture, lit with superb acts of fighting, softened with deeds of mercy and kindness to his foe, and splashed with all the color and glory that only battles can give. It took war to give Custer a chance to show what he was made of—and he hugged this chance to his bosom with all the power and strength that youth gave him.

Late in the fall he again visited his half-

sister up in Monroe—and when he left he brought back to his headquarters in the Michigan Brigade the belle of Monroe, the lovely daughter of Judge Bacon, Monroe's most prominent citizen.

A year later, with brilliant victories to his credit, Sheridan had him made a major general and gave him the Third Cavalry Division. He had gone beyond his own most daring dreams.

A major general with twelve regiments under his command at twenty-five! The *beau sabreur* of Sheridan's irresistible cavalry!

He was a truly great cavalryman now—a flaming, charging leader, who knew when to strike, when to hold on, when to give ground.

ALMOST overnight the Third Cavalry Division followed his old Michigan Brigade in adopting his red scarf as its badge. With a brilliant record already to its credit, its boy general led it to more and more honors—through the great Shenandoah campaign, Woodstock Races, Winchester (where the brave Sheridan said, "I take no praise for myself; it all belongs to my two boys Merritt and Custer!") Cedar Creek, where he badly defeated his classmate General Rosser—on to Sheridan's last raid before the gates of Richmond, and then the nine sleepless days and nights from Five Forks to Appomattox and Lee's surrender.

In all the annals of war there is no more thrilling and moving record of arms than these last nine fighting days when the inevitable was crowding down on Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia. For four long and bloody years they had fought the good fight for the South. They had won many victories—they had defeated many armies and many generals. They believed their cause a holy one, and they had vowed they would fight until there was no one left who could hold a musket. And now they were trapped, overwhelmed by superior numbers and, for the moment, by a higher spirit.

For four years the North had carried the war into their lands, despite the fact that a score of times it had been discouraged by defeat and weakened by disloyal and faint-hearted elements within its own borders. Men of softer metal would have called for peace years before—but not such men as Lincoln and Grant. Ceaselessly, eternally they had carried the war on and on—and now on this first day of April, 1865, victory was almost at hand.

At Richmond and Petersburg, some twenty miles to the south, Lee had fifty-two thousand Confederates. Surrounding him on three sides Grant had one hundred and sixteen thousand Union soldiers. Off to the south toward Raleigh, Joe Johnson's Confederate army faced Sherman's Union troops. If Lee could extract his army from Richmond and join Johnson, it would take another year of hard fighting before the North could end the war.

Doggedly and desperately Lee started his withdrawal from Richmond toward the southwest. On his flank to the south clung Sheridan's Union cavalry, with Custer's division as the spear-head.

For nine heart-breaking days Lee fought back and gave way—fought back and gave way. Night and day, Custer and the rest of Sheridan's men galloped on his flank, threw themselves on his retreating trains, checked, captured, battled his disheartened troops. Remorselessly, incessantly they kept pounding away—cutting in on the front, blocking his retreat to the south, stabbing his flank. Night and day Sheridan and Custer and Merritt and Gregg and the others fought and checkmated him at every turn.

Lee's fifty-two thousand dwindled to thirty-seven thousand—and then soon to twenty-eight thousand. On the afternoon of April 7th Grant forwarded to Lee a note requesting the surrender of his forces in order

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to save useless slaughter. Lee replied, asking for terms. April 8th, the generals again exchanged notes, and on the following day Lee accepted Grant's stipulation that they would not discuss general terms of peace but only the surrender of Lee's army.

Despite the approaching overtures, Lee's army was constantly endeavoring to break through the Union left flank, and on the morning of April 9th, General Gordon, a Confederate corps commander, attacked with desperate determination. Custer and Gregg of Sheridan's cavalry held the advance position and as they were driven back they opened up on each side of a woods—and now a long line of blue infantrymen stepped forward into a charge. It was too much for the weakened, disheartened and hungry Confederates, and they were driven back to position in front of Appomattox Courthouse.

CUSTER formed his division to charge, and his troops were moving down the slope toward the exhausted enemy when a staff officer rode out from the gray lines with a white towel tied on a stick. Custer, on the advance line of his troops, galloped forward and with his own hands received the flag of surrender.

It marked the end. The bitter and awful war was over. Custer and a million other tired soldier boys could now go home to their wives and sweethearts.

That night Custer addressed a farewell to his magnificent Third Cavalry Division:

"During the past six months, although in

many cases confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy in open battle 111 pieces of field artillery, 65 battle flags and upward of 10,000 prisoners of war, including 7 general officers. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color and you have never been defeated. . . . And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins, when these deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name be written as that of the commander of the Third Cavalry Division."

This was Custer's wish—but fate chose to deal differently with him. Today his deeds of battle in the Civil War are all but forgotten. To the millions of Americans he is remembered not as the commander of a dashing and victorious division of cavalry, but as an Indian-fighter, who with a handful of troopers eleven years later galloped to a tragic and uncertain death.

His brilliant Civil War record is completely overshadowed by the mystery and romance of his last stand. He had fought Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart and Wade Hampton—great and remembered soldiers; but it was the naked Sioux warriors of the Plains who sent him to deathless fame.

The Gods of Battle have their own inscrutable way of making their heroes.

(Mr. Hunt's story of "The Romantic Soldier" now passes to Custer's adventurous life as a frontier warrior—in our next issue.)

THE THIRD JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

(Continued from page 85)

to the upper class eating-clubs. His father wanted him to join one of the smaller clubs, but John went Cap and Gown because the majority of his friends were there.

In the "old days" (they seem very remote to Princeton boys, though actually only before July 1, 1927), Princeton undergraduates were permitted to have motors of their own. Almost every Cap-and-Gown owned a car. But young Rockefeller was *not* among the two or three hundred students who had their own roadsters or sport phaëtons.

At Princeton the campus religious society is called the Philadelphian Society. In his unassuming, intelligent way, John D. III has been a great force in this organization. He volunteered to assist in Philadelphian activities during his freshman year. Rather hesitantly he gave his reasons to a friend: "My family is in a position to give money without feeling it. I feel that my contributions to charity should be not in money, but in some practical service."

So, upon assignment from the Society, John went among the Greeks and Italians who worked in the kitchens at the University Commons and about the grounds. He went to boarding-houses where the foreign-born live, to Dorothea Hall, where they are fed. He carried simple books on English grammar and pronunciation, and painstakingly assisted them in grappling with the intricacies of a strange tongue. Perhaps this was why the boy was so sympathetic with Joe Sippley!

When the classes were small, with only two or three pupils, young Rockefeller carried on by the so-called natural method of simple conversation. When the classes became larger, he employed primers and readers such as those used in graded school. Several evenings a week, in freshman and sophomore years, John taught his pupils in person.

At the beginning of his junior year he was placed in charge of this part of the Philadelphian Society's work. This honor carried with it a position in the Cabinet, the undergraduate governing body of Philadelphian. Rockefeller then merely organized the work of other volunteers. Also, he devoted part of the past two summers to work as a coun-

tilor in the Society's summer camp for tenement boys at Bay Head, N. J.

These various jobs have afforded contacts that are very precious to the youth. Often, now, boys and men whom he has taught bring their problems to him. He talks with them, gives freely of his time. And if a dollar or two will help, he digs up the dollar from his allowance, which is exceedingly slender.

"I have learned a good deal doing this work," is all John D. III can be persuaded to say.

THE young man corresponds regularly with his father and grandfather. But his steady buddy is Nelson, his brother. Nelson, a couple of years younger, is a sophomore at Dartmouth. Nelson is an athlete, a husky, chunky kid ready to fight at the drop of a hat—star halfback on the varsity soccer team, and all that. During his freshman year the lordly sophs tried a little mild hazing on Nelse—made him collect shoes in the hall and polish 'em up. That didn't feaze Nelson in the least. He and John and all the other Rockefeller children had been polishing their own shoes for years. Said Nelse: "I'll show those stiffs I'm the best porter in Hanover. In Hanover? Why, I'm the best porter in all New Hampshire! In New Hampshire? Why, I'm the best porter in all New England!"

So the sophs recognized that Nelse was quite a guy and treated him gingerly. They showered invitations upon him, social and otherwise. Nelse replied by writing a letter to *The Dartmouth!*

From boyhood, Nelson and John the Third have been Siamesian in their mutual love and affection. Two summers ago the boys went to England, traveling tourist third class. They returned at a cost of one hundred dollars each on the *American Trader* of the American Merchant Lines. Each carried a couple of handbags. There were but nineteen other passengers, west-bound in late July. Nelse and John descended into the bowels of the ship, ascended to the bridge with Cap'n Fish, as jolly a sea-dog as ever yarned over his

brandy, joined deck-games and parties, and mixed with everybody. In New York they carted their own luggage from pier to taxi. They had a helluva time.

They had just as much fun last summer when their father paid their passage on the *Berengaria* as a reward for college work faithfully accomplished. Last summer the brothers Rockefeller went to Germany.

"Did you visit the great industrial plants of Germany?" a friend recently asked John D. III.

"No," he smiled back, "Nelse and I didn't set foot in one of them. We were over there on a holiday."

JOHN D. III came into the world late on the evening of March 21, 1906, in the town house of his parents, No. 10 West Fifty-fourth Street. His sister Abby, now Mrs. David M. Milton, had been born Nov. 2, 1903. During the interval, both John D. Rockefeller and his son, John D., Jr., had been awaiting the arrival of a male heir presumptive to the greatest fortune in the world.

At that time a newspaper statistician figured that if the Rockefeller billion remained intact and the new baby inherited all, John D. III at sixty would be worth something

like \$90,000,000,000,000. Figure that for yourself. I can't even pronounce it.

But I am certain John D. III would be perfectly content with the first four figures—and consider this sum a sizable fortune! For he has a sense of humor.

Since this sketch opened with an anecdote, perhaps it would be fitting to close with another: Once on the Bar Harbor Express to New York, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., relishingly related an incident to show how simple and naive his children were. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., said that, when fifteen, his eldest son, John D. III, was amusing himself with a very old and dilapidated rowboat on the Rockefeller estate at Seal Harbor, Maine. A neighbor's boy happened along and turned up his nose. "Huh!" he ejaculated. "Why don't you get a motorboat?"

John D. III regarded the other with unforgotten astonishment. "A motorboat!" he exclaimed. "Gee whiz! Who do you think we are—Vanderbilts?"

My guess is that John D. Rockefeller III may have said that.

But my belief is that he was spoofing both the neighbor's boy and his father.

For John D. III is highly intelligent. And he has a sense of humor.

IN PERSON

(Continued from page 43)

FROM her first appearance on Monday afternoon, Zita Kari was a hit. The public liked her film, "Dancing Lovers," the flamboyant romance of a gypsy dancer and an Austrian prince; and when the gypsy dancer came out in the flesh,—with much of it exposed,—there was cheering. Cheering is not customary in American picture palaces, but Herr Romstadt, with Teutonic efficiency, had made arrangements in each city for a skillfully distributed *claque*. At the proper moment the hired *claqueurs* started the applause and led the cheering. Even without this stimulus, Zita Kari would have been a success; with it, she was a sensation.

Zita Kari could dance. Long before she began her movie career in Hungary, she had been famous as a dancer in the musical revues of Vienna, Berlin and Budapest. On the screen she was alluring; one hundred and fifty per cent woman in rôles suggesting passion. In person she didn't stop at suggesting; she insisted.

And at the Babylon, history repeated itself. The walls did not fall, but merely everyone within the walls did. And at the bottom of the debris was Al West. When he conducted the orchestra for her dance, the hand that held his baton trembled. Later, in his own numbers with the Jazz Joy Boys, it was apparent that his mind was not on the music.

Margie, being a woman, saw all these signs and omens. And what she did not see, she imagined. That afternoon when she went on in her specialty dance, and with the ballet, she had lost her buoyant confidence. There was, she felt, no room for another dancer on any bill where Zita Kari was the headliner.

After the supper show Al West usually came around and asked her out for a "sandwich and." This evening when he appeared at her dressing-room door, his eyes were strangely bright.

"Listen, baby," he said. "I can't make it tonight. The star wants to see me. She's gonna have all her meals served in the prop-room, an' she's asked me to join her. She wants to talk about the music."

"Yeah?"

Al West nodded. That quiet smile of Margie's flustered him.

"All right," Marge said. "Go along, then, big boy. But you better leave your watch with me!"

In the property-room, now a salon of

shaded lamps, dangerous divans and exotic perfumes, Al joined Zita Kari. She was wearing a filmy orchid negligée, and reclining in a billowy cloud of silken cushions. And when she looked at him, with a flutter of her long curling lashes, Al's heart began performing in queer rhythms. Then, to his disappointment, he noticed that the table had been set for three, and a moment later Herr Romstadt came in without knocking.

Herr Romstadt was a large, floridly handsome man, with a thick accent. Like most European theater managers, he wore a silk hat at all times, and after six o'clock full dress, with a gardenia in his lapel. As Al watched him move familiarly about the room, he had a premonition that Herr Romstadt was something more than a manager. He did not know that when Zita Kari had come to America, Herr Romstadt had left everything to come with her. "Everything" included a wife and two blonde *Kinder* in Berlin.

THE dinner was elaborate. It had been sent in from a hotel, and it was served by Mme. Kari's two maids. The lady herself possessed a delicate appetite, and Al's unfamiliarity with such an array of knives and forks made him somewhat reticent. But there was nothing reticent about Herr Romstadt. Years ago he had forgotten his waistline—that was something for his tailor to worry about. Plain and fancy eating was his specialty, and with a napkin tucked under his chin, he proceeded to give a magnificent performance. Al watched him with ill-concealed wonderment.

"I've seen some starving Armenians eat," he told Margie later, "but I never seen a guy put on the nose-bag an' enjoy it so much as that big Heinie!"

After the meal Herr Romstadt lighted a large cigar and settled back to inspect the young jazz king in whom Zita Kari had taken such a sudden professional interest. Al felt slightly uncomfortable under this sharp scrutiny, but Madame graciously put him at ease by asking him about himself. That was one subject on which Al West was well-informed. With no hesitation whatever, he began to tell her the story of his life. In his own opinion it was the great American saga of success, and he omitted none of the details of his early struggles as a small-time hoover.

Zita Kari understood not more than half



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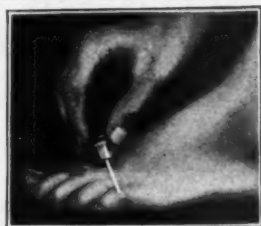
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of the slang phrases that rolled from Al West's attractive mouth, but she considered the source—and loved it. As he told of his magic rise to fame and fortune, with his name in electric lights over a vast cinema cathedral, it did not occur to him to mention the part played by Margie, the little girl with big ideas.

"And you haff never married?" Herr Romstadt sounded perniciously paternal.

"No, I been pretty busy." Al smiled modestly.

"And love,"—she pronounced it "loff"—"you do not love never?" Zita Kari's grammar was not good, but she had something that does not come in books.

"Oh, yeh—I guess so." Al was lost in the blue depths of her eyes.

Herr Romstadt cut in on the mutual gaze and was singled for his effrontery. Whereupon he burst into a torrent of something like a language. Zita Kari topped him by a tone. And Al felt *de trop*, though he wouldn't have known that that was the phrase for it. Then the storm passed, and Al couldn't tell who got the decision.

When he left, a half-hour later (for Herr Romstadt explained, none too pleasantly, that Madame always rested before each performance), Zita Kari extended her hand. And as he took it, he felt her lift it upward. Now, Al was not practised in the Continental art of hand-kissing; to him, it was a waste of time. But he accomplished the feat with a loud smack, and bowed himself out.

At the conclusion of her dance that evening, Zita Kari looked down at him in the orchestra pit and bestowed on him a dazling, very personal smile. Al blushed crimson, and with a shaky hand straightened his tie.

"Boys," whispered little Louie Nupplebaum, the first saxophone, as the orchestra filed out, "it's all over. Kindly omit flowers. The burial will be private."

ON Tuesday Mme. Kari again invited Al to dine with her and her manager in the prop-room salon. And when Margie went to supper with him after the last show and saw how *distract* he seemed, she felt a sharp pang of distress. Something deeper than jealousy. Al was sweet to her, and attentive—but his old charm seemed mechanical, and there was a far-away look in his eyes. Shrewdly, Margie sought to make him talk about Zita Kari, but he avoided the subject. That worried her. She knew that a man who talks to one woman about another is only in the primary stages of infatuation. When he *refuses* to talk about the other woman—that is the danger sign.

On Wednesday night Al dined once more in the star's salon. By this time the entire company was gossiping. Several times Margie had come upon little groups discussing the jazz king's new romance, and at Margie's approach the subject was abruptly changed. When Al failed to appear after the performance that night, she pretended to the other girls that nothing had happened. Margie was a troupier; and in the world of the theater, that is the highest praise of galantry.

On Thursday she went to dinner with Max Mindel. Across the table he looked at her with an expression more close to sentiment than she had ever seen upon his consistently clever face. "When you sign this next contract," he said, "I'm going to feature you in all the billing. You've earned it."

"Thanks, Max. That's wonderful!" She glanced away. "What about Al?"

"Are you still going to plug his game?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I know what you mean, Max. But Al's just a boy—he's never seen a woman like this one. He may be acting foolish, but it won't last long. She'll only be here three more days. Besides, you couldn't get another band leader like him."

"The woods are full of 'em."

"There's only one Al West," said Margie. Mindel smiled. "I like your loyalty. I hope he deserves it."

"His contract has two more weeks to run." Margie swiftly changed the subject. "I happen to know he's had other offers. If you're as wise as I think you are, you'll hand him a new contract, at more money."

"All right, Margie. I'd like to make you happy. With him out of the way, I think I could. But I'll take a chance." As he spoke, he let his hand rest over hers. Margie turned her own hand upward into a friendly grip.

"You're a square-shooter, Max," she said.

BACK at the Babylon, she found Al standing in front of Zita Kari's dressing-room. He had just knocked on the door, and Margie heard the seductive Hungarian voice call out:

"Wait wan meenute, plees—I 'ave nossing on." But the tone was intimate and invitational.

Quickly Margie stepped forward and touched his arm. "Al," she said, "I'd like to talk to you tonight. Will you take me out for a bite of supper?"

He shifted on one foot uneasily. "Why, listen, baby—I got a date to—"

From within the dressing-room came the cello voice:

"Come een!"

"This is important," said Margie. "It's business."

"But—listen, baby—"

"Come een!" called Zita Kari insistently.

"We've got to have an understanding, Al."

Margie's tone was gently maternal.

"All right," he agreed hastily. "Meet you after the show." And he ducked into the star's dressing-room.

After the last performance Margie and Al walked in silence to a little restaurant near the Babylon.

"Bacon and eggs and sliced tomatoes and a bottle of Bud." Al's voice was weary.

"If you can eat like that, you're not as lovesick as I thought," Margie was trying desperately to be bright.

"Now, listen, I won't stand for—"

"Oh, all right, Samson—we'll lay off Delilah and talk about something important. Max Mindel wants us both to sign up for twenty weeks more. What are you going to do?"

"Ah, gee—I dunno." Al's eyes wandered aimlessly around the room. "I'm sick of this burg—an' the Babylon—an' meddlin' Mindel, an'—"

"And me?" Margie smiled. "Let's be honest, honey. You're sick of everything but *la Kari*."

"Oh, leave her out of it. She wouldn't let me touch the hem of her skirt."

"Well, the hem of a girl's skirt nowadays is a pretty good start. Oh, Al,"—Margie rested her hand on his arm,—"*'be yourself*. You're just dazed. She's old enough to be your mother."

"She isn't thirty yet!"

"No, and she'll wait for you to catch up with her before she is. It's your career I'm thinking of. It isn't because you've been treating me like a copy of last week's *Variety*. I'm not jealous, honest. I want you to have whatever you want—if you know what it is. But you don't. Now, Mindel is going to offer you a contract, and it's almost double what you're getting. Don't let this Hungarian sheba put the skids under you. You're Al West, the Jazz Sheik—but you're acting like *Peter Pan*, and the costume's too small for you."

Later, at the elevator in Margie's hotel, he took her hand and held it in both of his own, and the sweetness of their old intimacy stole over them.

"Listen, baby—"

A tear twinkled on the edge of her long

lashes. She turned away, winking bravely. "Don't forget—you're going to sign that contract tomorrow. Good night!" And she disappeared into the elevator.

But the next day no contract was forthcoming. Max Mindel appeared in no hurry to prolong for twenty weeks more the presence of the one man who stood in the way of his happiness. He had received a startling report from one of his backstage spies (who had made the acquaintance of Zita Kari's personal maid), and he was waiting to see the outcome of Al West's infatuation.

As usual Madame dined in the theater. As usual Al dined with her. But when he entered the glorified property-room, Herr Romstadt was leaving. And not without a struggle. He and Madame were in the midst of one of their Hungarian word wars. It was plain that Herr Romstadt was being beautifully "aired." Madame explained to Al that Herr Romstadt was to go to the hotel on an errand. Herr Romstadt showed his annoyance quite plainly. But he went.

Al West dined with Zita Kari alone. The door was closed, and on it the only trace of the room's former existence which had not been removed in Madame's honor was the sign, inevitable on all property-room doors, KEEP OUT.

Margie knew that the rest of the company were laughing among themselves. And the thought that they were all imagining a scene being enacted behind that KEEP OUT sign—a typical Zita Kari movie scene—hurt Margie sharply. But she clung to her faith in Al West.

The next day, Friday, was a momentous one in the history of the Babylon Theater. The series of strange events leading up to the grand climax began that afternoon with the annoyance of Bert Gill, the elderly stage-doorman. Mr. Gill, who was on duty from noon till midnight, could always be found comfortably ensconced in an armchair inside the stage-door, reading a yesterday's newspaper—he never seemed to be able to catch up with the news of the day.

Early in the afternoon a gaunt, ragged man with a stubby beard and pathetic eyes appeared at the stage-door, asking timidly in broken English if he might see Mme. Kari. Mr. Gill looked up from his newspaper long enough to inform him sternly that he must procure a pass from Mme. Kari's manager. The ragged man did not seem to understand. None too pleasantly Mr. Gill waved him away. An hour later he returned. Again the watchful guardian of the portals recited the iron-bound rule that no one could be admitted without a pass, and again the man was banished into the wintry, wind-swept alley. Once more he appeared, toward evening, with a tremulous, incoherent appeal. This time Mr. Gill's ire was aroused.

"You git outa here!" shouted Mr. Gill, brandishing his yesterday's newspaper. "Lemme catch you hangin' around here any more, an' I'll call a cop!"

And muttering queer words, the ragged man fled.

AFTER the supper show a German girl in the ballet, Bertha de Bohm, nicknamed Dutchy the Bum, came to Margie's dressing-room. "Margie," she said, "I t'ink maybe you vill not like vat I'm telling you, but I got to. Al Vest iss goin' avay vid diss Kari voman."

"You're crazy, Dutchy—he's signing a new contract for twenty weeks here." Margie's heart skipped a beat.

"You t'ink so, yah? Vell, I'm not eaf-dropper, but Romstadt und Kari iss had a fight. You could hear it up at de fair grounds. Und it vill do no goot if you don't unnerstant Hungarian—vitch I do. My mudder was a such a—"

"Dutchy, what do you mean?" Margie had lost her air of tolerant listener.

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“But, Dutchy, Al wouldn’t do such a thing! He’s got two more weeks to play on his contract. It would ruin him if he jumped it—”

“He don’t need no contract to ruin him.” Dutchy’s tone was tragic. “She hass done it!”

Margie was throwing on her street clothes. “I must get out in the air, and think what to do—” It took all her self-restraint to keep from crying on Dutchy’s chubby shoulder.

Dutchy saw the mist in her eyes. “Now, dear, no man is vorth tears. Let him go, de loafer!”

As they came out of the stage-door, Margie said: “Thanks a lot, Dutchy.”

“Don’t say nothing. Und, Margie, my mudder always said—ven you t’ink you are de most miserable, look around und you vill find some one who iss more yet.”

“I’ll try, but it’s going to be a hard job.” Margie walked past the entrance of the Babylon, where the line was forming, crowding to get in to see Zita Kari. “Damn her!” Margie whispered. “Oh, no! I don’t mean that. God, don’t damn her—but please help me!”

She hurried on. In front of her loomed another enormous billboard: ZITA KARI. Was there no escape from this woman? On the poster, her beautiful body, swathed in a yard of chiffon, seemed to live. Her famous eyes seemed to gaze out at Margie pityingly.

Margie stood still, fascinated. Suddenly she realized that some one else was fascinated. Beside her stood a ragged, shivering man, staring at Zita Kari’s life-sized lithograph, and sobbing. Margie moved closer. A poor tramp! No overcoat on a night like this. Maybe he was trying to keep warm looking at her! Margie was almost hysterical herself. His battered hat was pulled down; his frayed coat-collar was turned up, and there he stood, murmuring to himself and sobbing. Margie recalled the philosophy of Dutchy’s mother. Well, Dutchy’s mother was right.

“Listen,” said Margie gently. “You wont get anything but pneumonia standing here. Are you hungry?”

The man turned, his great eyes burning as if with fever. “Hungry? Ach, Gott—ja!”

“Sounds like a college yell.” Margie wanted to laugh, cry, scream—anything. “Come on,” she said. “I’m hungry too.”

The man looked helplessly at her.

“Come on,” she said. “You’ve got nothing to lose.”

“Aber—” He tried to speak, his teeth chattering with cold.

“Save that—your English will come out better if you thaw the icicles off your throat.” She took his arm, and led him toward the lunch-counter at the corner, as if he had been blind. Inside it was warm and cheery.

“Steak and steak and more steak, Charley,” said Margie.

THE waiter behind the counter stared blankly.

“Make it snappy. My friend the Duke has an appetite.” She smiled at her friend, a smile that any duke would have welcomed.

Aside she murmured: “Hurry, Charley, he’s all in.”

As the ragged man ate, with a pathetic, gulping hunger, Margie watched him compassionately. He drank three cups of coffee to her one.

“Tell me,” she asked, after a while, “why

were you standing out there crying? Were you sorry for Zita Kari ‘cause she hadn’t any clothes?”

The ragged man completely missed the humor Margie was trying so hard to put into the situation.

“As én kiss felesgem—she iss here!” In his broken Hungarian-English he began to talk fast now, but not too fast for Margie. She leaned forward, listening breathlessly. Her eyes were like stars, only more so.

“Wait a minute, please. Charley—more coffee. And some pie—lots of it. I’m celebrating my birthday. I’ve just been born again,” she said excitedly. Charley didn’t get her. Neither did the ragged man. But Margie was smiling now, her magical smile. “Go on,” she said. “I’m interested.”

A HALF-HOUR later Max Mindel answered the telephone in his private office in the Babylon Theater. The telephone operator at a hotel gave him a message. As he heard it, Max Mindel’s eyebrows lifted.

“What’s the matter with her? . . . Oh! . . . Well, tell her to get in bed and stay there. A cold this kind of weather is dangerous. . . . Yes, I’ll call her tomorrow.” Max Mindel hung up.

“Joe!” he called his office-boy. “Tell them back-stage Miss Merwin is sick and wont be here for the last show. Don’t bother West—just tell Jake Rausch.”

Max Mindel sat quite still. “Sorry she’s sick—poor little kid, but maybe it’s better to have her out of the way.” His thoughts raced across his face, lighting it as they went. “It’ll hit her hard when that sap runs away with Kari tomorrow night.”

Jake Rausch, the stage manager, knocked timidly on Zita Kari’s door. The maid opened it. “Excuse me, madam,” said Jake Rausch, “but you’ll go on a little earlier for the last show. Miss Merwin aint here.”

“Not here?” Al West jumped to his feet before Zita Kari could answer. “What’s the matter with her?”

“Sick,” answered the stage manager, and closed the door.

Al West stood there, looking worried. Zita Kari’s beautiful eyes gleamed dangerously. “I don’t theenk de public weel ask for eets money back. No?”

“Listen!” Al West turned on her. “You lay off Margie—see? She’s a great little hoover, and a wonderful girl.”

“Oh, lá, lá! Se beeg jazz keeng like de little hoover, eh?” Zita Kari reached for his hand and pulled him down beside her on the divan.

“Well, I don’t like to hear nobody pan her.” Al was infatuated with Zita Kari, but in showing him that she was not imperious to his charm, she had also convinced him that his goddess was just another “jane.”

With one perfumed hand she smoothed his blond locks, and said coyly: “It ees good you come away. I might make jealous.”

Al looked at her somewhat uneasily. “Listen,”—he nearly said “baby,” so he must have been thinking of Margie,—“I’m going to get in an awful mess jumping my contract and leaving Mindel flat. Why don’t I play my two weeks out and then join you in New York?”

“No, no!” Zita Kari leaped to her feet and burst into a storm of arguments.

Al retreated a step, and lifted a defensive hand. “There, there. Everything’s goin’ to be all right.” Al’s chin was firm. But some of the firmest chins in Europe had lost their lines over Zita Kari. . . .

The curtain was rung down on the last show at eleven. At the finish Al West and his band played while Zita Kari performed a Hungarian Black Bottom. Together they closed the show.

At eleven o’clock Margie Merwin, looking in better health than at any time that week,

appeared quietly, almost furtively, at the stage-door. Behind her came the ragged tramp.

"In there," whispered Margie, pointing to the entrance. "Tell the doorman you must go in. Push him if you have to." She demonstrated, *push*, and added: "Don't let them stop you."

"Stop me?" The ragged man drew himself up. He was taller, now that he had been fed. "Stop me? No vun vill stop me but Gott!"

"Dear God, please don't!" prayed Margie. He went in. Margie turned and fled down the alley.

Inside the stage-door Mr. Bert Gill sat tipped back in his armchair, somnolently perusing a yesterday's newspaper. He looked up as the ragged man appeared.

"Nobody admitted without a—" Then he recognized him. "Say! Didn't I tell you to keep out here?"

But the ragged man, muttering strange words, brushed past him.

"Hey!" Bert Gill scrambled to his feet. "You can't go—"

"Dummkopf!" The ragged man swung round and dealt him a sturdy push. Whereupon Mr. Gill, his chair and his newspaper sprawled in a heap. Swiftly the intruder dashed through the doorway to the stage.

Zita Kari had just come off. Her maid was throwing a cloak over her bare shoulders, and Al West hovered near by.

"As én kiss felesgem!"

Zita Kari looked up, startled. Before her stood a ragged, unshaven apparition—a ghost from the past. Zita Kari's eyes widened in horror. She clutched her throat.

"As én kiss gyerékem—" sobbed the apparition, stretching his ragged arms toward her.

Zita Kari fainted.

IT seemed to Margie that she had just fallen asleep the next morning when the phone by her bedside rang shrilly. Jake Rausch, the stage manager, was at the other end of the wire, asking if she was well enough to come down to the Babylon at once.

"Why, yes," answered Margie. "I'll try. What's the matter?"

"Well, we're in a jam. Kari's done a Houdini."

"What?" Margie was trying to sound surprised.

"She's gone. Beat it. I'll tell you later. Hurry down here, will you?"

When she walked on the stage, Jake Rausch was waiting for her. "Being sick last night," he said, "cheated you out of one of the greatest shows since Barnum's."

"What do you mean?" Margie looked almost too innocent.

"Listen—can you do a specialty dance in Kari's set?"

"Sure, but not in her costume. I got a cold, as it is. Why—what's happened to Kari?"

"Well, last night her long-left husband turned up. It seems she walked out on him eighteen years ago in Hungary or somewhere, an' he's been trailin' her ever since. He looked like he'd done it all on foot, too, poor guy!"

"Did she admit he was her husband?"

"Admit nothing—she passed out cold. Later, when we called up her hotel to ask how she and her husband were, she had blew."

"Gone?" gasped Margie.

"Gone like last month's song hit. Left her maids flat—all of 'em, secretaries an' musical director. They're around here tellin' all they know about her—an' makin' up what they aint sure of."

"You mean to say she went without her salary?"

"Be your passport age! That guy Romstadt collected every show before Madame

even removed her camisole. And Romstadt left town with her."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Margie. "The way that lady carries on!"

"Al's rehearsing some new numbers to fill in, and if you can put on a dance—"

"Can I?" Margie smiled radiantly. "I'm one of the reasons why dancers have to go in the movies!"

ON the stage Al's band was tuning up.

A general feeling of relief was in the air. Al West stood there, looking his former handsome self. Zita Kari's stranded musical director was talking to him.

"I might have known it," sighed the musical director. "Honest, Cleopatra and Sheba was a couple of Wampas babies compared to that dame."

"Yeh," Al West seemed rather subdued. "I was afraid she had you goin'."

"Who—me?" Al smiled, but not too brightly. "Nah!"

The ex-musical director let that one pass. "She was always pickin' up some goof," he continued, "an' givin' him a sleigh-ride—till she wanted a change of snow-scene. The last victim was a piccolo-player in St. Louis. When she got through with him, all he had left was the piccolo—an' he'd lost his technique. So when I saw you goin'—"

"Not me!" Al West cut in. "I've seen these wandering wreckers before—I was wise to her all the time!"

"Hello, Al," Margie came up to him, smiling. She had never looked so sweet in her blue gingham practice clothes. "Max Mindel wants me to do that closing stunt with you." She was being very professional.

"Why—sure, Margie." He seemed a little shy. "They said last night you were sick. I phoned your hotel after the show, but you'd left orders not to be disturbed." His cheeks flushed. He looked nervously down at his baton. "I—I was kinda worried aboutcha—"

"Oh, that was sweet of you, Al." Then she added crisply: "Ready to run through my number now?"

"Sure." He swallowed hastily, and took his place in front of the band.

The Jazz Joy Boys played as they had never played for Zita Kari. After all, the American Black Bottom does excel. And Margie danced it as it had never been danced on the Babylon stage.

"The kid's got it all over Kari," Jake Rausch told Al, after the finish of the number.

"Are you telling me?" retorted Al.

He found Margie in the wings, catching her breath. "Listen, baby," he began, with a sheepish expression. "I got a lot of things to explain to you. I—"

Margie was afraid that he was going to try to explain what a fool he had been. That was something men were not very clever in explaining.

"By the way," she interrupted, "you didn't get your new contract—"

"No. I guess it's all up with me." He glanced away, and his face drooped with depression. "Mindel's givin' me the air. He don't want me any more after my two weeks is up. He didn't gimme a contract—"

"No," said Margie briskly. "He gave it to me to give you. But you were so busy I didn't get a chance."

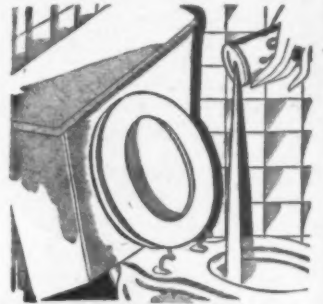
His mouth jerked open. He stared at her, first with incredulous amazement, then rising hope, then joy. Al's facial expressions were worthy of the movies. "You mean I do get a new contract?"

"Twenty weeks. It's in my dressing-room. Come up and let's look it over."

In her dressing-room Al made a move to close the door. But Margie pushed it open again, and eluded his outstretched arms. She knew she would forgive him, but it must not come too quickly. He was spoiled enough, anyway.

~~~~~

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"This is a business conference," she said, and her smile was merely friendly.

Puzzled, for he was accustomed to making his own rules in the game of hearts, Al West took the contract she held out to him. They read it together, bending over her dressing-table, their heads touching.

"More money, you see," she pointed out.

"Yeh." The old ham instinct rose phoenix-like in Al's manly breast. "I guess they know I'm worth it, all right."

Margie smiled to herself. Without his vanity he would have been like an electric sign without lights.

"I suggested that clause about billing," she said. "Hereafter, none of these 'In Person' cyclones that blow along can share the lights with you. Am I right?"

"Listen, baby—you're always right." He reached for her hand. Very gently, Margie withdrew it. She was going to teach the returning Romeo a lesson.

"I wonder," she mused, "what Zita Kari's husband's name is?"

"Ah, let's not talk about him. Listen, baby—"

"Run along and sign your contract. And mail it to Max Mindel—before he has a chance to change his mind."

"I will, honey. But—"

"You'll have to amble on; I must dress."

He came very close to her, and Margie could see that his lips were trembling. She had punished him enough.

"Listen, baby—"

"I'm listening."

"I want to kiss you!"

"Well," she smiled up into his eyes, "if you've got any new Hungarian stuff—go ahead and show me."

"Ah, don't kid me. I've been a big sap. But from now on—"

"Came the dawn," murmured Margie.

Abruptly he took her in his arms. "Listen, bab—"

The "y" was lost somewhere between Margie's charming little nose and her determined little chin.

## SHE GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 89)

She went on constructing pictures of herself as Tom saw her, dirty, disheveled, fiendishly shooting him down, and contrasting those pictures with the Red Cross angel in snowy robes who relieved his pain and caressed his brow. She cursed the whole throng and was sure that of the more than ten thousand American Red Cross nurses, Tom would draw the most perfect specimen of infernal grace.

### Chapter Seven

VAST numbers of bulky volumes have been filled with the chronicles of the World War in every aspect except the unparalleled traffic in all phases of love.

Millions of women and millions of men thrown out of the disorderly enough processes of everyday life into a state of international frenzy were shuffled together in relations where every old standard was reversed or somehow altered. Hatred was love, love was treason, mercy was infamy, tolerance was conspiracy, prudence cowardice, delicacy brutality, modesty indecency. Everything was something that it had never been before. And nobody could believe that it would ever again be what it had been.

Personal histories were made in homes and gardens, camps and billets, countryside and cities, hospitals and battlefields, everywhere; but they will never be written, can never be written and are already forgotten except in the startled casual recollections of obscure moments when some frightened soul whispers to itself: "Can that have been I? Does God Himself know and will He remember?"

There were French girls and women of all ages, too, who told Joan stories that sickened her. There were American women, and women of all nations, who went through the fires of Moloch and perished, or returned seared in soul and memory.

Joan sometimes wondered if war were not a minor matter. She was so aloof from the problems of the generals and the scenes of battle that they played but a small part in her thoughts. She and her companions saw the soldiers only outside office hours. The impression most of them gave was of an enormously increased interest in women. There was infinitely more courtship than at home; there was longing, manifest desire, hunger for flirtation.

She had fallen in love with the last man she would have chosen, and they had already gone through moments that she could never have foreseen. Now her one ambition for Tom Pike was that he might somehow recover from the wound she had given him, so that he might go back into the battle.

She was so eager for this that she would rather have seen him slain than kept from the fight. And she knew that he was of the same mind.

Even Katie Dugan had a lover. She was so tall, and so hilarious or so wrathful, that most of the soldiers were afraid of her, or at least of being seen with her. They called her Big Bertha, and the thought of a moonlight stroll at her elbow was not to be entertained. So the poor girl pined and her pride suffered wounds that she never exposed. Her heart was as big as it had to be to carry her bulk, and it was as tender as it was strong. She yearned to be called sweet names and to sit on a soldier's knee and be dandled like a baby. But such knees were not being made, it seemed, so Katie did more than her share of the endless doughnuts a day turned out by her kitchen, not to mention the pies.

One day there came to the dugout a trombonist, who looked not unlike his own favorite instrument. A peaceable soul, and an artist, he lacked the will to fight his way through the crowd buying doughnuts and pies. He grew so desperate that he crept round to the rear of the kitchen, crouching on hands and knees in the hope of stealing a few.

Katie saw his lean hand appear and clutched the wrist of it, dragging him to his feet. She drew him out like a many-jointed telescope, and could hardly believe her eyes.

"Stop growin', you giraff," she gasped.

He looked down at her and begged:

"Don't deny me a doughnut, little one."

Katie collapsed.

"Murder in Irish! I've lived to be called 'little.'"

She made him hold out his two hands and impaled a doughnut on each of his ten digits. He beamed.

"How much are they, cutie?"

"Oh, Gawd, how sweet that listens! They're nothin' to you, big man. I've earned the right to give away a few. You get me whole quota."

He began to munch while she adored, and he completed her conquest by murmuring an invitation to take a walk with him in the evening. She accepted with infantile meekness and watched him stalk away. Then she turned, seized one of the other lassies, and demanded:

"Julia dear, you know love? What's it like? Did first love hit you like a stum-mickache, or what?"

Julia could not remember so far back.

Providence lent Katie a moon that evening, and she strolled with her cavalier. His name was Francis Xavier Malloy, but he was generally known as "Toots."



She found her lord even more shy than his slave, for he too suffered isolation because of his stature. In the dark, however, they escaped attention and thought of themselves as two tiny love-birds on the branch of a rose-tree.

The next evening he brought along his instrument, and made love to her in music, the long tube throbbing with a poetry he could not put in words. Now and then his passion overcame him, and he gave voice to certain blats that caused terror or rage in the entire neighborhood. Then he and Katie would steal away to some other nook. But nearly all the nooks were preempted except the lighted ones, and when Toots played visibly, he was greeted with cobblestones and worse. He had to cut short his concert, but Katie had heard enough to fill her with the almost unique opinion that a trombonist was the ideal husband.

KATIE had to tell Joan of her lover, and Joan's heart was torn between pity and laughter. Neither emotion pleased the proud Katie, and she felt called upon to administer a rebuke:

"Well, annyhow, he says he has never in his life a drop of drink taken, so I won't be havin' to shoot him to hould him."

"That's unkind!" said Joan, brought down to the dust from her lofty patronage.

"That was my intintion," said Katie. "I'm sorry for sayin' it, but I'm glad I did. Women that has lovers should look to their own."

Joan apologized for the thoughts she had cherished, and the friendship was not broken. But Katie's heart was, for Toots was marched away the next day to the north, where so many went that never came back.

She filled his knapsack with tear-stained doughnuts, and when he mumbled, "Fare ye well, Miss Dugan!" she moaned:

"Miss Dugan is all I'll ever be if you don't come back."

As he turned away, she seized him again to plead:

"Oh, Mr. Malloy, promise me the one thing: when the shells and bullets are flyin', scrouge down as low as you can, for you're twice the target of thim dwarves you march with."

The only bright thing in her world was the arrival of Sadie Slevsky with a vaudeville troupe of the Over-There Theater League. Sadie had sung herself out in raw weathers and had slept none too warm in the icy nights, and her cries of joy at meeting Joan and Katie were hardly more than a whispered croak. But when the show was on, she could always find voice enough to be heard, and her feet did not catch cold. Her pretty legs could twinkle, and she rejoiced to be permitted to dance nearer and nearer to the firing line. Her companion, Tillie Lee, had been stricken with pneumonia, and her new partner was a man.

The night of their arrival Sadie and her band gave a performance in the biggest of the barns. The troupe included a magician, a female impersonator, a juggler, a chalk-talker, and Sadie and her partner.

All the officers and soldiers, Y girls and men, Salvation lassies and men, Red Cross nurses, and all the villagers attempted to crowd into the place and reveled in the show. The applause for Sadie's dances was thunderous, and everybody joined in when she sang:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding."

Her poor shred of a voice was not missed, and she saved herself for the comic encore, sung with the trickiest of footwork:

"Good morning, Mr. Zip—Zip—Zip,

With your hair cut just as short as mine.

Good morning, Mr. Zip—Zip—Zip,

You're really looking fine . . .

Oh, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust—"

In the midst of her song the sky was filled

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with the snarling drum-roll of airplanes from the north. Every light was quenched, and the audience sat in the gloom wondering what thunderbolts the heavens might send.

Sadie went right on singing. She was frightened almost unconscious, but the soldiers loved her the better for the shiver in her voice that went on wailing. She made only one slip. She sang:

"Good morning, Mr. Zip—Zip—Zip,  
With your life cut just as short as mine."

The airplanes dropped no more than a single bomb, and that landed in a quarter already so ruined that nobody paid any heed. The lights went on again, and Sadie's beauty was not denied to the hungry eyes.

Sadie took up her quarters with Katie and Joan, who found an extra cot for her. It was wonderful to have the trio reestablished, but a war change had come over them.

### Chapter Eight

JOAN wondered why Tom never wrote to her. Perhaps he had written often and his letters were lost in the colossal jumble of mail and supplies cluttering the roads to the front. Perhaps he was brooding over her cruelty and hating her for disabling him. Perhaps his wound was not healing and he was in a delirium, dying and calling for her. Perhaps her trick had been found out; some surgeon may have compared the report of a

shell-wound with the neat puncture of a bullet and accused Tom of deception, forced a confession out of him and preferred charges against him.

He might be a prisoner, and she would be months finding out. She went about her work in a daze, while her mind juggled with riddles that had no answer.

She was denied the ecstasy of seeing Tom on the day when he passed through Marot on his way to rejoin his beloved engineers. He went forward in a staff-officer's car, and there was no time to stop. He stood up and waved at the Y hut as it slid past, but Joan was in the back yard chopping kindling-wood, cursing the chore, and wondering why Tom never answered the letters that he never got.

By the time he reached his regiment, it was far from Marot, and its tasks were of the deadliest, building roads and bridges under fire.

The war went on all along the trenches to the sea. The Germans had made their gigantic thrust and had not quite driven it home. The Allies had placed all their destinies in one command at last, and Foch, the attacker, was making the counter-drive, in the magnificent hope of blasting the whole German line out of France before the morose autumn failed and left the soldiers to a fifth winter in the icy misery of the trenches.

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so far that Marot seemed almost as remote from the fighting-zone as Paris or the Riviera or those other gay and gorgeous places where the gentler arts of womanhood were practiced. The Marot women wanted hungry men to feed. They loved muddy and bleeding and lousy customers, half-frozen from the trenches, or men smoking hot for the trenches. But they saw now only those who were far from danger.

They were driven frantic with reports that at many points there were bodies of troops who had not touched a morsel of food for days. Numberless rolling kitchens had been wrecked by German shells in the advance. Many of the cooks had been killed; one of them was found still bent over a pan of potatoes he was paring. Other cooks had deserted their pots for rifles. More kitchens were not to be had for the asking. All France was trying in vain to replenish the wastage of the four-hundred-mile moving frontier.

Messengers on motorcycles and on foot kept dashing into Marot to relay the cry for more ammunition, more supplies of every sort, especially food. These messengers stopped at the Y hut and at the Salvation Army dugout and their appetites were as eloquent as the stories they told of the hunger up front.

Mrs. Dixon proposed to several generals or their staffs that she and her flock would like to get forward into their usual neighborliness with the combat area. They were advised to stay where they were and watch the war go by. But Joan found a general who had known her father and she bullied him into giving the necessary order.

EARLY next morning there was a panic of preparation. Everything that could be made into sandwiches was cooked, sliced and breaded. Beans were baked. Doughnuts were heaped in pyramids. Pies were piled in towers. The village was ransacked for eggs and these were boiled hard. Cocoa cannons like small locomotives with double caldrons and a fireplace underneath them were filled with cocoa and fuel all ready to be set alight. Every available cart or automobile was pressed into service and packed to its capacity with wash-boilers full of coffee, with cartons of cigarettes, boxes of cookies, jars of preserves, pickles, candies.

They left Marot in high spirits, but their hearts fell sick as they pressed through a forest where fierce battles had been waged years before and old rusted helmets were scattered about with eloquent perforations through them. Abandoned equipment, halves of wheels, split cannon, discarded rifles, unexploded shells and shattered fragments of steel were everywhere.

From the new war in the north a line of ambulances and hobbling men flowed south. The wind whipped them with the carrion smell of slime that had once been sturdy youth, or glossy horses lashed to their deaths in a bewilderment hardly greater than that of the men now dead who had lashed them. The soldiers they passed felt that women did not belong in this upper Hades, but an urge was upon them to give their strength as if it were mother's milk, and their children crying for it that they might become men.

Now and then a girl, gulping and clutching at her throat, turned aside to vomit, shaken with sobs of more than sorrow. But they pressed on to where they could see the shell-bitten steeple and the few crumpled houses that marked "Gournay of the Cows"—Gournay-aux-Vaches. A throng of soldiers was billeted there, resting from a tour in the front line.

At Mrs. Dixon's command, and for the sake of making a resistlessly effective entrance, the burlesque reinforcements halted to light the cocoa cannons, and set the coffee caldrons to fuming.

And so the gypsy caravan reeled into

Gournay-aux-Vaches, whose very ruins were ruined.

A gaunt company gathered about them, and one famished officer demanded:

"Why did you come out here, for Christ's sake?"

"For Christ's sake," repeated Mrs. Dixon, echoing his blasphemy into a sermon. "We heard you were hungry, so we brought you your supper."

Never were royal favorites toasted more fervidly than these flattered and terrified women. They felt that they had reached the highest peaks their lives would ever know, and would rather have perished where they stood than have missed the privilege of handing out sandwiches, doughnuts, jellies, preserves, pickles, canned sardines, coffee, cocoa to these mud-caked walking skeletons in this stinking back-yard of hell.

The girls would have wept with bliss, but Mrs. Dixon kept stabbing them with that grim look of hers and her motto:

"Smile! smile! smile!"

Mrs. Dixon was all for moving on to the trenches. The senior officer sputtered coffee everywhere as he roared with laughter. He saved his face by a sudden stratagem:

"You've already fed the front-line men, my dear lady. For we're expecting every moment the order to go forward and relieve the men that are there now. If you'll give us what you can spare, we'll protect it from gas and take it up with us. There goes the telephone buzzer now."

Another officer sprang from a cellar, and reported that the word had come.

Joan ached to go forward, but she knew how useless such a prayer would be. She filled as many cups as she could carry to the most forlorn of the men. Sadie Slevsky gathered an armload of the soldiers' dearest friend, tobacco, and began to pass packages of cigarettes here and there. And Katie Dugan, catching up a big tray stacked high with doughnuts, set it on her left palm and ran along the line with the skill of her old days at Childs', setting a doughnut in every clutching hand.

Then the line turned into column of squads and marched away.

## Chapter Nine

THE latest lurch of the Americans had thrown the Germans back into a position of the greatest comfort for defense and the utmost ticklishness for attack. From a great eastern and western height a series of ridges ran south like the fingers of a hand—like a smaller edition of the great "Hand of Massiges." Such portions of the line as encountered finger-tips had to scale rocks infested with machine-gun vermin.

Such troops as pushed up between the fingers were subject to fire from three sides and could not climb out without facing annihilation. They must wait till the ridges were taken from the front or until distant portions of the line advanced far enough to put the Germans in a sack and scare them out.

Joan's yearning was turned to frenzy when the anxious commander of the zone of communications insisted on all the women wearing helmets and gas-masks. In other sectors, two Y women had already been killed, and five had been wounded or gassed, twenty-one had died in the service from exposure or sickness; and he did not want female casualties in his reports.

For a time Joan took a childish pride in her helmet, her gas-mask and her regulation slicker. It was a genuine hardship that she could not find a sizable mirror in all Gournay, but she felt like a hero bursting with frustrated heroism. She hoped that she looked more like a soldier than either Sadie or Katie did.

She could not realize that feeding the men was as important as leading them. She was



going mad for a glimpse of the front line under fire. To have been to France and never have seen a battle was intolerable, though that was the fate of two-thirds of the regular army officers out of the one-third who got overseas at all. But women were no longer to be put off with a little less than the least lucky man.

ONE afternoon Joan served food to a wounded soldier who had limped in from the front line and was waiting for transportation to the rear. One arm was in a sling. His greed was so insatiable that it shamed even the husky driver of an ammunition truck who was waiting for the dark and stoking himself well enough. He went to the infantryman, lifted his helmet and bowed low:

"Boy, oh, boy! My shappo is off to you. I thought I had seen two-handed eaters what could eat, but you got only one lunch-hook and you're the eatin'est man anybody ever did see. I sure admire to watch you."

"Yeah? Well, keep watchin'. You aint seen nothin' yet."

"Say, what's the matter of you, buddy? Is this the first time you ever did eat? Or is it the last time you're ever agoin' to?"

"Both."

"Come again."

"I'm just out of the ditches, and if I ever had food it was before my memory begun. The last meal was five days ago, and that was some dirty cabbage in a garden the Heinies had growed. They couldn't carry it off so they gassed it. A dozen of our boys was doubled up before we learned to tear off the outside leaves and t'row 'em away."

He lowered his voice:

"Our outfit is in a bad way. The major was killed the first day; the four cap'ns got killed or gassed, and most of the lieutenants went over like ninepins. Now our battalion is commanded by a damn' shavetail. He cries and cusses but he can't get his men out the trenches. They're only in the line of support but they simpullly wont climb out and move up. And the front line can't buck the Jerries without 'em. Both flanks is open, and the Jerries is infiltrated between us and the outfits on both sides and enfiladin' our trenches into one hell of a mess. The colonel is plumb crazy."

The truck-driver shook his head: "Amurrican boys layin' back and huggin' the holes! It don't sound natural. If I was in command of 'em, I'd have 'em out. I'd turn the machine-guns on 'em."

"Yeah? Well, one of our officers tried that, but the M. G.'s all jammed somehow. The M. G. men are just as hungry as the rest. I tell you that outfit is goin' to break if they don't get some chow right quick! I give 'em one more night, and then they'll just fade. If they could see me now, they'd all be here."

He ate a little more in the name of the absentees, and swung through the door licking his chops. The truck-driver grumbled:

"Amurrican boys layin' back! Well, I'll be—"

Joan had an idea: "You say you're going in tonight. Have you got room for three soldiers in your truck?"

"I might squeeze 'em in. I'm always givin' somebody a lift. But why don't these three soldiers you speak of hoof it like the rest?"

"They'll be so loaded with food they can't make much progress."

"Where they goin' to get the food?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"A lady asks a gent'man can he keep a secret! Yes ma'am, I can."

"On your honor as a gentleman."

"On the same."

"Well, I'm one of the three soldiers, and two buddies of mine are the other two. And we'll be very grateful for the lift you're going to give us."

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"Cheese, lady—that's different! I brought one lady clear up to the trenches in one of the other sectors. She had forty pounds of cigarettes on her back and she went right into the front line in spite of all they could do. I got hell for it, too. I'm off ladies for life."

"You're going to take us up."

"Oh, no, I aint."

"If you don't, I'll shoot you and drive the truck myself. And I can do both. Are you going to take us up?"

"Aw, lady, have a heart."

"Nobody will know us. We'll have helmets, masks, slickers—"

"Aw, lady, have a—"

"We've got to keep those green doughboys from breaking, haven't we? You don't want to be to blame for such a disgrace, do you?"

"Aw, lady—"

"Nobody will ever know. You take us as far as you can. Then we'll drop off and do the rest."

"Aw—" (she gave him her supreme look)

"—ll right!"

He slunk away as if he had been found guilty of treason, desertion, insubordination, and running out of gasoline.

## Chapter Ten

AFTER Joan had enlisted Katie and Sadie, she told Mrs. Dixon, who made no protest except of regret that she was hardly up to making the excursion herself. She and all the women spent the afternoon filling the three biggest sacks the girls could hope to carry—then added a little more to each.

Gusts of windy rain slashed the eyes of the few who had to be abroad that night, and nobody noted that one of the ammuni-

tion trucks had in it three helmeted figures and three great packs of ammunition for human consumption.

The pitching and tossing of the truck was beyond belief as it worried lightless along the series of pits that had been a highway. Now and then there would be a halt while far-off German cannon planted shells in the road to prevent just what this caravan was trying to accomplish. The girls learned now the almost unbearable discomfort of the gas-mask with its nose clip and its mouth-breathing. They had been warned that when the mask gave them the feeling that they had been gassed, they must not be deceived into snatching it off lest they be destroyed.

In the sky there was a storm that seemed almost childish. The thunder had a bowling-alley unimportance, and the lightning was mere theater. But the lightning revealed what the girls would rather not have seen. The Germans had been shelled out of here a week ago, and even the hatred of war could not refuse a further pity to riddled gray overcoats flung here and there with corpses in them.

At last the girls came to empty trenches recently abandoned, collapsed dugouts and monstrous open ditches where wretches had endured miseries that nobody would ever have borne except for the ancient compelling motive; it was the fashion, and everybody else was doing it.

At last their driver halted his truck for a moment in a black patch of road, and called back softly:

"Here's where I stop. You'll have to drop out. And God forgive me for bringin' you up and—His blessings on you."

"The same to you and many of them," was the best Jean could do.

The girls stooped and slipped their arms through the straps and rose again grunting with the effort of peasant wood-carriers.



They had overestimated the strength that would remain to them after the hours of buffeting and nerve-strain; the masks were blinding as well as smothering, and they found themselves hardly able to guide their feet as they staggered.

And what they staggered into! The thing that just rolled under heel, was it the limb of a tree or a man? They pushed on until they had to rest, then hoisted their packs again and fell continuously rather than marched. Before they neared their goal, the dawn was waking. Joan's heart was sickened by the occult certainty that every next body would be Tom Pike's. Katie foresaw the long frame of Toots Malloy.

**B**EFORE they knew it they were suddenly in among deep-winding furrows filled with moving gargoyles, goggle-eyes under bonnets of steel, infernal animals with the short black snouts of baby elephants thrust into black charcoal bags.

The uncanny light gave the soldiers the look of grotesques being gradually created out of mud. These were the forlorn wretches of the battalion that would not fight. Now they thrust their heads out of the wet ravines where they had tried to sleep. Something told them that these three back-broken soldiers carried food.

A sergeant ran forward and made signals of query. The girls slipped their arms from their packs and let them fall. A lieutenant appeared. He was evidently assured that the rain had cleared the air of "mustard," for his mask was off. The girls snatched theirs away, and would have found it heaven to breathe through their nostrils except for what their nostrils brought them.

Seeing that the newcomers were women, the officer nearly fainted. He croaked:

"Go away, in God's name! How did you get here, anyway?"

"We brought you your breakfast."

The word had a foreign sound. The lieutenant pleaded, pointing to the distant beetling ridge that his men had failed to take, not for lack of courage, but for lack of food. It loomed nearer than it was in the tricky twilight of startle dawn.

"They can see you from up there," the lieutenant mumbled. "They'll begin on us again, gas-shells, if no worse. Put on your masks and run!"

"We've got to deliver this food first," said Joan, beginning to tug at the straps. Katie and Sadie tore at their own, and ripping away canvas disclosed rubber, and then—

By this time the men were swarming out of their holes. They thought it was a mirage they saw, when cascades of sandwiches, cans of beans, sardines, pies, doughnuts, chocolate bars, began to roll out on the ground as if the cornucopia of the goddess of plenty had turned from a picture to a truth.

It was the custom to distribute the food at midnight, for good enough reasons, but these men forgot their terrors. Nothing could hold them.

They chopped the cans open with their bayonets and drank beans and tomatoes from them. They milled around the girls with the manners of swine, and the same sense of fair play.

Katie Dugan began to lay about her, snatching from the overgreedy to give to the timid. Joan fought with tears in her eyes. Sadie Slevsky pleaded:

"Don't eat too much. You die!"

This brought a laugh. There was small danger of their overeating with so many stomachs to fill from the meager supply that three women could tote. But it was something, it was much, it was everything. It showed them that food still existed and somebody cared whether they perished or not. Women cared!

The officer casting his eyes on the height kept imploring:

"Ladies, please—oh, God!—go away!"

Joan stuffed a sandwich into his mouth and put another in his protesting hand. He had to eat his way through before he could do his duty.

The girls emptied their stores into helmets, cups, dirty palms. The voluptuous thrill of food gliding down a gullet again roused the spirit-broken lieutenant to a power he had not been able to manifest before. Now he shouted in a new tone:

"Attention, men! Ten—shun!"

The jaws actually ceased grinding.

"What does it mean to you to have these glorious women come up here with food for you? Does it shame you? Or are you really what you've been pretending to be—pure yellow? Our battalion is way back. We're holding up the line. Will you go forward with me now? Will you, boys—men—whatever the hell you are? Excuse me, ladies, but the— Will you, men?"

"Sure we will!" they laughed.

"Then clean up this chow and get to your places before— There she comes! I knew it."

From the hill flared blasts of artillery. The men vanished. The officer seized Joan by the hand and dragged her into the slushy pit, and she dragged Katie and Sadie after.

They hugged the muddy forward wall till the shells marched across splashing mire and tearing up stones, but missing their cover. The bombardment ceased. The men crawled out to pick up the abandoned food, in spite of the pleas of their officer, and his commands to keep on their masks, as the next shells would surely be mustard.

But the men had seen food gassed once, and now they knew but one safe place to store it—within them. They kept their eyes on the ridge to watch for missiles, but they munched on in frantic haste. Shells were a commonplace; doughnuts were a luxury.

All eyes were either fastened on the girls or on the still more beautiful things they had brought, and nobody heeded the drum-roll of a plane overhead.

A German scout who had flown across the line to inspect the roads to the south was being chased home. Astounded to see below him a bunch of men grouped as a target, he could not resist the temptation to take a dip at them. He dived from nowhere with his machine-gun spitting through the propeller at the group.

**M**OST of the soldiers fell flat as if all of them had been struck dead, but the unpracticed women stood and stared. Joan, holding out doughnuts in both hands, was protected from the swooping fiend by the body of a young man who would never be hungry any more.

The shard of steel that caught him in the back of the neck came out between his lips and struck the doughnut from Joan's grasp.

A startled laugh escaped her as the soldier slumped at her feet. She knelt to turn him over and found that her left hand was streaming with blood. She clapped her handkerchief to the wound in some impulse of preventing the poor soldiers from knowing that a girl was hurt. Instinct told her that they would find this insupportable.

The lieutenant leaped up and ran to the boy, muttering:

"He's gone! Now, in the name of God, will you girls go home and let us fight?"

Joan was numb with grief for the boy at her feet, but Katie glanced along the line where those that were unhurt were rising to their knees, gobbling food and cursing and shaking doughnut-filled fists at the vanishing plane. Katie took command:

"Come along, Joan! Get up, Sadie!" She tore Joan away from the dead youth and hoisted her to her feet.

The lieutenant asked: "Shall I send an orderly with you?"

"We'll orderly ourselves," said Katie. The lieutenant had one more command:

"Put on your masks and keep them on—and God love you!"

Katie caught Joan and Sadie under the arms, and flew away with them, while the lieutenant was darting to the sheltered telephone to ask for a little artillery on the German position to cover his advance.

The German artillery chose to ignore the three fugitives, and the girls reached the edge of the woods alive but hardly more. As they flung themselves down for breath, the earth was shaken by the convulsion of big guns hidden so well in the forest that the girls could not see them.

**J**OAN had time now to realize that her hand as well as her heart was throbbing with pain, but with it was mingled a peculiar elation. Hysterically she held up her red badge of courage, and brandished it before Katie and Sadie, crying:

"Look! I've got a wound! I've got a wound! I've got a blighty! I'm a soldier!"

Katie caught at her arm.

"Holy Mother! And it's your wedding finger is gone!"

"I'd never have any use for it, anyway," Joan babbled in a crazy bravado. It was Katie who wept while Joan laughed.

Sadie cast up her eyes in terror, then glanced back over the landscape.

"Give a look!" she cried.

Joan and Katie stared across the gray waste, fuming like a region of geysers, like the Valley of a Thousand Smokes. Not a human being was visible anywhere except in front of the position the girls had just visited.

From there a ragged line of men was issuing and running at widening intervals, crouching, stumbling, pushing on.

"Our men are going forward!" Joan whispered.

As the girls watched, they saw that some of the men who fell did not get up; some lay still, some twitched and wriggled. But they looked so small off there that they were impersonal. Those who fell were only casualties, even to these tender hearts. War had hardened them into one ruthless demand: "The line must advance!"

It was the line that mattered, not the man; the line on the ground, the line in the air, the line of observation, the *groupes de combat* who were merely G. C.'s, the parallel of resistance, the *points d'appui*, the second position, the reserves, the big guns, the service of supplies—all must go forward, forward, forward.

While the girls watched, the little line of midgets vanished. They had flung themselves into the forward position.

There was a noise behind. The girls craned their necks and saw another platoon coming up the road. It was part of some division that had not been long off the boats, not long enough in the training-camp, yet was responding to the need and frantic to get in and do at least a bit of killing before the war was over.

The officer with the advance yelled at the girls, thinking them skulkers. When he saw what they were, he was completely befuddled.

Joan snapped at him: "When you thought we were men, you thought we were cowards. When you see we are women, you think we are brave. It won't be so in the next war."

The officer grinned: "The papers from home tell us that this is the war to end war. There's not going to be any more war."

"Or any more rain, or snow, or anything," said Joan, recognizing his skepticism and sharing it.

He touched his helmet. "Be that as it may, would you ladies mind retiring and letting us open the shop?"

The girls saluted and moved to the rear, staring back at the deployment under cover of the crest. They were beginning to wear



out now, and to feel the utter drain of all their resources.

Shells began to crash into the woods like diving locomotives. These gave them the strength of returning fear. They ran, rested, plodded, hid, and put dreary miles behind them. Joan grew sick with her wound, and giddy, and she leaned heavily on Katie until they reached an ammunition dump, whence a truck was just departing, empty.

They rode back in that to Gournay, where they were greeted as if they had won the war. There was a French *liaison* officer in the audience that heard Katie's story. There was also a surgeon who took Joan in charge, and abused her furiously for the treatment she had given her hand:

"You wouldn't put a dirty handkerchief on the sore foot of a dog. How dare you disgrace your training so? Now you've got to pay the price."

He put her in charge of a Red Cross nurse to prepare her for an operation that hurt him more than a dozen major amputations from shattered men.

He took the finger off while Joan slept in ether and Katie wailed and wrung her hands. When Joan came back to consciousness, it was she that consoled Katie:

"This missing finger is my missing medal. I'm prouder of it than of anything I have ever done, or shall ever do."

### Chapter Eleven

THE news that filtered back was now all good. The Germans sought only to escape across the Meuse with the minimum loss of men and *matériel*. The allies overwhelmed them in a tidal wave. The engineers were driven almost to death repairing the roads for the advance.

The line in front of Gournay kept well in the van, and the women moved up as close to it as they were permitted to, and a little closer. The story went everywhere that the line in front of Gournay might have retreated if three saintly women from heaven had not descended from the clouds with manna. The story grew and grew to epic proportions until it threatened to rival the legend of the angels of Mons. Before it stopped, the girls were described as having ridden up with three rolling kitchens blazing and saved a whole division instead of a platoon or two.

When the armistice set the world ablaze with rapture, the French headquarters, eager to absolve themselves of their obligations by acknowledging them extravagantly, found time to scatter a largess of medals. One day a parade of French official automobiles honored the village not far south of Sedan where the women once of Marot were now making ready to end their part in the war. The Y and all the Salvation Army lassies were drawn up in line for an address of praise. Joan and Sadie and Katie were ordered to march to the front and, while a band played, a very great but very short French general, attended by a staff, bestowed decorations on them and read the citations.

The haughty Joan Morant, once avaricious of honors, and boastful of what she would do in France, now stood crushed with meekness and overwhelmed with a sense of unworthiness. Her head was bent so low that even the general's Napoleonic brevity sufficed to let his lips reach her two cheeks after he had pinned the medal on her trembling breast.

Sadie went through the ordeal crying and shaking. But Katie's fright took a wintry form. She stood congealed with terror, holding her head aloft at the top of her lofty frame. She was malarial with chills and fever while the citation was being read to her in a foreign language, but when it came to affixing the medal to her massive bosom and the kisses to her skyscraper cheeks, the tiny general found himself unable to do any-

## To Remove Arm and Leg Hair So It Won't Grow Back Bristly and Coarse



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thing but stare up at her. He was about to ask one of his staff to fetch a stepladder, when Katie, with an audacity that was the final proof of her panic, put her big hands under his elbows and lifted him easily up into the air.

Before he quite realized his plight, he stabbed the medal pin into her blouse and gave her the two pecks. Whereupon, in a throe of terror and gratitude, she gave the general two loud kisses on the cheeks, and set him down.

When Toots Malloy found Katie at last, he saluted the medal with a tune upon his new trombone, his old one having been shattered by the Germans—who were returning to musical criticism.

But the suspense was gone, the war was over, leaving an autumnal sorrow in the air. The Y hut was abandoned, the women returned to Paris and the scramble for home began. . . .

Tom Pike turned up at last at the Y headquarters, hunting for Joan. He could hardly wait for the first ecstasy of reunion before he brought out two rings, one with a small diamond in its crown, the other a wedding ring.

"The first," he said, "is to hold you until I can find a chaplain and put the second on you."

He caught at her left hand, but she

snatched it away and hid it in the palm of her right. He was choked with shame:

"You mean you won't marry me?"

At that, instead of flaunting her orphaned hand, she put it forth humbly. His eyes widened with horror as he saw how the war had maimed it, but he forced it to his lips, and his kisses rained on it.

And her tears pattered over his bent head, while he pressed the engagement ring on the finger next the lost one.

As they were marching hand in hand to the chaplain, he said:

"I ought to tell you that I haven't got a job and I don't know when I'll get one, so I can't support you in the luxury you're used to."

"The luxury I'm used to!" she laughed. "You saw it—a cotful of cooties in a village cellar. Can't you do that well by me?"

"I might. Anyway we're both alive and we're going home together."

"Home—together!"

THERE were long delays, but Paris was a pleasant place for a honeymoon. And they had to return on separate transports, for the sea was thronged with millions of men and women retreating to the land of their birth, none of them quite the same in soul or body. The Old World they left behind was a New World, and the New World

a Newer, since those who had stayed at home had been almost as much in the war as those that went overseas.

The munitions factories were closed, the war industries forgotten or altered, the war gardens restored to flowers. But the women had proved their mettle in the universal conflict, and they would not be denied their place in the everlasting war that is flattered with the name of peace. No more would they be denied their place as equals in the everlasting duel known as wedlock.

Whether the union of Joan and Tom would go to pieces as so many war marriages went was for the future to say, with its unforeseeable tests and strains and its shifting environments. Joan was what she had always been, would always be, a snob and not ashamed of it. She demanded more than ever of the fewer and fewer men she respected, but ranked according to their efficiency and their courage.

Tom Pike had become a scientist; he had learned to command, and to be afraid of nothing, of nobody.

He was no longer afraid even of Joan. And that valor before women was the first requisite to her respect, and to her love. She was proud of him and he of her, and mutual pride is the best of dowries to begin a marriage on.

THE END.

## THE FIRST LAW OF LIFE

(Continued from page 74)

But a five-minute walk disclosed that his floc had come in contact with the large field to the southward. With the mountains of Siberia in plain view, perhaps fifty miles distant, this was no time to bother about food! Bundling the skins, tent and camping gear into a pack and wriggling into the shoulder-straps, he set out, spear in hand.

At the end of an hour Whitaker halted suddenly and dropped his burden on the ice. He was heading southward. But might not the ice be drifting either to the east or west? Sticking his spear and a tent-pole in two snowdrifts about a hundred yards apart and in line with the highest peak of the mountain range, the mate soon determined by sighting over this simple surveying device that the ice on which he stood was drifting to the eastward at about a mile an hour. That was encouraging; the coast bore to the northeast. A little weakened from hunger, he took up his load and went on, changing his course a little to the southeast, the sooner to reach shore. . . .

After two days of weary plodding, the mountains, it seemed, were just as far away as ever. Not a single indication of Ranley. Not a sign of animal life in all that white expanse! The hours of daylight increased as the sun climbed higher in the heavens, and Whitaker felt grateful for the added warmth of the sun's rays.

Abruptly, and without warning, the mate came upon open water on the afternoon of the third day. It was a lead running northeast and southwest, and cutting him off from shore.

Whitaker's pack had been getting lighter day by day. The frame contained the only bit of wood he possessed. A man had to have a drink of water. He couldn't go along, scooping up snow, like a sled dog. Whitaker split up the frame and made a fire. As quickly as the ice melted, he gulped down the liquid, a spoonful at a time. It was the first real drink he had had in three days. In that time he had tried to quench his thirst by eating snow and melting little chunks of ice in his mouth. He had staved off the pangs of hunger by chewing bits of seal-skin. But now he must kill a seal or perish!

There were no seals in the open lead. Small bits of ice drifted with the current.

Whitaker watched them idly. Then, with a start, he became aware of what seemed to be one of the drifting pieces, headed in his direction! The mate closed his eyes for a moment, then looked again. "Guess I've got 'em," he announced to the surrounding ice and snow. The white object was coming straight toward him, slowly and carefully cleaving its way across the current. He rose to his feet for a better view; the "chunk of ice" disappeared beneath the surface.

"I thought so," muttered the mate. "A polar bear. And he thinks I'm a seal!"

Whitaker clambered slowly over the sixty-foot pressure ridge that formed the edge of his drifting island of ice. In his emaciated state, and armed only with a spear of unproved efficiency, he dared not face this powerful soft-footed brute.

CAUTIOUSLY peeping over the crest of the ridge, Whitaker searched the surface of the lead for his pursuer. To his amazement, the bear was swimming in an easterly direction along the edge of the drifting pack, with only the top of his head visible. Stalking some other prey; that was the answer. Good! He would leave enough of the kill for a full meal. Give him twenty pounds of meat, and Whitaker would make the coast of Siberia—that is, if he could ferry across the open stretch on an ice-cake, or if the lead should miraculously close.

Relieved by the change in the bear's plans, Whitaker crawled along behind the crest of the ridge, keeping a hundred yards or so to the rear. He dared not show himself, either to the bear or to its intended victim. He must wait until the king of the Arctic killed its quarry and wolfed a meal of meat and blubber. The animal, he knew from experience, would then waddle off for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and go to sleep. The mate would salvage the remains of the feast.

Slowly and with infinite care the polar bear, with only the tip of its nose showing above the water, edged toward the drifting pack—and its hidden quarry.

The bear hauled himself up onto the ice with two massive forelegs, not bothering to shake the water from his shaggy coat, but crouched, dripping, on the snow. Anxiously it turned its narrow, sloping head to the

right and left: there were no other four-footed monsters stalking his rightful prey.

Whitaker found himself trembling with eagerness and suppressed emotion as he watched this seasoned campaigner. The bear was headed into the wind, and lying flat on the ice. From his position a hundred yards away, the mate judged him to be about six years old. His cream-white fur glistened in the sun. Carefully, body flattened, like a cat stealing upon a bird, the huge beast crawled forward, his sharp elbows making little furrows in the snow. Whitaker, fascinated, found himself nervously biting the ends of his scraggly beard. His palms were moist. This wait was maddening. Desperately, he cut a slice of seal-skin from one of his boots, and put it in his mouth; it would stave off the pangs of hunger until the bear had gorged himself, and had gone off to sleep.

As the brute crept out of sight, Whitaker moved forward behind the serrated mound of ice and snow. Stealthily he raised his head until he could see over the top. . . .

"Merciful God!"

The mate almost collapsed. What should he do? In his starved condition he was no match even for a seal, and here were at least forty walrus cows and their calves sprawled out on a fairly level cake of ice that had drifted in and attached itself to the main field! Just inside a projecting point of the floating pack, perhaps two hundred yards to the eastward, they dozed in the warm rays of the setting sun—dozed, that is, with the exception of an old cow, which stood on guard; the bulls, at that season of the year, had business elsewhere. Their mates, equipped with lighter and sharper tusks, were left to take care of themselves and the calves. But could they?

INSTINCTIVELY, Whitaker edged forward, protected by breastworks of ice. He too was traveling up-wind. In one hand he carried his crude spear; in the other a slab of snow, hardened by wintry winds. In his youth he had watched many a baseball game through a knothole in the fence; now he carried his fence with him—to watch a bigger game. Craftily he shoved the slab up to the top of the ridge. . . . He had cut a slot some four inches long in the slab.



Sniffing at every turn, and always keeping a rampart of ice between the walrus herd and himself, the polar bear slithered along, in and out of the lowest valleys in that mountainous mass. For a few moments the mate lost sight of the cream-white figure; then it emerged between two huge bluish cakes. Whitaker could no longer see the walrus. But he knew that they were near.

Screening himself behind the hummocks, Whitaker made his way to a projecting point above the slumbering herd.

Ungainly brutes they were, with long, slender ivory tusks. A cow would weigh almost a ton—perhaps three times as much as the advancing polar bear. Her hide was as tough as the integument of a rhinoceros, more than an inch thick, and underlaid with a three-inch coat of blubber. A walrus cow should be a helpless target for the bear's merciless slashing claws. He could run circles around her, watching for an opening. He knew from experience where to find that vulnerable spot just beneath the lower jaw.

The sleeping cows were huddled together on the floe, with their helpless young inside the ring. Four of the little fellows, however, apparently had refused to be herded with their sisters. Three of them were a few feet outside the circle of bulbous forms, and the fourth, a pudgy bundle of blubber, occupied the only natural windbreak on the floe. The bear was using this as a shield, and advancing behind it. Formed by some upheaval of the drifting pack, it was a natural cave without a roof, with the entrance, not more than five feet wide, facing the setting sun. The baby walrus' mother, thought Whitaker, must have considerable influence, if she could preempt this warm spot for her offspring. She probably was the wakeful old cow. Once a minute, as regularly as Old Faithful geyser in the Yellowstone, she raised her ponderous head, looked solemnly about, then relaxed into her lethargic state, satisfied that no danger lurked beyond the uptilted floes.

There was little doubt in Whitaker's mind that the polar bear had marked the baby walrus in the windbreak for his own. The two jagged ice-cakes, lying parallel, with a third closing up the rear, formed a perfect abattoir, where the killing might be done without even disturbing the sentinel of the herd. A cautious approach, a single savage blow with one powerful forepaw, and—meat! Whitaker regarded the barbaric cruelty of it, but here was the first law of life. It was the calf's life or his.

THE herd slept serenely on. Protected by nature with a thick layer of fat to insulate them from the cold, the ice, to them, was a downy couch. No alien scent assailed their delicate nostrils as they slept, for the polar bear was approaching up-wind, his under jaw gliding over the snow like a toboggan. The cows were clumsy brutes, with but one weapon—their twelve-inch tusks. The bear, with powerful shoulders developed by trudging over the rough ice, and by swimming thousands of miles each year, could deliver a crushing blow. But Whitaker doubted that it would even stun a walrus. If one of these ugly brutes, swimming beneath ice a foot thick, could ram this barrier at full speed with her huge bulbous head, without suffering ill effects, could she be seriously hurt, much less killed, by a polar bear? If their heads had been cushioned by nature for ice-bumping purposes, did it not stand to reason that nature also had provided them with a skin too tough for even a polar bear's sharp claws, and with a layer of fatty tissue so thick that the bear's slashing blows could not reach the flesh and blood beneath? In other words, did these ugly brutes present a vulnerable point of attack?

Down a little gully, with the windbreak between himself and the watchful old sentinel, slid the bear. Even to Whitaker, less

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take no exercise—  
crouch all day over a desk  
—and then complain  
of constipation



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than fifty yards away, the slow, ponderous movements of his legs were hardly perceptible. With his under jaw flat on the snow, he shoved himself along, chiefly by his hind legs, toward the slumbering herd. Intently, from behind his parapet, the man watched the chief actors in this Arctic drama. Would the fittest survive? As between Ranley and himself, he, Whitaker, was the better man. But that was no criterion. He most certainly would not have survived if the bear's attention had not been diverted from his retreating figure to the walrus herd. Whether he would survive much longer would depend upon the outcome of this battle.

Slowly and with infinite caution the polar bear crawled along. Sixty feet—fifty feet—forty between him and his quarry. The bear moved stealthily forward, his sharp claws sheathed, his huge, padded feet making no sound. Had his intended victim been a seal basking in the sun, he would have leaped forward from the forty-foot mark; seals didn't fight; nor did they have larger seals to protect them. A cuff on the head, and that was the end. But here were animals equipped with long ivory tusks, animals that outweighed him a thousand pounds, animals that were quite without fear when the safety of their young ones was at stake. This the bear knew from experience. Kill a young walrus with one swipe of his shaggy forepaw, and leap sideways out of range of those murderous tusks; that was his formula.

But the advancing bear left out of his calculations the possibility that the wind might shift while he was stealing upon his prey. With the calf in plain view, he had not depended upon his sense of smell in the last twenty minutes. And in that time the wind apparently had changed or the ice had moved—perhaps both. The cow on watch became suspicious. Rearing herself upright on tail and flippers, she approached the shelter of her offspring. From the opposite side came the bear, unaware of the cow's movements.

"God!" whispered the mate, to himself. "Maybe I'll eat, after all."

With a rush so sudden and tremendous that small ice chips flew from its claws, no longer hidden to deaden the sound of its approach, the polar bear flung himself into the cavern. The sharp impact of the bear's forepaw upon the baby walrus sounded, to Whitaker, exactly like the solid smack of a baseball bat on a swiftly pitched ball. A feeble bleat followed. That was all.

BUT it was enough. That single cry had startled the mother. In her cumbersome, waddling, disjointed fashion, she heaved herself upward and forward. Her pulpy, bloated form, humping itself along like a monster caterpillar, now appeared around the corner of the shelter. Her offspring was in danger; instinct had told her that several minutes before. Now she took in the situation and sized up her formidable adversary. The other cows, with their young, had been awakened. With loud grunts of fear, they precipitated themselves into the water. The mother of the pudgy victim was left to fight the intruder alone. Very well; she would force the fighting.

The unwieldy body of the walrus filled the passage; there was no room for her antagonist to escape. Her upthrust head, with its pale yellow tusks bared and quivering with hate, cut off the bear's escape in that direction. Smooth, perpendicular ice walls ten feet high hemmed him in on the other three sides. For the first time in his life, nature had caught the polar bear in a trap.

Snarling and snapping, the shaggy brute retreated to the back-wall of the windbreak. Terror was written in every movement. Uttering a mournful croak, the mother lowered her head for an instant and, with a pathetic gesture, nuzzled the body of the calf. Then, with a defiant roar of outraged

motherhood, she waddled toward the enemy. There was nothing graceful about her stride. She was in a blazing fury. Her saberlike tusks gleamed in the light reflected from the surrounding ice. She used them, except on rare occasions such as this, to dig clams from the shallow waters off the Siberian coast, and to help raise her huge body out of the water and upon the ice. Her teeth, worn almost down to the gums from pulverizing clam shells, were not as serviceable as the polar bear's. But she would not need them.

The surface of the shelter was slippery from the blood of the calf, and that was to her disadvantage. Whitaker, watching with bated breath, rose to his feet. No matter which animal won, he was assured of meat.

The bear was trapped, but he was ready to put up the battle of his life. There was no way out, unless he could get past the formidable bulk that clogged the passage. The strategy of generations of his forbears was to clamp the teeth savagely down on a walrus cow's flipper, throwing her off balance, meanwhile keeping out of reach of those murderous tusks. By industriously chewing upon this sensitive portion of the walrus' anatomy, and rendering it useless to support its share of the animal's enormous weight, uncounted generations of polar bears had rendered the walrus virtually *hors de combat*. Relaxing his torturing hold on the damaged flipper, the bear would venture so near that the walrus would strike out at him with the undamaged member. A thorough grinding between the bear's molars would render this other flipper absolutely helpless. With its two legs knocked from under it, the walrus could then do nothing except wallow about on the ice. Its tusks were useless. A rapid feint on the bear's part, followed by a lunge at the unprotected spot just beneath the walrus' lower jaw, usually ended the battle.

Heretofore these fights had been staged in the open. But now the bear had no room in which to circle about his adversary. The walrus was advancing with relentless mien, slithering over the wet spots. Her hoarse grunts of rage were mingled with the snapping and growling of the king of the Arctic. He opened his jaws wide, showing his tongue, red with the blood of the baby walrus, his saber teeth, and the crushing molars at the rear. He gnashed them with a force that sounded like the cracking of a black-snake whip. He lashed out with a forepaw that would have felled an ox. But these threatening maneuvers failed of their purpose. He was dealing with an animal that, once galvanized into action, is like a rhinoceros: nothing can stop it except a well-placed bullet. The walrus mother steadily advanced, for all the world like a lumbering tank in action.

IN the face of this huge bulk, whipped to a berserk rage by the death of her young, the bear turned tail. He was no longer the king of the Arctic. With one paw upraised, snarling and spitting, his back, literally and figuratively, was against the wall. Waddling forward a few feet, the walrus, weaving and swaying, thrust out her tusks. The bear snapped at her flippers, but generations of her forbears also had handed down a line of strategy equal to that of the polar bear. She "kept her feet on the ground." A few inches of space between the bulky form and the side wall seemed to offer the desperate slayer a chance to escape, but at the first movement in that direction the walrus brought her head down violently. The sharp tusks dug themselves into the wall, missing the bear's nose by an inch and sending fragments of ice in several directions. No escape that way! He clouted her on the jaw with his left forepaw, ripping the tough hide with his wicked claws. No blood came. Like a trained boxer, he battered her with his right. She not only "took it," but kept boring in.



Obviously this wouldn't do. The polar bear thrust his head forward, his cavernous mouth wide open, hoping she would raise a flipper in defense. But she kept up her shambling gait, advancing like a huge pouter pigeon. This advance was as inexorable as the flow of lava from a volcano, and about as slow. She was out to avenge her young; nothing could stop her. The bear grew even more desperate. His bag of tricks, for such cramped quarters, was exhausted. Besides, he was fighting the oldest and craftiest female in the entire herd. He cuffed her soundly on the side of the head; she advanced another step in her clumsy fashion, swaying from side to side. He snapped at her flippers; she stood still. Emboldened by her passive attitude, frantic with suspense, he made a furious lunge at the under side of the walrus' jaw.

If the polar bear had been able to get a grip on a flipper, even in the cramped quarters of the windbreak, he might have won. But that lunge was a tactical error. With a swiftness almost incredible in such an ungainly animal, the walrus jerked her head back, and as the bear's eyeteeth clicked within an inch of her throat, brought her tusks sharply down on the attacker's neck, just back of the ears. Falling forward with her whole weight, the walrus forced the bear's head down upon the ice with a crash. She would hold him inhaled on her tusks, and smother him with her sheer weight. But her blow—the only one she had delivered in the entire combat—had, with the fall that followed, broken the bear's neck.

Whitaker wiped his perspiring forehead. "Gee, the old gal deserved to win!" he exclaimed. "Just the same, I've got to have that calf."

Brandishing his spear, the mate dashed down into the arena. Bulbous, repulsive heads popped inquiringly out of the water at this new intrusion. Hoarse cries of warning reached the conqueror of the polar bear. Clumsily, with head up and tusks dripping blood, she backed out of the windbreak. Defiantly she faced about and stood her ground. She was a pathetic but dangerous figure. Strategy, concluded the mate, in his present weakened condition, was the only maneuver that would give him the upper hand. He circled about the floe until the wind carried the overpowering man-scent, unmistakable to a walrus' sensitive nostrils, straight to the cow—and the herd in the water. Raising both hands above his head, and uttering his weirdest and loudest yell, Whitaker charged. The combination was too much for the victorious cow; she slid over the edge and joined the others. Pushing their young before them in the water, the entire herd swam about the floe, alternately calling to the little calf and croaking defiance to the newcomer.

Half-famished, and perspiring from his exertions and the nervous strain he had undergone, Whitaker set about skinning the walrus.

THREE weeks later Captain Reed, of the *William Bender*, blinked rapidly as he gazed from the deck of his vessel over the scintillating white desert. No doubt about it; some one was staggering in from the sea ice, dragging a load behind him. It was not a seal; therefore it must be another man.

"Mr. Henderson!" he bellowed.

"Yes sir."

"Call all hands, take the dog-team, and go out to meet those poor devils." . . .

"Yes sir," Whitaker was saying, after supper that evening, "we made the hundred and fifty miles in six weeks. Ran out of ammunition fifty miles from shore. We'd have made it sooner, except that we got separated by an open lead. And then Ranley went and broke his ankle. But we happened to find a young walrus that apparently had been killed by a bear, and so we had plenty of grub. And the hide made a first-rate sled."

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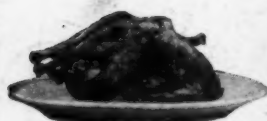
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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"



# Milk—the Builder

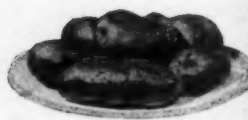


¾ lb. Chicken

**ONE QUART  
OF MILK IN  
ENERGY FOOD  
VALUE EQUALS  
ANY OF THESE**



8 Eggs



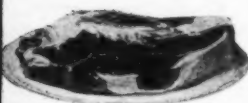
2 lbs. Potatoes



9½ Oranges



4½ lbs. Lobster



¾ lb. Beefsteak

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Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value"—the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

**F**ROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body and help him grow. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk

are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than

those who have little or no milk. They will have more reserve strength with which to fight illness.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But even with them, the doctor may find that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth. All these and other building materials in milk.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for—milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safeguarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities and towns

demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-R, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**

*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*













# JENNY WREN- *One of the five Paris-inspired colors in which Vanity Kodaks are offered*

Something new in the mode!

In the modern manner, yet with restrained simplicity; unusual, yet correct; colorful, but not bizarre; utility cunningly combined with chic!

Indeed, who that is at all observant of fashion's trend could be one whit surprised at the immediate and unmistakable triumph achieved by the Vanity Kodak?

It is so patently an example of typical Parisian smartness. The case—creation of a famous artist—is indescribably smart,

both in loveliness of texture and beauty of contour. And the colors—there are five of them—possess a chic that is distinctly French in its effect. Moreover, in the efficient

little Kodaks that fit snugly within the cases, the same delicately feminine colors have been cleverly employed.

By means of this superlative accessory, the perfectly turned-out woman infuses a subtle novelty into her ensemble.

And one who selects it to give away registers at once with the recipient as a person of taste, even where that recipient is in tune with the very vibrations of the mode.

Eastman Kodak Company,  
Rochester, New York.



*An accessory keyed to the mode*



# Some women know



MADE BY  
PROCTER  
& GAMBLE

## Ivory Soap

*kind to everything it touches*

99<sup>4</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure ~ It floats



© 1928. P. & G. Co.

**W**OMEN who are sophisticated in their beauty-lore choose complexion soap for one essential quality—its purity.

They know that soap alone can do the one all-important thing needed to keep their skin lovely—*cleanse* it safely and gently. To do this, soap must be as pure as soap can be.

And being *very* fastidious, such women are likely to prefer a fine *white* soap, honestly made, carefully blended, with a fresh, clean, unobtrusive fragrance which never makes itself known above the perfume they use.

This is why Ivory has become the toilet soap of millions of discerning women. They know it *is* as pure as a soap can be blended. Its fresh lather is smooth, clear, bubbly—and rinses off leaving their faces cool, smooth, refreshed.

There is a size and form of Ivory to meet each demand of beauty. For your face, dainty Guest Ivory. To float in your bath, the next size—Bath Ivory. For your hair, Ivory Flakes give a quick, shining shampoo. And for every household task, the *big* size of Ivory. For, Ivory makes every soap-and-water task pleasanter—and, used whenever soap is needed, it keeps slim hands smooth and white.

Ivory *protects* loveliness—because it is pure and gentle . . .

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Would you like a free little book on complexion-care and make-up and general beauty-culture? If you will send a post card asking for *On the Art of Being Charming*, it will come to you quickly, *without charge*. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 28-H, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.